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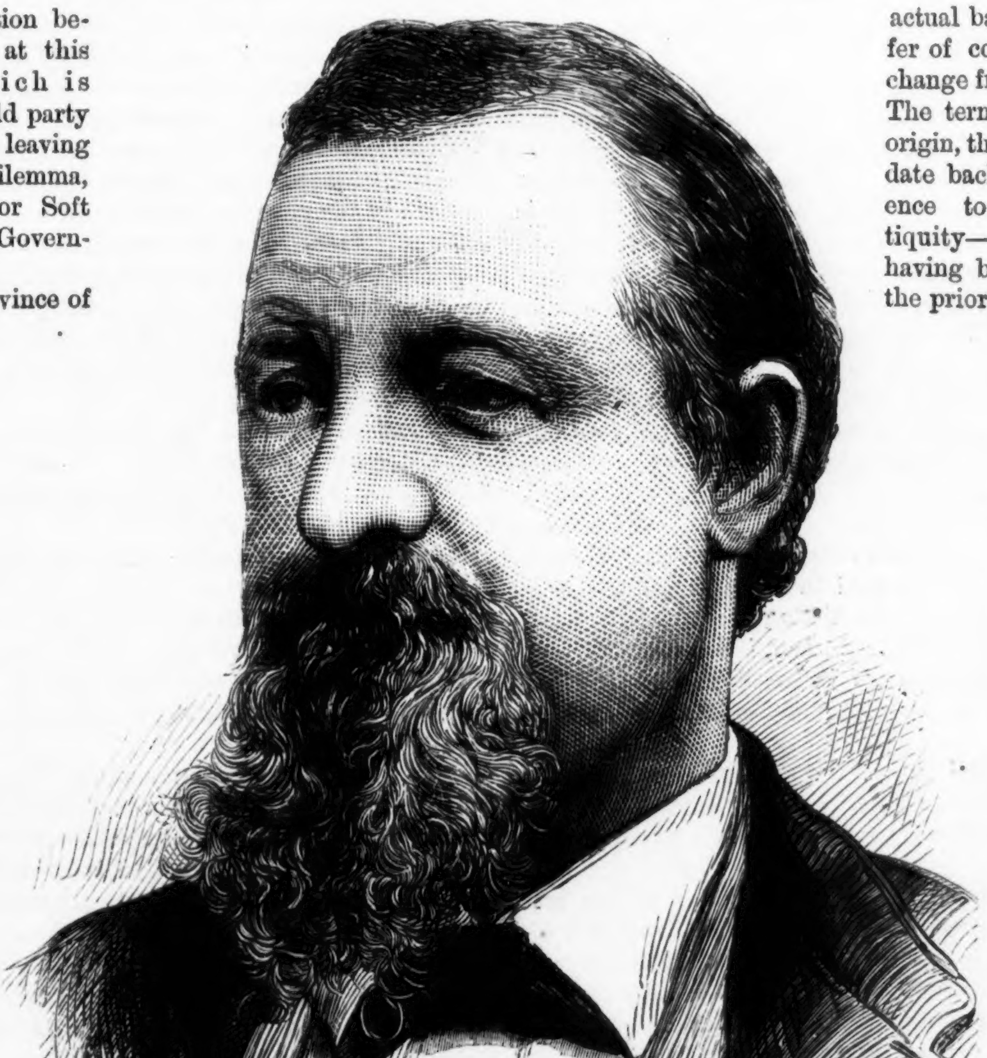
"HARD" AND "SOFT" MONEY.—THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.



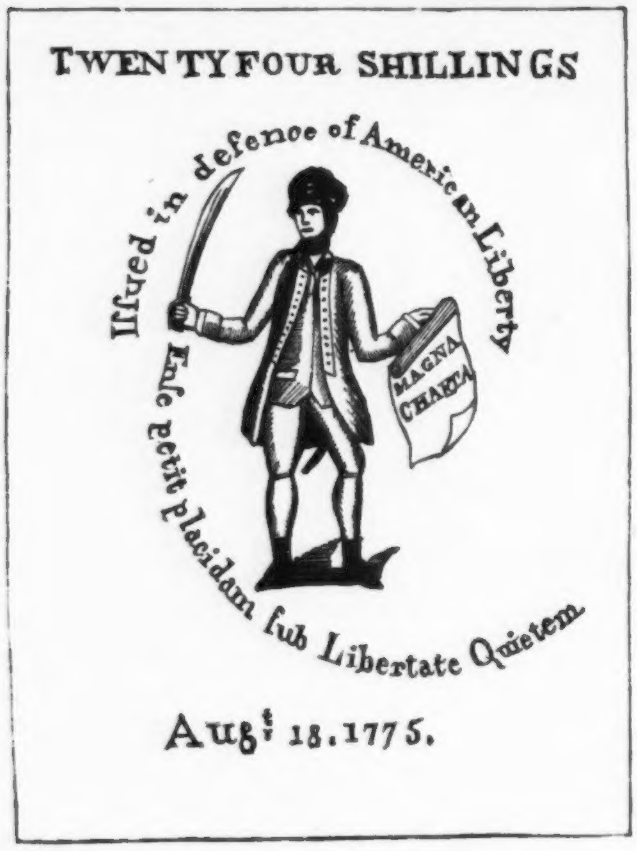
DR. HENRY R. LINDERMAN, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE U. S. MINTS.

THE great question before the country at this moment, one which is breaking up the old party organizations and leaving politicians in a dilemma, is that of Hard or Soft Money, Specie or Government Paper.

It is not the province of a popular magazine to attempt to settle a question which perplexes and has long perplexed men of study, political experience and profound thought; but we can give some general ideas of how the contest between coin and paper has been waged here and elsewhere in the past.

Hard Money, meaning coined metal, and Soft Money, signifying a circulating medium composed of paper, comprise the two elements employed in commerce as a substitute for actual barter, or the transfer of commodities in exchange from hand to hand. The terms are of modern origin, the objects signified date back in their existence to a remote antiquity—coined money having by many centuries the priority of age.

According to the Scriptures, there were coins of silver in existence as early as the period of Abraham, who is supposed to have lived about two thousand years before the Christian era. It is stated in the Bible that the Jewish Patriarch "was rich in cattle, and in silver, and in gold." This alone would not positively indicate the possession of coined money, as gold and silver were considered to possess great value (on account of their intrinsic


TWENTY FOUR SHILLINGS
Iſſued in defence of American Liberty
MAGNA CHARTA
Ense petit placidam ſub Libertate Quietem
Augt. 18. 1775.

MASSACHUSETTS PAPER MONEY, 1775.

qualities) long before either was coined into money; while in commercial transactions, in those days, there was employed either actual barter, or a representative medium usually consisting of cattle or sheep. But that which establishes the fact of the most ancient known coinage, is the statement in the Scriptures that Abraham purchased a lot of land for a burial-ground, for which he paid "four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant." It is also known that there were two kinds of Jewish shekels of silver in use at this period, the larger worth about seventy-five cents, the smaller half as much.

The first positive statement on this subject in chronology records the making of coined money of gold by Phydon, a tyrant of Argos, B.C. 894; while Darius, King of Persia, is said to have coined gold pieces of great purity, of the value of six dollars, about the sixth century before the Christian era; and coinage was practiced in the island of Sicily as early as B.C. 500—the coins circulating in Rome before any had been coined in that city. In fact, it was not until B.C. 269 that gold coins were struck in Rome, though they had been issued in Greece, by Philip of Macedon, as early as B.C. 360.

It is said that in the time of the Emperor Augustus, the amount of gold, silver and bronze money in circulation in Rome and her provinces was equivalent to two thousand million dollars.

The precious metals in use as money and in the arts among the ancients were mined chiefly in Eastern Asia, though it had been found impossible to fix upon the precise locality. The region of country lying about the sources of the Indus were undoubtedly rich in these, and extensively mined. Ethiopia and Arabia contributed also largely to the wealth of antiquity; while some mines in Egypt were worked as late as the fifteenth century. It is also claimed that the countries lying in the southeastern part of Africa were plentifully supplied with gold, and added greatly to the wealth of Greece and Rome.

The first acquaintance made by the Europeans with the precious metals occurred in the fifteenth century before the Christian era, when mining was introduced by the Phœnicians, and the shores of the Mediterranean, and particularly the Iberian peninsula, proved to be rich in gold. On the islands, mines also soon became numerous, and a considerable revenue was speedily derived from them. In Attica, Thrace and Thessaly they were also successfully and extensively worked. But it would seem that from the time of Augustus, the productiveness of all mines fell off in a remarkable degree; while the coined money in circulation lessened materially, owing to loss, abrasion and the practice of "sweating," which was one of the customs fostered by the Iberian money-changers. In fact, so great was this decline that, in the ninth century, the estimated value of the gold coin in the Roman Empire had been reduced to $200,000,000; and at the date of the discovery of America, the entire stock in Europe amounted to only $150,000,000.

Judging from the wrought gold articles found in Ireland, and exceeding those of all other northern countries, the products of the Wicklow gold mines must have been very great.

From 800 to 1500 (A.D.) the average annual production of gold by the mines of Europe was not more than $500,000, and it was not until the latter part of the eighteenth century that this had increased to $1,000,000 per annum.

It was the discovery of America that next added greatly to the stock of gold in the world, the first shipment from there, in 1502, amounting to $35,000. The annual production of gold in America, from 1492 to 1519, is estimated by Humboldt to have been about $250,000.

When Cortez made his wonderful progress through Mexico, he received along his route presents of gold amounting in all to nearly half a million dollars. The art of mining was found to be in full practice in Mexico, and after the conquest of that country, the unhappy natives were forced to slave in the mines to enrich their conquerors.

Twenty years later, the conquest of Peru by Pizarro, added another and a still richer gold-producing country to the resources of Europe. Here mining had been prosecuted with greater skill than in Mexico, and consequently with greater success, and the conquered Inca was correspondingly robbed.

Atahualpa, it is said, was forced to pay a ransom, varying, according to different authors, between $650,000 and $4,000,000. The plunder of the city of Cuzco alone, is said to have amounted to $4,000,000.

Meanwhile Chili, in the hands of the Spaniards, and Brazil in those of the Portuguese, were beginning also to add largely to the stock of gold in the world. The annual supply from America reached, in the early part of the sixteenth century, the sum of $10,000,000, and in the year 1600, the stock of gold in the world amounted to five times what it was in 1492.

During the seventeenth century, the product of the American mines of precious metals increased enormously, adding to the gross amount in existence, it is said, as much as $2,000,000,000. Of course, this fact tended to lower the value of these metals, and they began to be used for manufacturing purposes to an extent previously unknown since the palmy days of Rome. Churches and monasteries were richly decorated with gold; dresses of court officials and military men were decorated with gold lace; mirrors and pictures were framed with it; furniture was at last constructed of it; while even the poorer classes had their gold and silver rings—and watches became common among the *bourgeoisie* of Europe.

From 1700 to 1810, the mines of America produced, it is said, to the amount of $4,000,000,000. From the latter date, however, the product of the world began to fall off. The mines of Russia—which, from 1704, had yielded largely—ceased to be worked. Civil wars in Mexico and the South American countries occasioned a stoppage in mining; in fact, the same situation was brought into existence, already alluded to as having occurred during the middle ages.

But the difference in the condition of society now caused this situation to be vastly more detrimental and dangerous than before. The extravagant habits which had been fostered by the vast increase of gold in the world now demanded to be satisfied without regard to the condition of the supply of precious metals. Jewelry of all kinds, plate, watches, gilding—employed enormous quantities of the precious metals. Further, articles which had formerly been luxuries, now became the actual necessaries of life. Tea, for instance, whose consumption had hitherto been confined to the wealthiest families in Europe, was now required by even the peasantry. Indeed, the sale of every species of article had been influenced by the extraordinary prevalence of gold, and now became manifestly reduced by its sudden decline, to the tremendous injury of commerce, manners and morals.

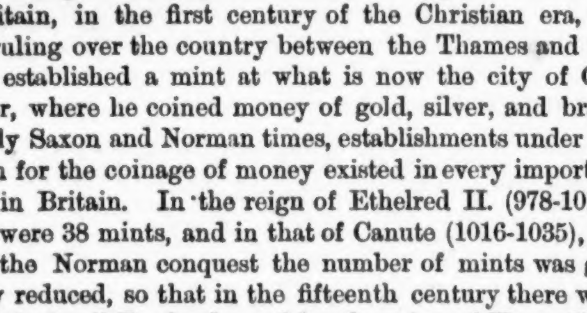
In 1435 the amount of coined money in existence was estimated at $150,000,000. At the end of the seventeenth century it is said to have amounted to $1,900,000,000. In 1847, the entire amount of gold coin and bullion in the world was stated at $3,000,000,000. The yield of the mines of California in the next ten years added about $500,000,000 to this amount; those of Australia from 1851 to 1859 yielding about $500,000,000 more. The entire yield of the American mines (gold and silver) from 1848 to 1876, was $1,500,000,000.

Returning to the subject of ancient coinage, we learn that in Britain, in the first century of the Christian era, the king ruling over the country between the Thames and the Nene established a mint at what is now the city of Colchester, where he coined money of gold, silver, and brass. In early Saxon and Norman times, establishments under the Crown for the coinage of money existed in every important town in Britain. In the reign of Ethelred II. (978-1016), there were 38 mints, and in that of Canute (1016-1035), 37. After the Norman conquest the number of mints was gradually reduced, so that in the fifteenth century there were but eight in all England; and by the reign of Henry VII., these had been still further reduced to four.

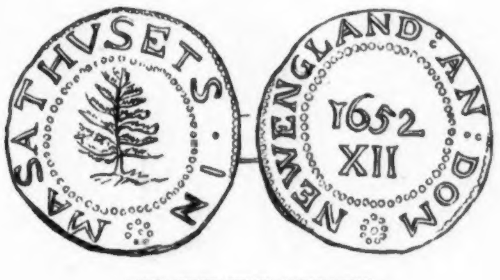
The coins made prior to the seventeenth century were struck with the hammer on a forge, and were called "Hammer money." Milling was introduced into England from France during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but the old system was resumed after ten years on account of its cheapness. Hammer money did not finally go out of existence in England until the reign of William III.

The invention of the mill for coining is attributed to one Antoine Brucher, a French engraver, in the reign of Henry II. of that realm.

The earliest coinage for America was made in 1612, for the "Virginia Company," at the Bermudas. The coin made was of brass, and sometimes turns up in coin sales under the name of the "Sommers Island" piece, having the effigy of a hog on one side. The first colonial coinage was in Massachusetts, in pursuance of an order of the General Court (May 27, 1652), by which a mint was established in Boston, where the "N. E." shillings, sixpences and threepences, and afterward the "pine-tree" money, were coined. This mint existed about thirty-four years, but its coins bear only the dates 1652 and 1662. In Vermont and Connecticut, mints were established in 1785, and in New Jersey the following year. In 1788 a mint was established in Massachusetts, the works being erected on the "Neck," the road between Boston and Roxbury. These last-mentioned mints coined only copper, in cents and half-cents. The first United States mint was set up in Philadelphia, in 1792.



SOMMER ISLANDS' PIECE.

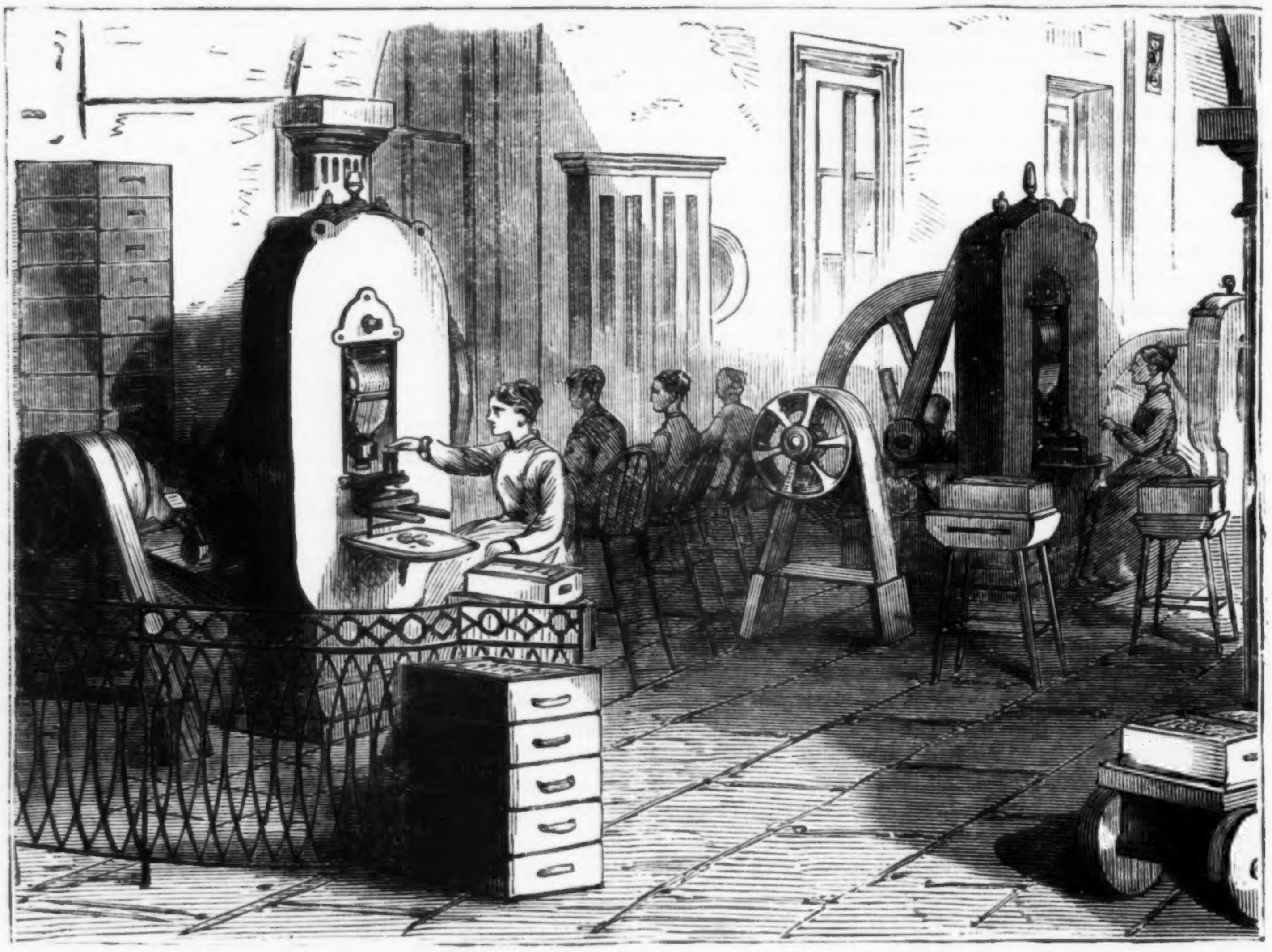


THE PINE-TREE SHILLING.

By the processes at present in use in the mints in the United States (Philadelphia, San Francisco, Carson City, Nev., and Denver, Col.), the gold or silver is first melted and cast into bars, after which a portion of it is assayed to establish the fineness of the whole. It is then handed over to the melter, who refines these bars, and converts them into ingots of standard metal—the silver being alloyed with copper, and the gold with silver and copper, to give the metals a proper hardness and durability. The ingots are next rolled, by means of powerful steam rollers, into strips of a uniform thickness. The cutting-press—a vertical steel punch—now cuts planchets of the legal size of the coins from these strips, when the milling-machine takes them and mills them, and they are ready for the coining press. In this they are subjected to great pressure between the two dies, which stamp them; the feeding and delivering being performed automatically. The coins are next carefully examined for defects, and are then counted, put up in bags, and delivered to the superintendent, to whom the coiner, melter and refiner are severally responsible for the accuracy of their returns.

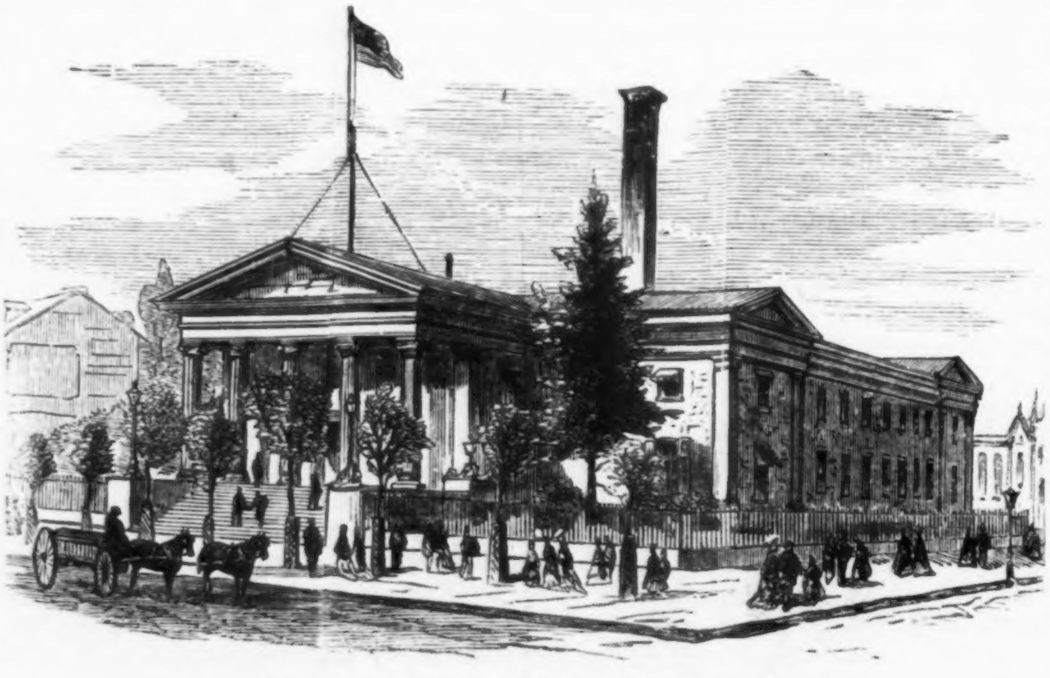
We find that during the dark ages the only gold coins in circulation in Europe were those of Rome. The earliest attempts to coin gold money in modern times were made by the Merovingian kings of Gaul, and the Gothic kings of Spain; though Florence also issued her gold florin at this period. The gold coinage of Edward III. of England, in the fourteenth century, was really the foundation of this species of money in England. The gold nobles of this reign were, in fact, the finest gold coin in Europe; and from this period, nearly every country in Europe issued its own coins.

As an instance of the practice of debasing coin, an incident occurs in the history of Turkey which is interesting. In the year 1688, the Turkish metallic currency being scarce, some French merchants brought to the ports of the Levant small silver coins of the size and value of a half-dime, and which the Turks called *themins.* The Turkish merchants became immediately delighted with these pretty and convenient little coins—so much so, in fact, that they would even sell their goods cheaper if they were paid in *themins*, and were unwilling to trade with any



COINING AT THE PHILADELPHIA MINT.

other money; those foreign merchants who did not bring them not being well received. There not being enough, however, in France to answer the purposes of an entire foreign currency, some French and Dutch merchants resorted to the expedient of "debasing," having large quantities of *themins* made of copper, slightly covered over with silver, and circulating them freely in the Levant. The suspicions of the Turks were soon aroused, however, in relation to these coins, by the fact that the Franks would not receive them, and they in turn refused them; and as there were by this time immense numbers of them in circulation, trade became in a measure impracticable. The Sultan, Mohammed IV. having foolishly passed an edict ordering that these *hemins* should be received by all merchants at their face value, a revolt ensued, and, the Janizaries having joined in this, the Sultan was obliged to modify his edict; though it was a long time before the *themins* ceased to be an occasion of discord in Turkey.

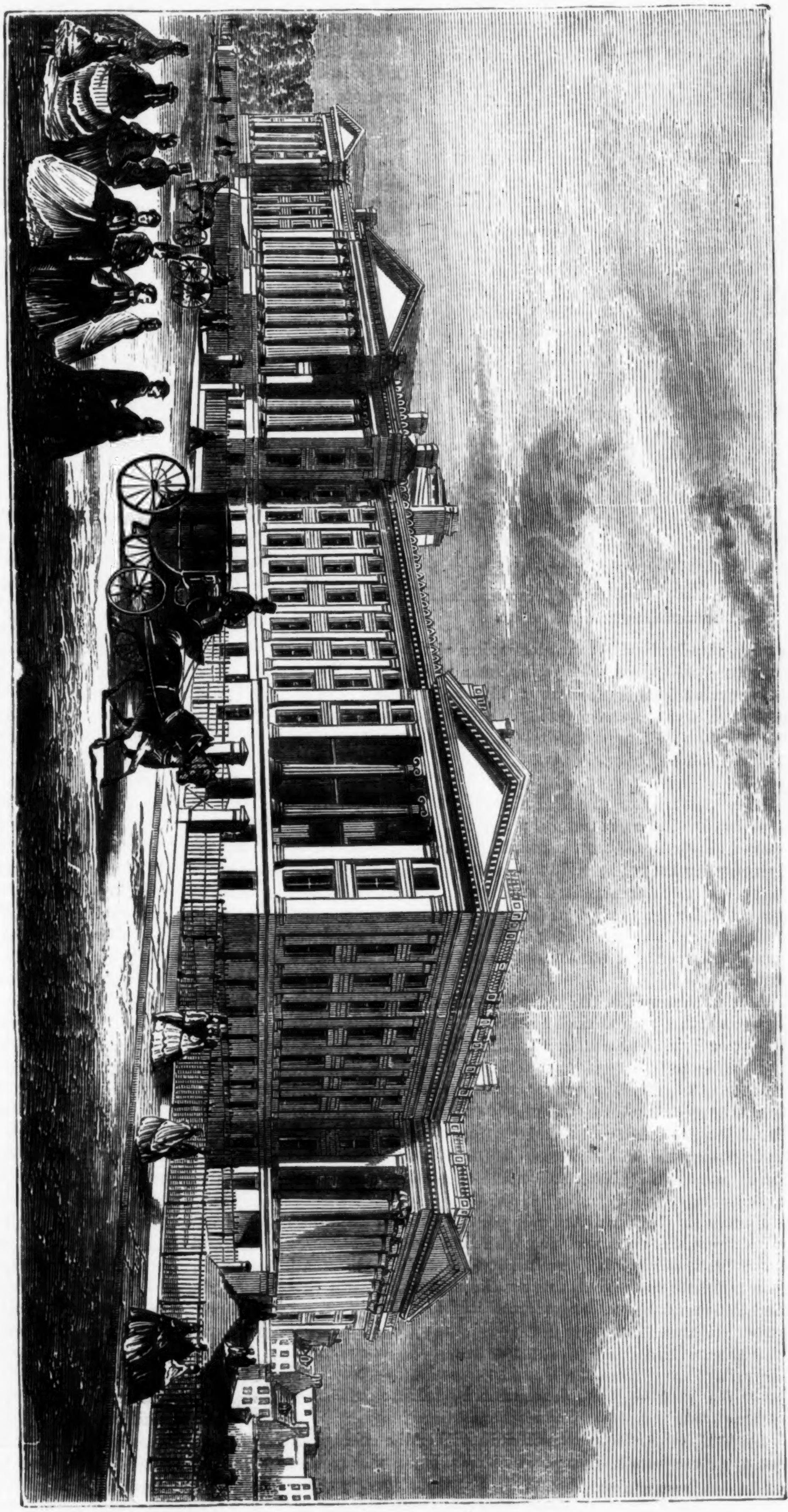


THE UNITED STATES MINT ON CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

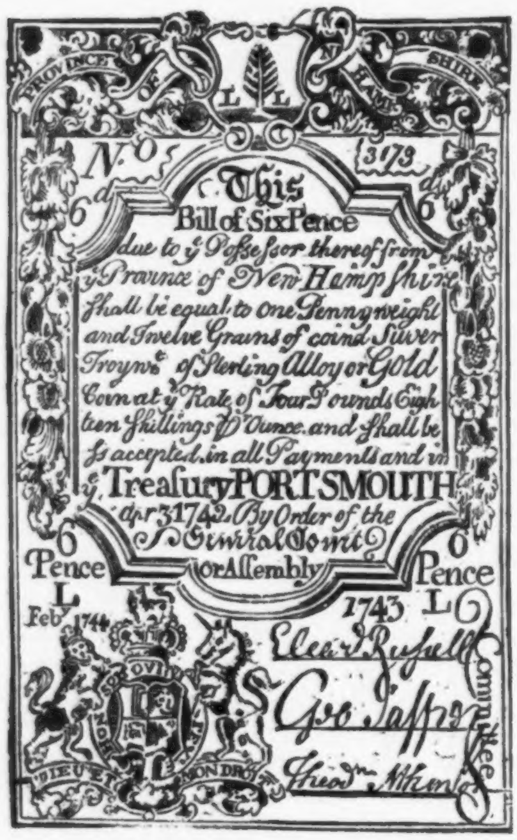
Silver shillings were coined in England in 1505, and copper coins in 1672. To show the fluctuation of the early coinage of England in value, it may be mentioned that sovereigns, which were valued at twenty shillings in 1532, were at twenty-four in 1550, and thirty in 1552—an increase in the value of gold in its relation to silver of fifty per cent. in twenty years. Guineas, which passed for thirty shillings in 1688, were only worth twenty-one shillings in 1717—a decline of thirty per cent. in twenty-nine years. Professor Jevons, in his "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange," states that "the value of gold between 1789 and 1806 fell in the ratio of one hundred to forty-five, or by forty-six per cent. And from 1809 to 1849 it rose again in the extraordinary ratio of one hundred to two hundred and forty-five, or by one hundred and forty-three per cent., rendering government annuities, and all fixed payments extending over this period, almost two and a half times as valuable as they were in 1809." Which facts suggest the propriety of thoughtfulness on the subject of the stability in value of the precious metals.

The amount of coined money in circulation in Great Britain at the end of 1872 was $500,000,000; that of France was $800,000,000; Germany, $500,000,000. These amounts were supplemented by the circulation of paper money, which will be referred to hereafter. The authority for these figures is the chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington.

The entire production of gold in the world in 1877 was $100,000,000; that of silver, $80,000,000. The estimated use in the arts and loss by abrasion in that year amounted to nearly $67,000,000. India alone imported, in 1877, $50,000,000 of silver—more than the entire production of the world for that year. The entire *decrease* of the stock of silver coin and bullion in the world in 1877 was $70,000,000.



U. S. TREASURY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.



PROVINCE OF N HAM SHIRE
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N.o 3173
6d This 6d
Bill of Six Pence
due to ye Poſseſsor thereof from
ye Province of New Hampſhire
ſhall be equal to One Pennyweight
and Twelve Grains of coin'd Silver
Troy wt of Sterling Alloy or Gold
Coin at ye Rate of Four Pounds Eigh
teen Shillings ℔ Ounce and ſhall be
accepted in all Payments and in
ye Treaſury PORTSMOUTH
Apr 3 1742 By Order of the
General Court
or Aſſembly
6 Pence L 6 Pence L
Feb 1744 1743
Elea'r Ruſsell
Geo Jaffrey
Theod'n Atkinſon
Committee
DIEU ET MON DROIT

NEW HAMPSHIRE PAPER MONEY.

The first Act passed by the United States Congress with regard to coining money was of date April 2d, 1792, and established the United States Mint, provided for its official direction, and for the defraying of its expenses, and established the species of coins to be struck, including eagles, of the value of 10 dollars (270 grains, standard gold); half-eagles, of the value of 5 dollars (135 grains, standard gold); quarter-eagles, of the value of two and one-half-dollars (67½ grains, standard gold); dollars (416 grains, standard silver); half-dollars (208 grains, standard silver; quarter-dollars (104 grains, standard silver); dimes (41⅗ grains, standard silver); half-dimes (20⅘ grains, standard silver); cents, (11 dwts., copper); half-cents (5½ dwts., copper.

This Act further provided for the various devices and legends for the coins named; for the relative value of coined silver to gold in the ratio of fifteen pounds of silver to one pound of gold; and for the composition of the coins in regard to their standard and alloy. Finally, the Act provided for the receipt of bullion and its exchange for coin, declared the penalty for debasing coins, and fixed the money of account of the United States to be expressed in dollars.

Acts were passed in the years 1793, 1795, 1834, and 1853, changing the weight and fineness of the United States coins; and in 1849, authorizing the coinage of the double-eagle and one-dollar gold coins; in 1851, providing for the coinage of the three-cent silver piece; in 1853, authorizing the coinage of the three-dollar gold coin; in 1857, that of the one-cent nickel coin; in 1864, the coinage of the one and two-cent bronze coins; in 1865, the coinage of the three-cent nickel piece; and in 1866 that of the five-cent nickel coin.

Finally, in 1873, an Act was passed, revising the mint regulations and coinage of the United States, establishing the "Trade-dollar" (420 grains, troy), and repealing all previous Acts or parts of Acts not in conformity with this Act, known as the "Coinage Act of Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-Three." By this Act, and by the simple process of not mentioning that coin in the list of the coins to be thereafter issued from the United States Mint—the "Dollar of the Daddies," the dollar of 412½ grains of 1837, was demonetized.

In 1875, an Act was passed, authorizing the coinage of the twenty-cent silver coin, which was, however, repealed by an Act bearing date May 2d, 1878. On February 28th, 1878, the Act authorizing the coinage of the standard silver dollar, of 412½ grains, troy, was passed, completing the legislation of this country in reference to its coinage to this date, and restoring to circulation the "Dollar of the Daddies" (or, at least, a plausible substitute therefor), in answer to the urgent appeals of the public, to whom had come, as a matter of some surprise, the Act of demonetization concealed in the seemingly harmless Act of 1873.

The enhancement in the value of gold which commenced in 1861 rapidly drove that metal out of circulation; and from that period until 1877 neither gold nor silver formed a part of the circulating medium of the United States, Paper became the circulating medium, and, as compared with the paper dollar, gold varied from 103 in 1862 to 285 in 1864. This brings us to the consideration of the subject of substitutes for coined money, or, as these are now popularly termed, "Soft Money."

We have seen that at least 4,000 years ago in the world's history people had begun to displace the inconvenience and complication of barter by a system of transfer of commodities through the medium of tokens. Naturally enough, as these tokens implied value, they were at first (as at last) composed of a valuable material. Unfortunately, however, for the spread of this species of concession, the system extended beyond the limits of the production of gold and silver in point of space, and in point of time, into periods when the decline of the production of these metals made it impossible to continue their use as the only medium of exchange.

Still, the inexorable law of nature which had been evoked when *money* was first invented rendered it imperative that the system should exist, although its first medium might grow scarce or vanish; and so substitutes of one character or another were devised to perform the same function as coined or weighed gold and silver, without, however, possessing the property of intrinsic value which was a peculiarity of these metals.

Now, it was presently found that the nature of these substitutes need not, of necessity, bear any relation to the character of the article to be purchased or exchanged, any more in the matter of value than in regard to any other quality possessed by the latter. In fact, it was discovered that they performed in regard to this quality only functions similar to these exercised by weights and measures in the matters of quantity and volume in their connection with, possibly, the same articles.

But it was also speedily discovered that there existed another relation of these purchasing or exchanging media to the articles so disposed of, as to which the most absolute laws existed, though the precise nature of these laws was not then discovered, and indeed, has not been to this day. For that matter, this has only been so far elucidated up to this time, that we know there must exist a certain balance between the quantity of circulating medium and the amount of business required to be transacted by its means; and that this balance being deranged, serious commercial perturbations ensue, resulting in panics, financial disturbance, and the impoverishment of communities. Even this slight degree of knowledge has not been brought to our acquaintance but through dire and melancholy perils and disasters; and to some of these, in the way of history, we may now properly direct the attention of the reader.

We first meet with a "substitute" currency among the Chinese, about B.C. 110, when the expenditures of the Empire having exceeded its revenues, owing to extravagance, the ministers of the Emperor (*Han* dynasty) concluded on an expedient to save their necks.

This consisted in the issue of small pieces of deerskin, prettily embroidered and painted, in lieu of specie, the Ministry fixing their value. The scheme did not bring about much improvement in affairs, and by the seventh century, A.D., the tradespeople were using small, round bits of iron, bits of cloth, pasteboard, and anything else which was portable and could be made to answer the constantly increasing necessities of trade by assuming the attitude of money.

About 807, A.D., the reigning Emperor of China established a private banking establishment in the imperial palace. The new scheme involved the deposit of bullion by traders in the imperial treasury, the depositor receiving in lieu thereof a sort of promissory note or bond, called *fey-thsian*, or "flying money."

Out of this idea there grew, about two centuries later, another, devised by the Emperor Kai-Tsu, who founded a new dynasty. This added to the receipt of bullion that of goods, for both there being given a note, which became very popular, and passed current throughout the empire. These notes were called *pian-thsian*, or "convenient money."

The success of this plan brought about the establishment of a private institution of a similar character. About A.D. 1000, some twenty large mercantile houses in different parts of the empire clubbed together, and established a large banking-house, issuing vast quantities of notes, with the understanding that they were to be redeemed in specie once every three years. The confidence in these notes, which unfortunately existed, tempted the bankers to over-issue; and the result was, that on a demand for specie being made at the specified time, the bank was unable to meet its obligations, and the scheme fell through in the midst of general mercantile disaster. On this, the emperor issued an edict, forbidding the private issue of money, on pain of death.

About the twelfth century there was a great scarcity of copper *cash* in the empire, owing to the religious tastes and necessities of the population. Every family had to have a *joss*, or idol, and as these "false gods" were made of copper, the circulating medium of the country soon disappeared, to assume the appearance of the *lares* and *penates* of the period. Confusion ensued, and the emperor was forced to issue government notes, of which about 50,000,000 were thrown into circulation, each one representing either an ounce or half-ounce of silver. Soon the different provinces began to follow this example, and issue notes on their own responsibility; and there being no fixed relation between the issue and the demand, the result was an over-issue and depreciation, the latter being in the ratio of about three hundred to one. The Tartar dynasty is accused of this error in political economy, and the country was nearly ruined by the flood of "tokens" which was thrown upon it. Finally this ceased to exist, by reason of lack of public confidence.

The Chinese notes were made, at first, from the bark of the papyrus. Afterward paper was used, manufactured from different kinds of plants.

A plan for a "circulating medium" was finally adopted, which proved successful. This consisted of the issue of promissory notes by the merchants, these being printed in three colors—blue, red and black—ranging between forty cents and one thousand dollars in denomination, and receiving the endorsements of the traders through whose hands they passed; each merchant being made to indorse the credit of all the other indorsers. This was, in fact, only a vast "credit system," calculated to last so long as business remained good, and failures were few. A small fee is charged on the issue of these notes, and also at discounting them. They pass current in China, and are preferred to silver, on account of their lightness and convenience.

Marco Polo tells us that a certain Khan of Tartary established a circulating medium made from the inner rind of the bark of the mulberry tree, stained black, and cut into sizes representing different denominations of money. On these notes the financial officers wrote their names, and finally the great seal of the Khan was impressed upon them in vermillion, when they became money.

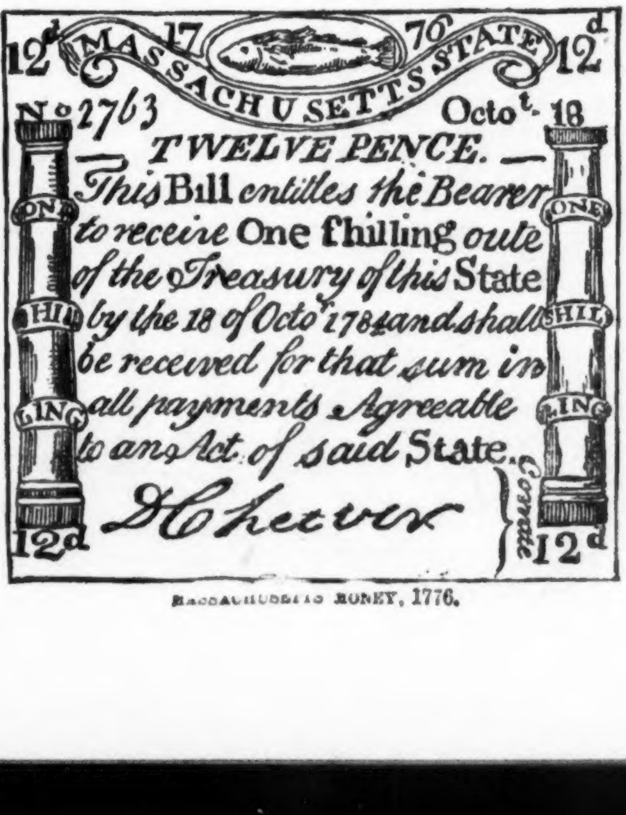
The counterfeiting of this currency was forbidden under pain of death, while its acceptance in all parts of the realm was made obligatory.

Persia made an effort at a "soft money" system in the thirteenth century; and, as has always been the case where legislation or imperial authority has sought to interfere with the laws which govern the circulation of money, it met with signal disaster. The reigning Shah having involved himself heavily in debt, found himself at a loss either to replenish his treasury or pay his creditors. In this dilemma, a plan was suggested by the chief officer of State, who rejoiced under the name of Kaujah Sudderjahaun Ahmed, and who appears to have been a financial wiseacre in his way. An edict was issued at his suggestion, prohibiting the use of the precious metals, either in the manufactories or as currency. Specie payments having been thus suspended, and an embargo laid on the use of gold and silver, the Government proceeded to issue notes, establishing, for their circulation, what were called "stamp-houses" in every city throughout Persia.

These notes were printed or "stamped" on oblong pieces of paper, and were probably the first instance of the mixing up of God and mammon, in the same manner as has been contrived for certain United States coins, in inscribing upon them the legend, "In God we trust." The inscription on the Persian notes read, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His Prophet"—in fact, the Mohammedan declaration of faith.

The result of the interference of Government with the laws of trade was in Persia precisely what it has been in all countries where it has been attempted. A clogging of the channels of commerce and finance ensued; soon the bazars and stores were closed, and business at a standstill · the passage of caravans through the country ceased, and commercial intercourse between the provinces was at an end. In this emergency the emirs combined to represent to the Shah the folly and danger of his course, when the latter, impressed with the peril of the situation, consented to rescind the obnoxious decree, and the panic subsided.

It is stated that in ancient Greece there was never known an issue of paper money. In Rome, however, this plan was frequently resorted to, the Romans considering it the



12d MASSACHUSETTS STATE 1776 12d

No 2763 Octot. 18

TWELVE PENCE.

This Bill entitles the Bearer to receive One Shilling oute of the Treasury of this State by the 18 of Octor 1784 and shall be received for that sum in all payments Agreeable to an Act of said State.

D Cheever } Comttee

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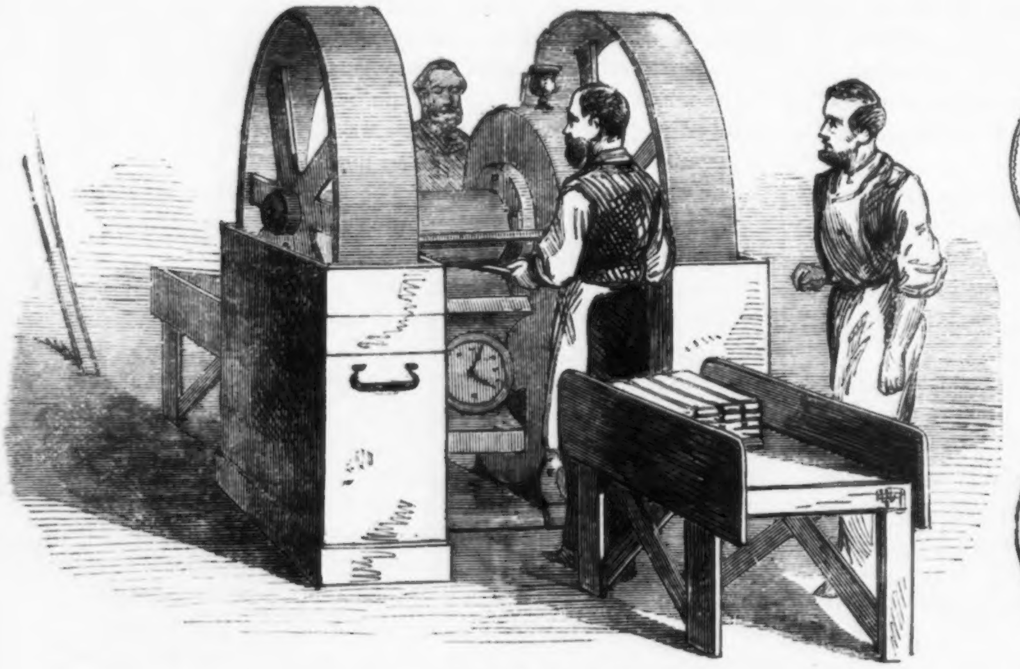
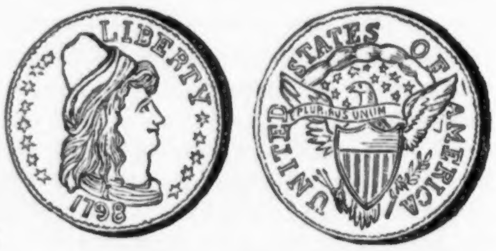
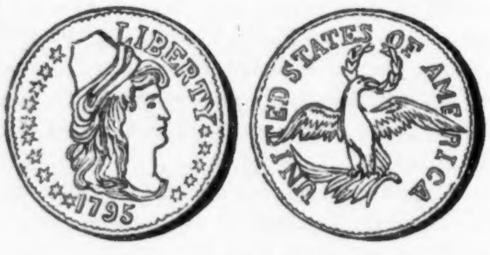
MASSACHUSETTS MONEY, 1776.



ROLLING OUT BARS.

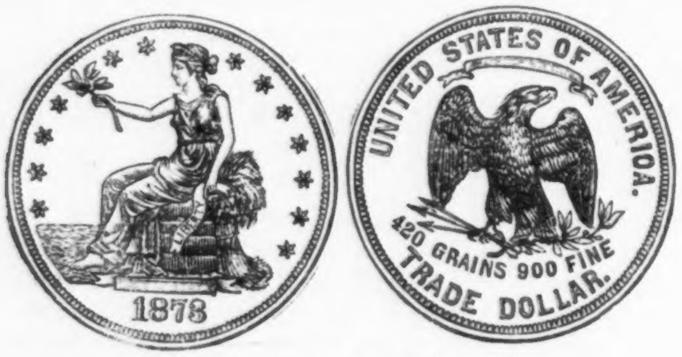

LIBERTY
1798
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
E PLURIBUS UNUM

HALF EAGLE OF 1798.

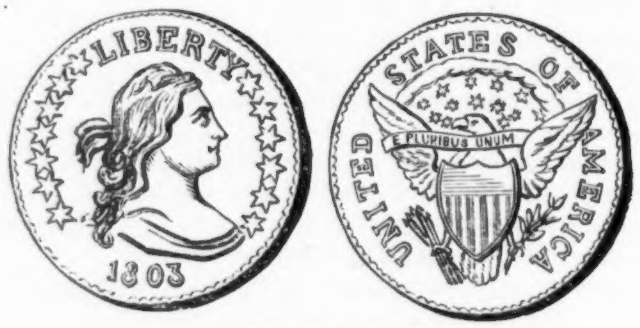

LIBERTY
1795
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

HALF EAGLE OF 1795.

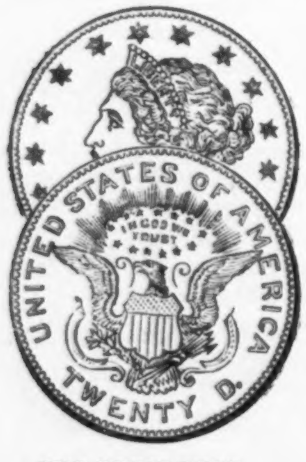
most enlightened method of avoiding financial disorder. The Carthaginians are said to have prepared a secret compound, which, being wrapped in small pieces of leather, was sealed, and circulated as money; the nature of the compound precluding counterfeiting. In Russia, prior to the tenth century, the circulating medium consisted of small pieces of martin or squirrel skin, stamped, and there was no other money. It was not until the middle of the sixteenth century that the czar established a national mint, though from the tenth to the fifteenth century gold and silver coins were struck by the goldsmiths, and passed in circulation. The paper currency of Russia has always been


1878
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
420 GRAINS 900 FINE
TRADE DOLLAR

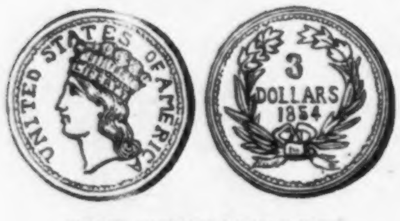
AMERICAN TRADE DOLLAR (SILVER).


LIBERTY
1803
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
E PLURIBUS UNUM

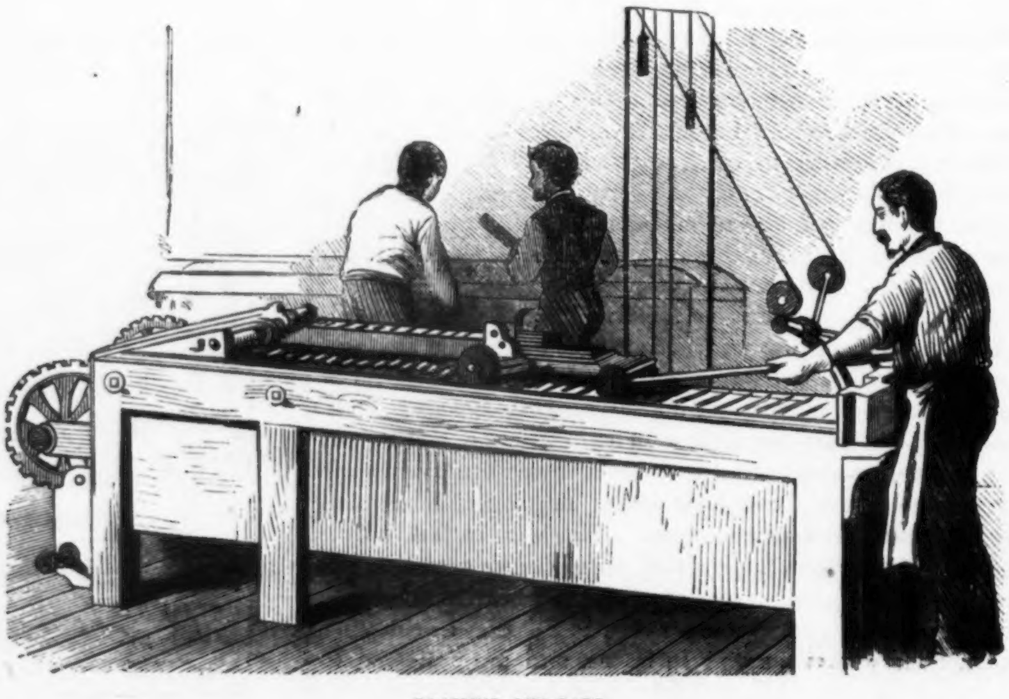
HALF DOLLAR OF 1803.


UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
IN GOD WE TRUST
TWENTY D.

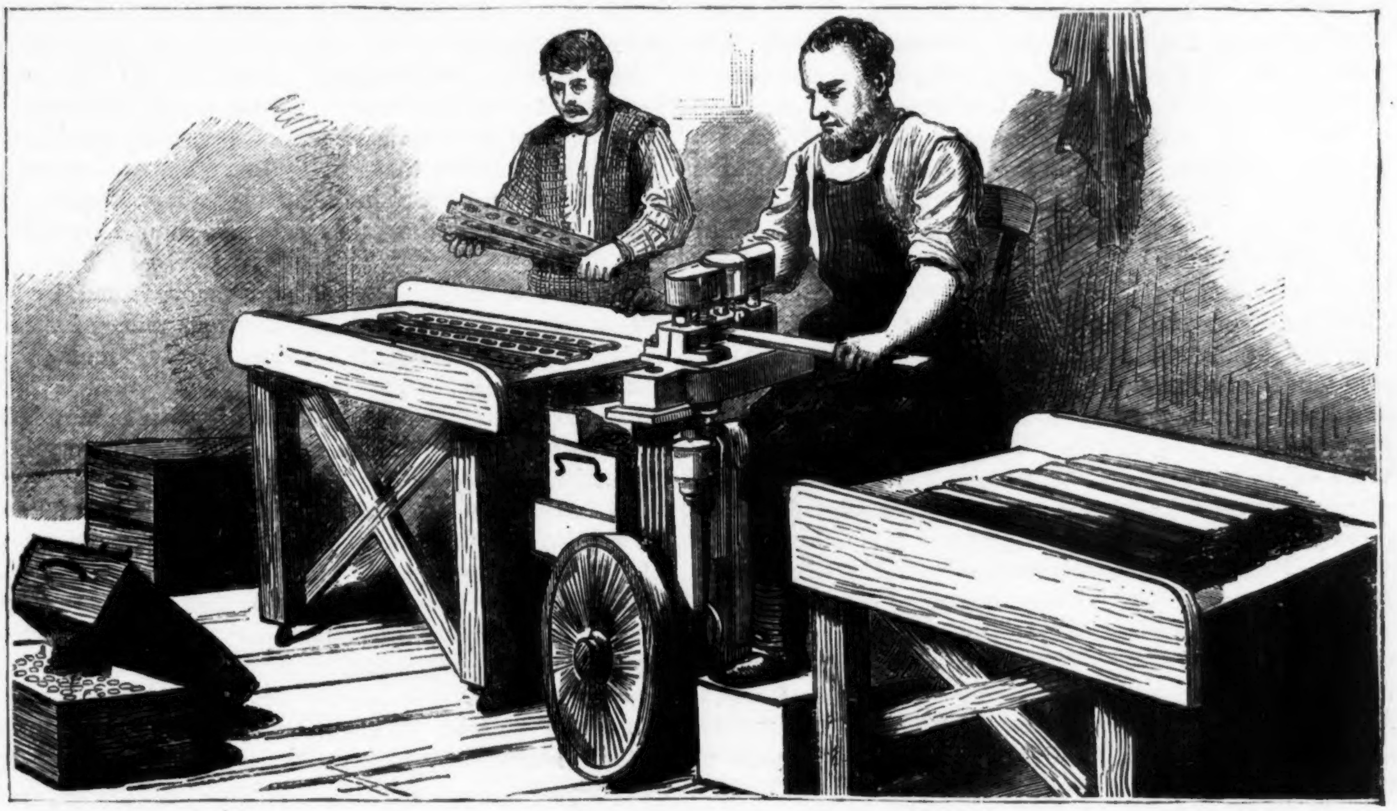
GOLD DOUBLE EAGLE.


UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
3
DOLLARS
1854

THREE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.



DRAWING OUT BARS,



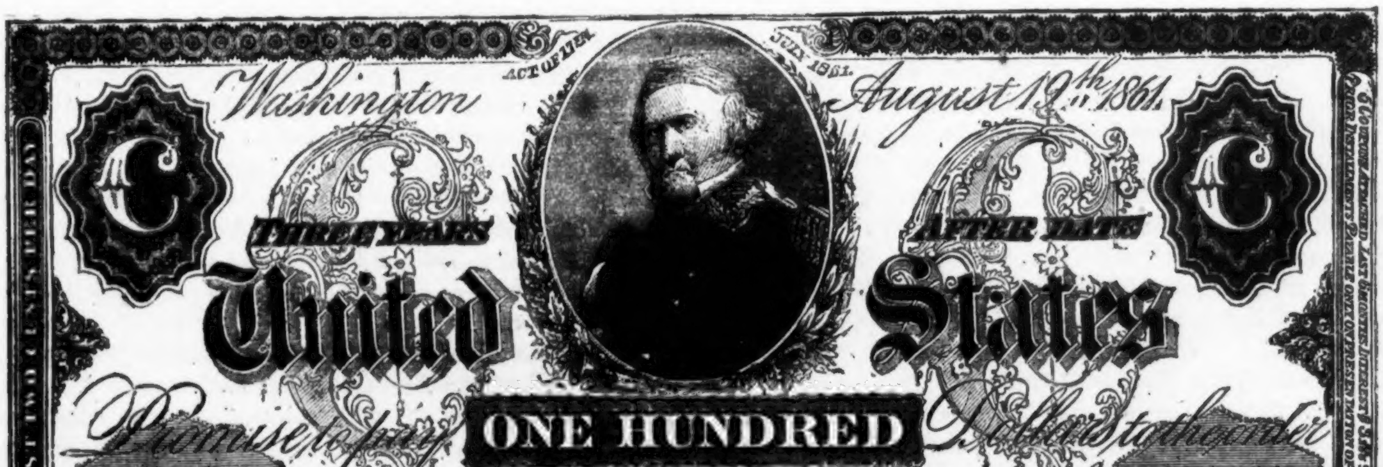
CUTTING PLANCHETS.

under Government direction, and so illy has it been managed that it has had frequent and great fluctuations, sometimes depreciating as much as eighty per cent.

Austria, more than any other country in Europe, has been noted for violent inroads on the laws of money, by over-issues of currency, forced loans, debasement of the coinage, laws against the exportation of metals, and every possible interference with the natural flow of its circulating medium. The result has been that there is no other country so deplorably situated as regards its finances.

In Great Britain, the period of commercial distress which commenced in 1793 was put an end to by the suspension of specie payments in February, 1797; a condition which lasted until May 1st, 1821, when resumption occurred. It is a remarkable fact that at no time was England so prosperous in her arts, manufactures and commerce as during this period of suspension; while, on the contrary, resumption was followed by great mercantile disaster, financial disturbance and increased poverty, until the equilibrium of the circulating medium had been restored, through the slow action of natural laws.

France possessed its first "substitute currency" in the reign of King John, in the fourteenth century, when that monarch was forced to pay for the necessaries of his household in "leather," money, in the centre of which was placed a little nail of silver. In the days of the Regent Duke of Orleans, during the minority of Louis XV., France owed about $800,000,000; trade was at a standstill, and merchants and artificers beggars; no one had any money. At this juncture came the since celebrated "John Law, of Lauriston," who proposed his no less celebrated "Mississippi Scheme" to the Regent. This scheme originated in



ACT OF 17TH JULY 1861.

Washington August 19th 1861.

C C

THREE YEARS AFTER DATE

United States

Promise to pay ONE HUNDRED Dollars to the order of Mr George C. Bennett with 7 3/10 per cent Interest payable semi-annually

100 100

A. H. Jocelyn I. B. Stearns

For the Register of the Treasury. For the Treasurer of the United States.

INTEREST TWO CENTS PER DAY

CONVERTIBLE INTO 20 YEAR 6 PER CENT U.S. BONDS

7-30 NOTE OF 1861.

Law's Paris banking-house, which, after issuing $25,000,000 in paper money indorsed by the Government (practically), was captured by the Regent, and run in his own interest, with an immediate additional issue of $100,000,000 in notes. To sustain this bank, the Mississippi scheme combined a mass of "collaterals" into a vast stock company, which manipulated the privileges of the foreign trading companies, the great farms, the mint, the king's revenues, all in one mighty financial conglomeration—an eighteenth century *Credit Mobilier*, divided into 200,000 shares of stock. The stock being paid for by Government notes representing the debt already mentioned, these notes rose in value, and the Government credit was established. The next move was to patent another company (called the "Company of the West"), to which was granted the whole province of Louisiana; and this being joined with all the other resources of this vast "ring," the whole affair was appropriately designated by the name of the majestic river which waters the region in question. Of the whole company, John Law was made director-general.

Nothing in history is more romantic than the progress of this magnificent swindle. The whole story will be found in Wood's Life of Law, and in Irving's "Wolfert's Roost." After a while an edict was issued forbidding any one to hold more than five hundred livres in specie, under pain of confiscation. Then the specie began to flow into the Regent's bank, while John Law's paper money flooded the country. There were at this time one thousand three hundred millions of livres in specie in the country ($520,000,000) to two thousand six hundred millions of livres in banknotes ($840,000,000). So an edict was issued, depreciating the value of the notes one-half.

During all this time madness seemed to have seized upon the nation. "Nobility and gentry, lords and ladies, clergy and laity—all alike seemed to be infatuated with the spirit of stock-gambling. The Rue Quinquampoix, where the stock-jobbing was done, was crowded from daylight to dark. A hump-backed man made 150,000 livres in a few days by renting his hump to the brokers as a writing-desk. The price of shares in the great company rose with such extraordinary rapidity that princely fortunes were made by holders. Servants became wealthy, and rode in costly carriages, side by side with their former masters. In the midst of all this whirl, John Law found himself at the apex of the golden pyramid. His *levees* were crowded with princes, dukes, peers and marshals; while of all his solicitors, the wives and daughters of these high personages were the most importunate. Wealth was boundless; everybody was rich. Prices increased almost fabulously, and yet the tradesmen were overrun with commissions."

Suddenly, as when lightning strikes out of a clear sky, on May 21st, 1720, the whole paper fabric fell to the ground, and a man might have starved with a hundred millions of paper money in his pocket. Law fled the country penniless, and France was left owing one thousand millions of livres more than she did before the "Mississippi Scheme."

The issue of the French *assignats* of 1789, based on the lands confiscated by the nation, originated with Mirabeau. Between that year and 1796, there were issued the frightful amount of 45,578,000,000 of francs, or nearly $10,000,000,000. Of course nothing but ruin could follow in the path of this frightful distribution of paper money, and its depreciation was such that, at the close, a laborer earned 1,000 francs for an hour's work; a pockethandkerchief cost 150 francs, and a cord of wood 4,000 francs.

The first paper money circulated in the American Colonies was issued after the expedition against Canada in 1690, under the auspices of New England, New York and Pennsylvania, and on account of the necessity occasioned by the expedition and its defeat.

From 1690 to 1749 this paper was afloat, but depreciated to one-third its face value. Massachusetts redeemed her share at one-eleventh its nominal value, Great Britain having sent £183,000 to that colony to reimburse her for the expense she had been at in the attack on Cape Breton. This was in 1750, and the other colonies soon followed her example.

We give a specimen of this currency, issued by New Hampshire in 1743. Much of the paper money issued by Pennsylvania, and also the "New Castle" money, was printed by Benjamin Franklin.

In 1755, there was another issue of paper money in the colonies, nearly all of which appears to have been printed by Benjamin Franklin.

We have before us a curious work, entitled as follows: "The American Oracle. By the Honorable Samuel Stearns, LL.D. New York, 1791," in which, in an article on "Money," occurs the following historical statement. After recounting the fate of the paper money of Massachusetts, of 1690–1750, the author writes: "Hence the use of paper money was totally prohibited in Massachusetts, till the war commenced between Great Britain and her colonies; and as their imports overbalanced their exports, the province was drained of its money, till it became very scarce; hence they were obliged to carry on much of their trade and commerce by barter. I am sorry I am not able to tell how their paper money in Rhode Island was redeemed, or what became of it; but the depreciation continued till 1759. They had paper money in circulation in Connecticut just before the commencement of hostilities between the mother-country and her colonies, and its credit was nearly equal to that of gold and silver. In New York, the Jerseys and Pennsylvania, they were destitute of paper money for a long time; and as those provinces were drained of their *hard money*, by reason of their imports overbalancing their exports, the inhabitants, to bring hard money from foreign countries, offered to give more for guineas, crowns, dollars, etc., than their nominal value. . . . But this scheme had not the desired effect; for, although it brought a little money into those Governments at first, yet the merchants stopped its progress by raising the price of their commodities in proportion to the elevated price of the coin. The people were therefore obliged to carry on their trade chiefly by barter—a very dull way of doing business. Their trade became so stagnated, and their commerce was brought to such a stand, that they were obliged at last to emit paper money for a circulating medium. This gave new life and vigor to navigation, trade, commerce, architecture, agriculture and the settlement of new lands. The inhabitants were greatly benefited by their various emissions, and, to the honor of those provinces, they kept up the credit of their bills equal to gold and silver, and they answered for a medium of trade, and for the payment of debts both at home and abroad."

Finally, there was issued the "Continental Money," of 1775, by Act of the first Congress, authorizing it to the amount of $2,000,000. The colonies were at this time drained of specie, trade was stagnant, a war was impending, with its new expenses; and there was, in fact, no resource but in a paper currency. For two years this paper suffered little or no depreciation; but Great Britain sent over ships containing millions of a counterfeit issue, and it presently fell in value. The total amount of Continental money issued was $241,552,780. On May 31st, 1781, these notes ceased to circulate as money.

It was during this period that the term "shin-plaster" is said to have originated, from the fact of an old wounded soldier of the Revolution having used his stock of worthless Continental notes to make a plaster for an injured leg.

During the war of 1812, the banks suspended specie payments, and money being exceedingly scarce, the Government issued treasury notes to the amount of $20,000,000 in three years. After the war, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Crawford, ordered the resumption of specie payments, when the sharp contraction which ensued occasioned general public distress.

The first Bank of the United States was established in 1791, and existed until 1811, when it expired by the terms of its charter. The second United States Bank was in existence from 1816 to 1836. "From the inauguration of the present Government in 1789 until the rebellion of 1861-65, with the exception of the circulation of the two banks of the United States, the issue of Treasury notes in 1812-14, and the banks of the District of Columbia, the paper money of the country has been generally furnished by banks chartered by the several States."

The amount of the circulating medium of the United States in 1860 was, in round numbers — bank notes, $207,000,000; gold, $162,000,000; silver, $50,000,000. Total, $419,000,000.

The first issue of Treasury notes was in 1860, and amounted to $10,000,000. This was followed by the issue of "demand notes," and "legal tenders"; "two years' notes," "sixty day notes," and "three years' notes"—in all, to the amount of $700,000,000, including $50,000,000 of "fractional currency," of which $48,151,000 had been issued to November 1st, 1874. Many of these issues were retired, and by Act of June 22d, 1874, the volume of United States notes was fixed at $382,000,000; all of which had been issued by November 1st, 1874.

By Act of Congress, approved February 28th, 1863, the national banking system was established, and under this system the State banks became National, on a basis of a deposit of $80,000 United States bonds to $100,000 of circulation. The issues of these banks amounted, on November 1st, 1874, to $351,927,246, at which time the grand total amount of money in the country, including specie, was estimated at $924,228,246.

By July 1st, 1877, this amount had been reduced to $896,445,777; and deducting the amount of unavailable specie in the country, the amount stood at $671,445,777. The contraction of legal tenders and national bank-notes between 1873 and 1877 was, in round numbers, $75,000,000. But the sums of currency figured in the United States Finance Reports as "outstanding" are by no means to be considered "in circulation," during the past four years, since, owing to want of confidence, investments have ceased to be made, and capital has lain idle in the banks. Meanwhile, the Treasury and Sub-Treasuries have absorbed and retained large amounts, and it is probable that on July 1st, 1878, the amount of money *circulating* in the United States was not more than the four hundred and odd millions in circulation in 1860.

We have already mentioned the coin circulation of Great Britain, France, and Germany, at latest accounts. The entire paper and coin circulation of Great Britain in 1872 was $841,218,658; that of France, $1,394,176,332. France has a population of 36,000,000; Great Britain, 32,000,000; the United States, 47,000,000.

In an article like the present it is not requisite to advance opinions or draw inferences. It is designed only to present an historical and descriptive summary of facts concerning "Hard and Soft Money." It is, however, pertinent to conclude with certain general deductions in regard to money made by wise students of the subject, and which have not recently found their way into print.

Says Mr. W. Stanley Jevons, in his "Money, and the Mechanism of Exchange": "No one can tell how much currency a nation requires, and to attempt to regulate its quantity is the last thing which a statesman should do." And further, "From all the above considerations, it follows that the only method of regulating the amount of the currency, is to leave it at perfect freedom to regulate itself." And, "The amount of money can be no more regulated than the amount of corn, iron, cotton, or other common commodities produced and consumed by a people."

Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," says: "Labor, it must always be remembered, and not any particular commodity, or set of commodities, is the real measure of the value both of silver and of all other commodities."

As to the *movement* of money, Jevons says: "Many circumstances, too, affect the rapidity of circulation. Railways and rapid steamboats enable coin and bullion to be more swiftly transmitted than of old; telegraphs prevent its needless removal, and the acceleration of the mails has a like effect." [The length of railroad lines and telegraph wires in use in the United States, is, in proportion to the area of the countries, about one-eleventh of that in use in Great Britain, France, and Germany.] . . . "The more goods are bought, and the more often they pass from hand to hand, the more currency will be needed to move them. It will be proportional, again, to the prices of goods; and if gold falls in value, and prices are raised, more money will be needed to pay the debts increased in nominal amount." . . . . "The amount of money needed by a nation will be proportional, *ceteris paribus*, to the number of its population; twice the number of people, if equally active in trade, and performing it the same way, will clearly want twice as much money."

All of which goes to show that financial legislation, so far as it tampers with the *volume* of the currency, is detrimental. The enunciations of President Hayes during his recent travels through the West have been emphatic on this point, "in season and out of season."

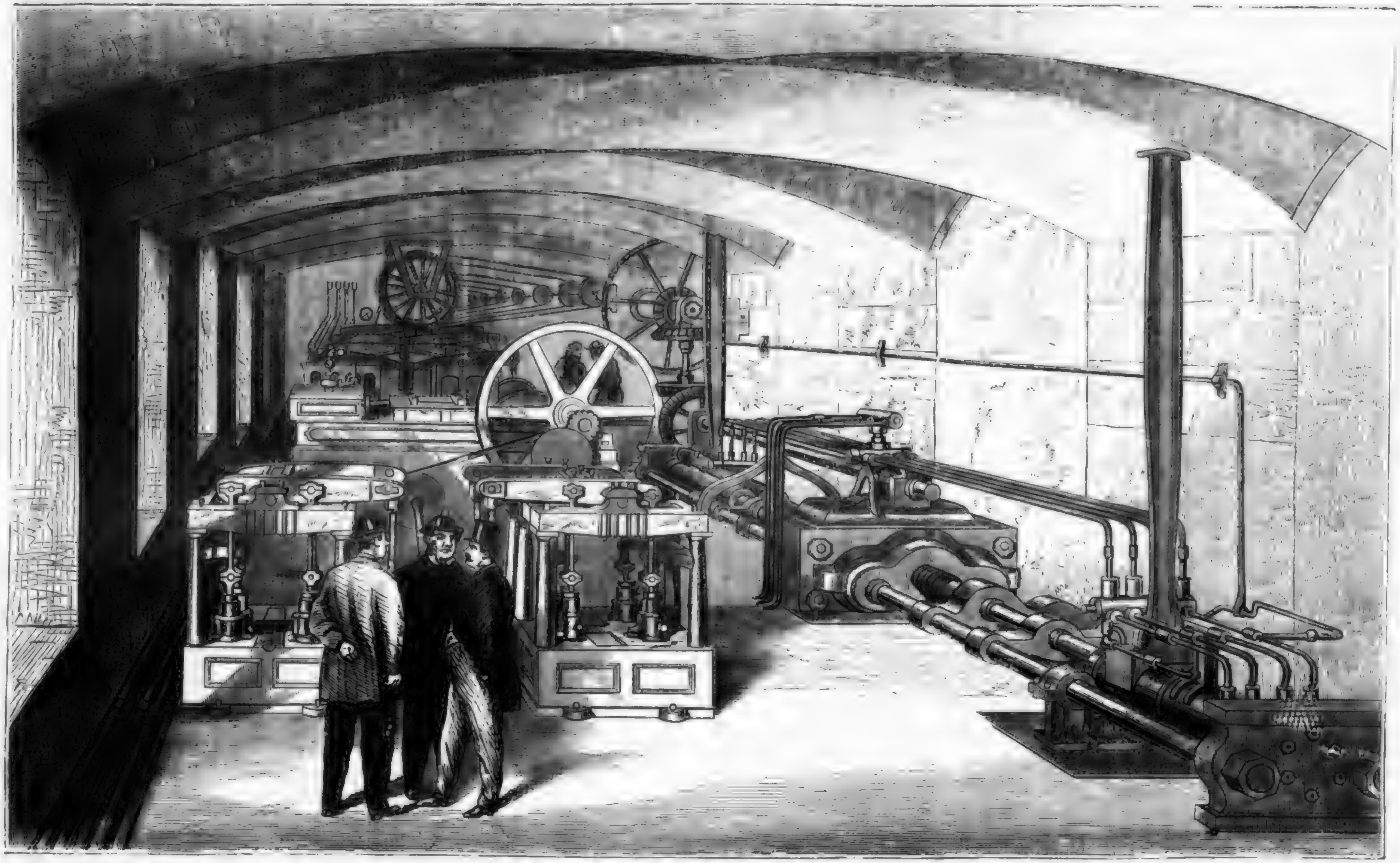
It is, in fact, beginning to be discovered by our rulers and legislators, that the measure of the circulating medium of a country is not to be pronounced by financial wiseacres "in Congress assembled," but is a part of the handiwork and mechanism of *Natural Law*.

FIGS.

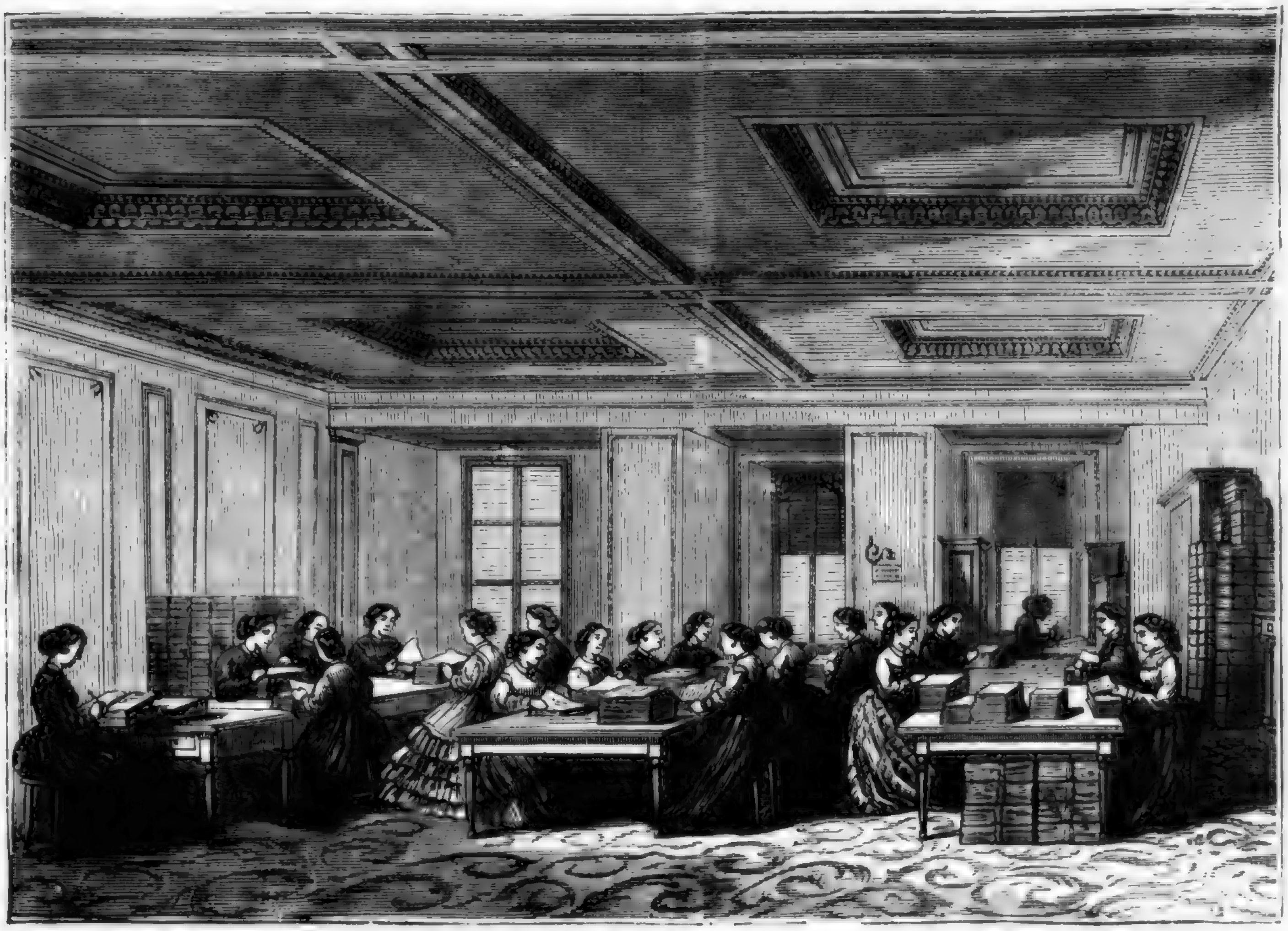
ALTHOUGH fig trees have been successfully grown in portions of the United States for many years, having been introduced by the Spaniards when they first settled Florida, dried figs raised in this country are rarely seen, and never as an article of commerce. The climate of the Southern and Middle States, however, and a portion of the Pacific coast, is well adapted to the growth of the fig.

In a special report recently published by the Department of Agriculture on the "Cultivation of the Fig," General Le Duc says that the fruit of this tree is so great a luxury, and so useful in many ways, that there is no reason why it should not become a very considerable article of commerce to the States mentioned, and thus add to the wealth of the people of the whole country.

The fig tree is known in botany as the *Ficus carica*, or the fig of the garden. The name *ficus*, applied to this very anciently known fruit, is most probably derived from *feg*, its Hebrew name; that of *carica* is from Caria, in Asia Minor, where fine varieties of it have long existed. According to various authors, it is a native of Western Asia, Northern Africa and the south of Europe, including Greece and Italy.



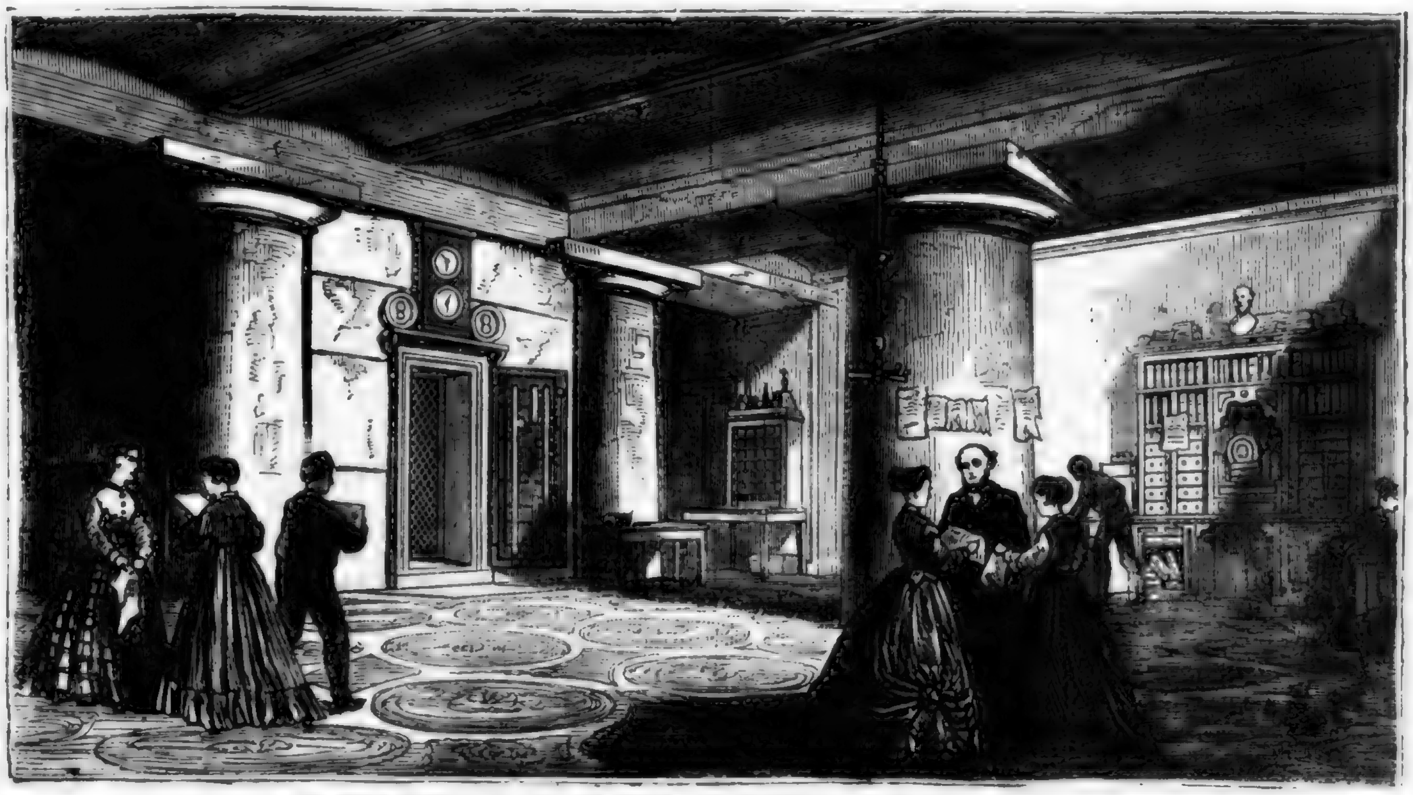
THE HYDRAULIC ENGINES, TREASURY BUILDINGS, WASHINGTON, D. C.



GENERAL COUNTING-ROOM, TREASURY BUILDING.

The flowers of the fig, unlike those of most fruit trees, make no outward appearance, but are concealed within the fruit. They are male and female—the former situated near the orifice, the latter in that part of the concavity near the stalk. On cutting open a fig when it has attained little more than one-third of its size, the flowers will be seen in full development. Under favorable circumstances, a fig or two is formed along the shoots at the base of almost every leaf, and the quantity that sometimes attains maturity is enormous.

Figs have been used in the East as an article of food from time immemorial. Our ancient friend Moses knew all about them, as a lot were brought back to him from Canaan, to show him how good the land was. Once on a time,



CURRENCY BUREAU—VAULT FOR BONDS AND FRACTIONAL NOTES, TREASURY BUILDING.

some aspiring office-seeker made King David a present of two hundred cakes of dried figs, but it is not recorded that he got his office by it.

The drying is easily effected in warm climates by exposure to the sun's rays, in the same way as grapes are dried, which are called, from that circumstance, raisins of the sun. Like the grape, the substance of the fig abounds in what is termed grape-sugar. In drying, some of this exudes, and forms that soft, white powder which we see on the imported dried figs. They are thus preserved in their own sugar, and rendered fit for storing up as an article of food.

Figs were considered of such necessity by the Athenians that their exportation from Attica was prohibited. Those who informed against persons violating this law were called *sycophantæ*, from two Greek words signifying "the discoverer of figs." These informers appear to have been especially disliked, for their name gave rise to the term "sycophant," applied to designing liars and impostors generally, as well as flatterers.

In warm climates, two crops of fruit are produced from the fig tree, each crop being produced on distinct sets of shoots. The second crop grows from the eyes or buds of the shoots made in early Summer, and if the season be sufficiently long and warm, the fruit will ripen. In such a climate it is the second crop that is most prolific and valuable, and that is used in drying for exportation. In climates where the Winters are severe, the trees are so trained that the branches can be tied in bundles and laid along the ground, when they are covered with litter and earth.

All correspondents of the Department of Agriculture familiar with the cultivation of the fig tree in the different Southern States, unite in the statement, drawn from their experience and observation, that the fig tree is remarkably healthy, free from disease and the ravages of insects, and that each tree will produce from two to ten bushels of figs at a crop.

The best variety for cultivation, on account of the excellence of the fruit and their adaptability to drying, are those known as the Brunswick, Large White, Ichian, Genoa, Smyrna and Figue d'Or. The Brown Fig, of Turkey, is also a favorite variety.

Turkey and Italy furnish to the world the largest amount of the dried figs of commerce. More than 1,000 tons are annually imported into Great Britain. The annual importation into the United States amounts to nearly $500,000.

With a view to promote the cultivation of the fig in this country, General Le Duc has corresponded with numbers of intelligent fruit-culturists in the Southern and Middle States, and California, through the State Department; with ministers and consuls stationed in the East, on the subject of the preservation of the fruit, and the mode of drying it for the market.

The following is given by Mr. P. J. Berckmans, of Augusta, Ga.: "I give herewith a method of drying which was quite successful with us several years since, but now that improved apparatus for drying are easy to be had, figs can be dried with comparative facility. Gather the figs when the skin begins to crack (this is a sign of maturity, and then the fruit contains the largest amount of saccharine matter); make a strong lye of oak ashes, or take common cooking soda dissolved in hot water; dip the figs in the hot liquid, only leaving them in this for a few seconds; expose immediately to the air for a minute or two, and repeat the dipping a second time. If the lye is hot and strong enough, the color of the fig will immediately change, the dark-skinned varieties to a dark green, and the light-colored varieties to a pale green. The object of dipping the fresh figs in hot lye or a solution of bicarbonate of soda, is to kill the milky juice, and thus hasten the drying. A small basket, loosely made, so as to allow the liquid to come freely in contact with the fruit, is always desirable to be used for dipping. Place the figs upon trays made of wooden slats, and expose to full sun, taking the fruit under cover at evening, as it will spoil if dews fall upon it. The fruit must be turned in the sun every day, and in three or four days will be ready to put away in small wooden boxes, first putting a layer of spice-laurel leaves (*Lautus notillis*) at the bottom, and covering the top with another layer of these leaves. Place the lid on tight, to keep insects out, and keep in a dry room. If a brick oven is convenient, it will facilitate the work and hasten the drying, but care must be taken not to give it too much heat. If the fruit secretes syrup, it has been put under too high a degree of heat, and the result will be an inferior article. After the fruit is partially dried, it should be lightly pressed with the hand, so as to flatten it. Light-colored varieties are preferred for drying, as they are usually of more attractive appearance when placed in boxes, but the Celestial and Brown Turkey are much richer in quality, although presenting a darker and less attractive appearance. The Celestial dries the most rapidly of all our varieties, but makes the least valuable article as regards quality. The Brunswick, being very large, seldom gives good results with ordinary means, but will doubtless be easily managed with improved drying apparatus."

The next is furnished by the United States Consul at Smyrna: "About the end of July the first figs come to maturity. The fig harvest lasts about six weeks. When the fig is ripe it will, of its own accord, fall from the tree only partly cured. Women and children are employed to pick up the fruit into small baskets to be conveyed to a place in the garden well exposed to the sun, where the figs are spread on a bed of dry grass or matting, singly, that is to say, not one on the top of the other, and are turned every day, so as to get every side of the fig exposed to the sun.

"After a few days of exposure to the sun, those figs which are considered sufficiently dry are selected from the mass and divided into first, second and third quality. Care must be taken not to dry them too much. The skin ought to feel dry, but the inside soft. Practice alone can teach to what extent the drying ought to take place. The grower then sends the figs to Smyrna, where they are assorted and packed for shipment.

"On arrival at Smyrna they are conveyed to the fig bazar or market-place, where early each morning the merchants betake themselves to make purchases. The parcels belonging to each individual owner are separately examined, each purchaser giving his own price. The figs are now conveyed to the packing establishment to undergo manipulation and boxing. The sacks are emptied out on the floor in a square heap, and on all sides are squatted rows of women and girls, employed in merely twisting round each fig two or three times between the forefinger and thumb, to render it soft and give its required oblong form. On the heap are a row of low baskets, into which are thrown separately the first and second qualities, to be used for packing.

"At least ten per cent. of the whole mass is worthless for boxing, and during the above process the inferior fruit is picked out and thrown in a separate heap. Undersized, tough, or spotted figs, and such as are burst, come under this category, and are packed, or rather pressed promiscuously, in small boxes, and labeled 'Figs for Family Use.' Sometimes, when the parcel is unusually good, three qualities are selected instead of two.

"From this compartment the baskets are now conveyed to another, and laid on long benches, at which are seated the practiced packers. Each man has a box before him, and swiftly and dexterously are the figs placed alongside each other in rows. The rows vary in number according to the depth of the box, the flat ones, which are in more general use, requiring but two.

"The mode of packing is called 'pulled.' Above all, a row of 'layers' is then placed to show the figs to advantage. The 'layers' are stretched out by means of both hands and laid flat, side by side, in parallel rows. Of late years 'layers' throughout the boxes have come into demand, and nearly all of the best qualities are packed in this way. In packing, the fingers are now and then dipped into a bucket of sea-water to ease their working. The figs become thus moistened with sea-water, which, it is pretended, hastens their sugaring.

"The boxes are again passed on to the women, who complete the process by placing laurel leaves between the upper rows, before the final nailing down and polishing off by the carpenter. By following this method the fig is so stretched out that it opens at the end, but that is concealed from view by being turned underneath. When treated in this way the air enters into the fig, and in a short time renders it dry and unpalatable, compared with fruit treated as 'pulled,' so that, while giving the fig a better appearance, it destroys its juiciness and flavor. The foreign market is in fault here, and not the Smyrna packers, who must suit the tastes of their customers.

"The packages used are of various dimensions and forms. At one time all this fruit exported to the United States was placed in drums or paper boxes, but of late years flat wooden boxes are being extensively shipped. Very few drums, if any, find their way to the English market, to which the best qualities are usually sent. America consumes but little of the superior qualities, though the demand for such has now increased. Small canvas bags are now being used with success, and, in fact, every season some novelty in the style of package may be noticed. The refuse, or 'naturals,' are put into large boxes or barrels, and are shipped to England, Egypt, and European Turkey. The high rate of duty in America excludes these inferior figs altogether from her market."

It certainly would seem from all this that we could raise figs in this country with ease and profit.

LAKE FETZARA, IN NORTHERN AFRICA.

LAKE FETZARA, or, to use the Arabic name, Gerah Fetzara, is situated in the province of Constantine, between Philippeville, Bona and Guelma. Its extent is small, the length being estimated at some four miles, and its breadth at two or three; but its peculiarity lies in the innumerable flocks of birds by which it is inhabited. Ducks, teal, egrets, cormorants and a hundred other varieties have built their nests and hatched their young here for centuries; nor has it been until recently that the echoes of the surrounding mountains were awakened by the sportsman's rifle.

The French occupation of Algeria, however, somewhat disturbed the inhabitants of Lake Fetzara, and great havoc was made among the feathered innocents, much to the surprise of the native Arabs, who have not the remotest conception of hunting for hunting's sake.

To such an extent was the sanguinary sport of the French officers and soldiers carried, that the General Government interfered, and sporting on Lake Fetzara was strictly forbidden. Under this ordinance the lake soon became repeopled, and on the visit of an artist-naturalist about a year ago, it presented the spectacle seen in our engraving.

Two or three boats were carried overland to the shore of the lake and launched upon its waters, when the different haunts of the birds were visited, and numerous fine specimens were obtained, by special permission of the Marshal Commanding-in-Chief.

THE MANATEE.

FOR eyes it has circular apertures which can neither remain wide open nor shut up tight, but are constantly contracting or expanding, perhaps at the will of the manatee, though apparently of their own motion. For nose it has two holes with lids, and when it rises to the surface of the water for breath the lids open, and when it sinks again they shut. The ear-holes are too small to be seen without searching, and are simply such holes as might be made anywhere with a gimlet. For mouth it has an opening with a flap over it, convenient as preventing things from going down its throat when the owner is not hungry, but sufficiently ugly to make the manatee the most humble of creatures; and humble indeed, it looks.

Having no legs, it stands on its tail, and to keep its balance has to bend the head forward and bow the body. In this attitude of helpless humility the strange thing stands motionless many minutes together, and then, with a ghostlike, dreadful solemnity, it begins slowly to stiffen and straighten its tail, and thus gradually arising into an erect posture, thrusts its nostrils above the surface. But only for an instant, for ere it seems to have had time to take a breath, the great body begins to sink back into its despondent position, and, the small, paddling-paws drop motionless and helpless as before.

The deliberate sloth with which the manœuvre is executed has something of dignity in it, but otherwise the manatee is as ridiculous as it is helpless. The clumsy snout is constantly twitching like a rabbit's, but the gesture that seems so appropriate in the nervous, vigilant little rodent, is immeasurably ludicrous in this huge monstrosity.

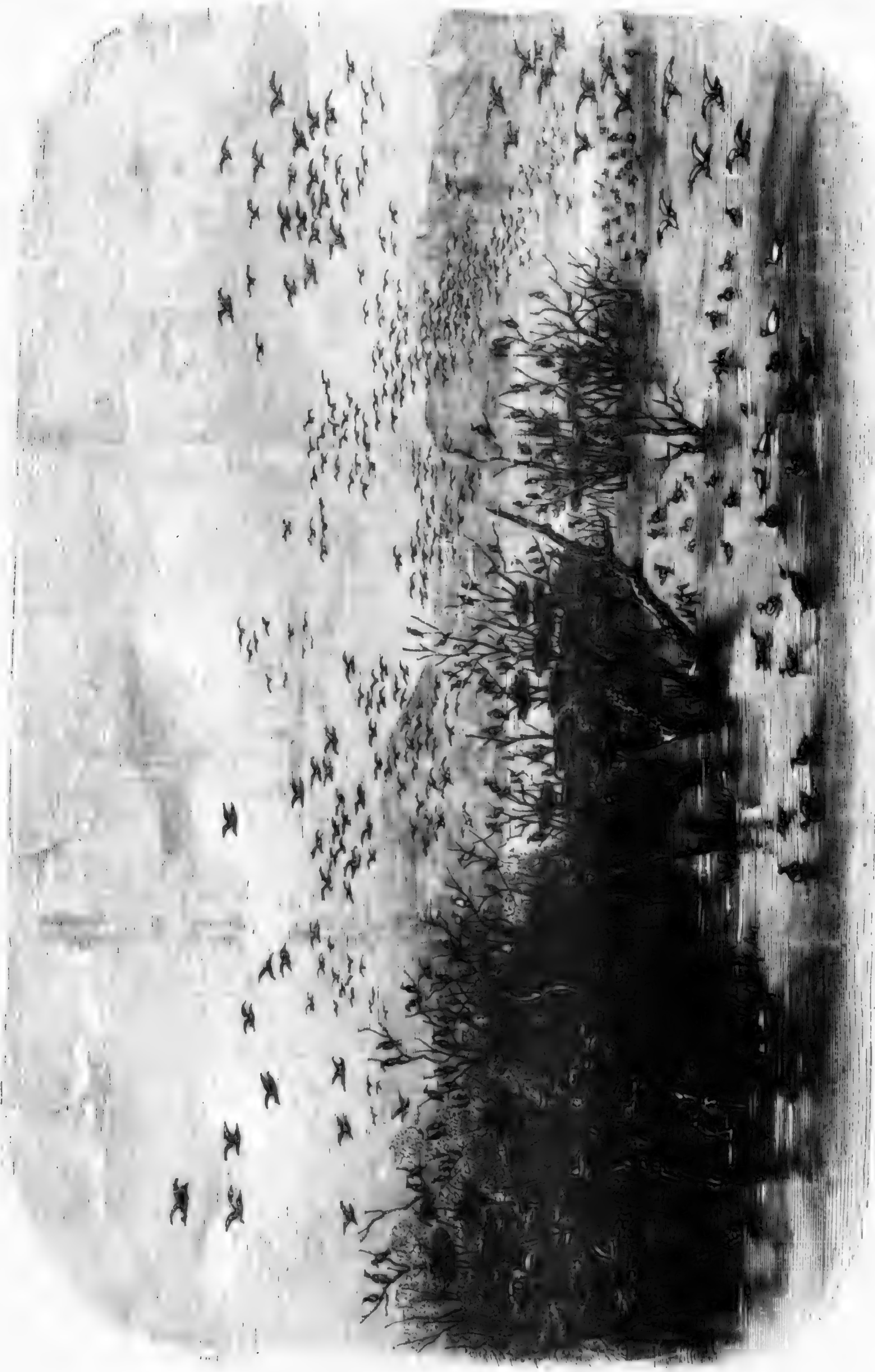
The eyes, again, now contracted to a pin's point, now expanded full to gaze at you with expressionless pupils, seem to move by a mechanism beyond the creature's control. Voiceless and limbless, the bulky cetacean sways to and fro, the very embodiment of stupid, feeble helplessness, a thing for shrimps to mock at and limpets to grow on.

A carcass of such proportions, such an appalling contour, should, to satisfy æsthetic requirements, possess some stupendous villainy of character; should conceal under this inert mass of flesh some hideous criminal instinct. Yet this great, shapeless being, this terror of the deep sea, is the most innocent of created things. It lives on lettuce. In its wild state it browses along the meadows of the ocean bed, cropping the sea-weeds just as kine graze upon the pastures of the earth, inoffensive and sociable, rallying as cattle do for mutual defense against a common danger, placing the calves in the middle, while the bulls range themselves on the threatened quarter.

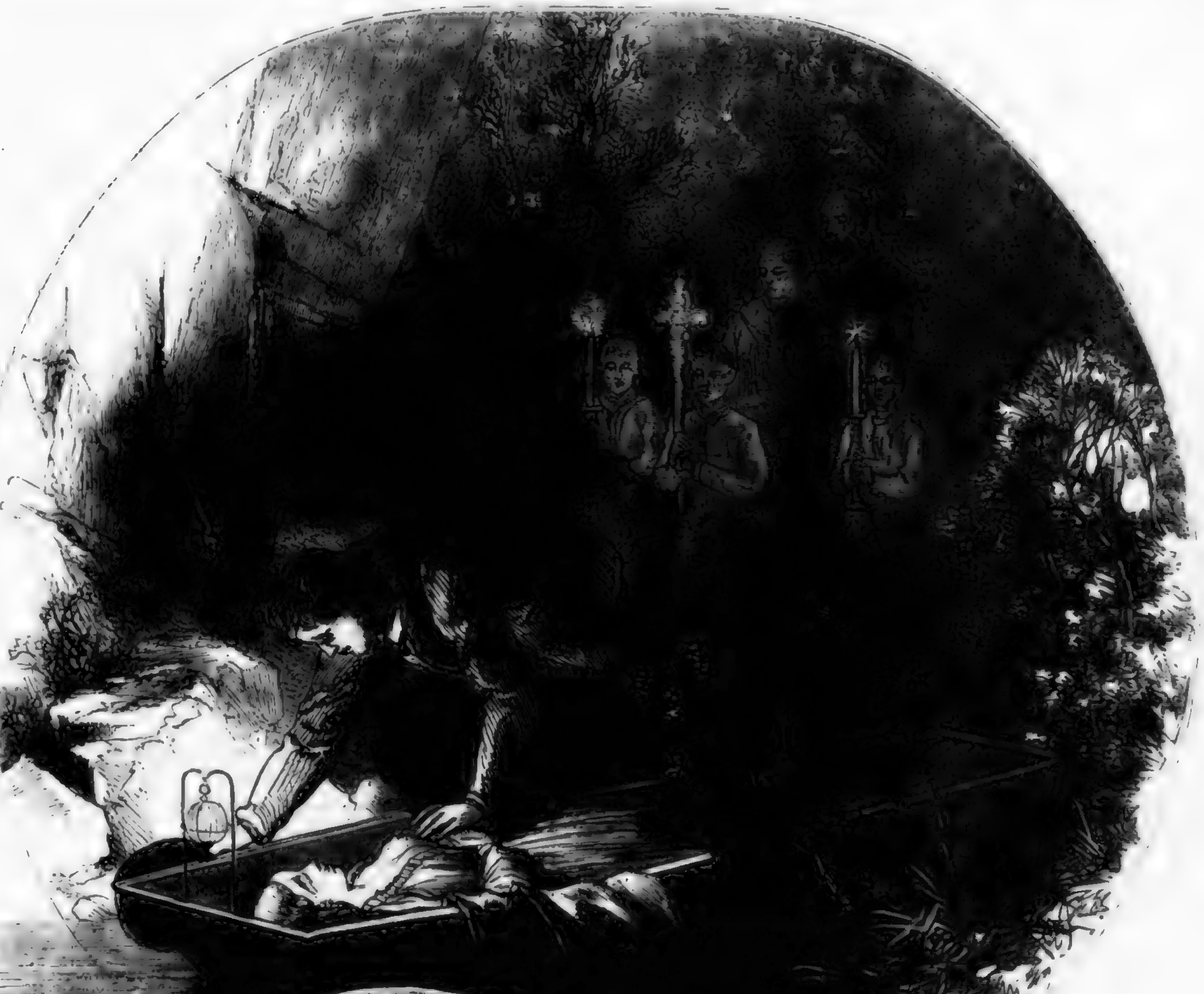
These are the herds which the poets make Proteus and the sea-gods tend—the harmless beeves with whom the sad Parthenope shared her sorrows! These are the actual realities that have given rise to so many a pretty fiction, the dead carcasses from which have swarmed the bees. The discovery is interesting enough to those who cherish old-world fancies; but to science, the lazy, uncouth manatee is a precious thing.

Science, indeed, has seldom had such a pleasing labor as the examination and identification of this animal, for, though so ludicrously simple in appearance, the manatee is a veritable casket of physiological wonders.

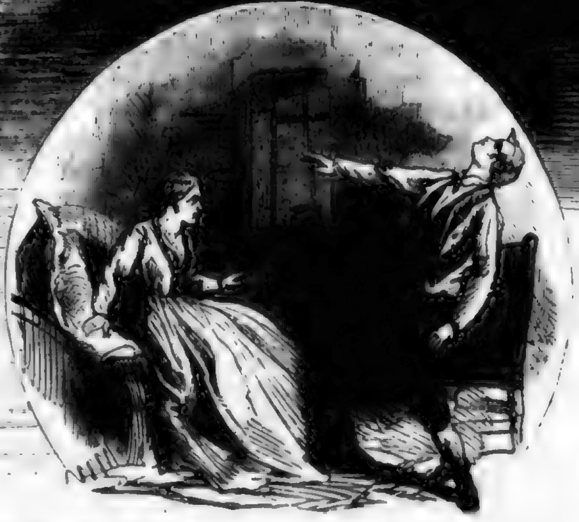
XUM



LAKE FETZARA, IN NORTHERN AFRICA.—SEE PAGE 527



"BY THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP HE EXAMINED THE PAPER ATTACHED TO HER BREAST."



SHE STARTED UP JUST IN TIME TO SEE A YOUNG MAN FALL DOWN AT HER FEET INSENSIBLE."

THE DESTINY OF LEON GRENIER.

A YOUNG man was walking, one evening in the earlier part of this century, on the banks of the fairest river of France, just where it swept past the town of Arles. He was tall and well-made, with delicate features, shadowy blue eyes, and an almost feminine sweetness of expression ; and as he sauntered dreamily along, he half sung, half chanted, an old French ballad in a soft, musical voice—for Leon Grenier was a true Provençal, of the type which has reproduced itself in every age, and never failed to have some representatives in that land of romance.

He was a poet and a musician, and lived for the most part in an ideal world of his own, where sweet sounds and bright visions beguiled him, like an enchanted knight in some fairy garden of old.

Happily for Leon, it was not necessary that he should work for his living, or it would have fared ill with him in this practical age. His father was a substantial farmer, who owned many a goodly vineyard and olive-grove, and who had no other child on whom to bestow all his fair possessions and increasing wealth

So Leon had the education of a gentleman, and learned all manner of accomplishments in the school of the Frères Lazarists ; and he was never asked to soil with hard work the white hands that seemed made only to play on the guitar, or paint lovely faces of saints for the illuminated borders of his "Livre d'Heures."

The good *frères* would fain have persuaded him that his vocation lay in the calm retirement of the cloister, and that his love of art and minstrelsy would find its best satisfaction in the sacred songs of the choir and the decoration of the sanctuary. But Leon absolutely refused to become a monk.

He believed in the old theory that with every soul is created another, destined to be its companion for ever, and that all the sorrowful love-stories this world has known have resulted simply from the untoward separation of these predestined souls.

He had a vision of the sweet face that had been created for him, and he waited impatiently till it should dawn like a star on his life, and for the time when he too should say, in the graceful words of a brother poet:

> "L'on dit que deux âmes qui prient
> L'une pour l'autre, en même fois
> En éternité se marient,
> Quand *vous* priez—priez pour moi!"

His good father and mother longed for this happy consummation almost as much as he did himself. He was the child of their old age.

Balthazar Grenier had married late in life, when he found his goods increasing upon him, and none to inherit them; and Madelon, his wife, though she was the brightest little woman in Arles, could count her sixty years *bien sonnés*.

It was the fondest desire of the kind old couple to see their son married and his children growing up around them before they departed from a world that had always been very pleasant to them; and the one great care that troubled their declining years was the fact that Leon was still heart-whole, and gave them not the faintest prospect of a *belle fille*. He was so very hard to please! In vain Madelon invited the prettiest girls she could find to the house on every possible occasion. Leon would glance at them with an abstracted air, and then wander away by himself to dream of the ethereal beauty that somewhere in the universe was waiting for him as he waited for her; and the coquettish Arlesiennes grumbled not a little that one of the best *partis* in the town would not even give them a chance of attracting him, by so much as a look or word.

The sun had set on this bright Summer evening, while Leon roamed along the banks of the river and sung his low song to its slumbering echoes. The soft light slumbering still in the heavens had subdued every tint and mellowed every shadow till the whole landscape was clothed with an indescribable charm.

Leon stood still, the better to realize all the beauty round him; and as he did so he suddenly saw, far up on the river, a little, pale light that seemed floating on the waters, and was steadily coming toward him. He knew at once what it was.

There was a strange custom at Arles in those days, which has, doubtless, long since disappeared in the march of progress. The great cemetery of the town was, for traditional reasons, the favorite place of burial for many miles around. The peasants who dwelt in the hills and valleys far off, all considered it a matter of the deepest importance that the friends they lost should be buried at Arles; but as the transit by land, or even in boats, would have been too costly a proceeding for their scanty means, the singular plan was adopted of constructing the coffins so that they could float on the river, till the current should bear them unassisted to the place of their rest.

This custom was very ancient, and from time immemorial, we believe, it had been the prerogative of the monks of a convent placed near the banks of the Rhone, to receive these poor, helpless voyagers, and conduct their sepulture with all due religious rites and observances. It was the habit to place no covering on the coffin or on the face of the dead, who were always arrayed in their best attire; but a paper was laid on the breast, stating the name and age of the deceased, and of the surviving relative who was to be responsible for the needful expense; and a small lamp, inclosed in a lantern, was attached to the head of the coffin, in order to warn passing boats to steer clear of the frail vessel, with its mournful freight.

Of course it often happened that it struck against the bank, and was submerged; but the Provençal peasants considered this a less misfortune than an ignominious burial, without even an attempt to reach the sacred ground. And if some lesser accident happened, such as its becoming entangled in the weeds or the branches of a weeping willow, it was considered the bounden duty of the first passer-by to rescue it, and restore it with pious hands to its onward course.

Leon had gone down quite to the water's edge, and he stood now watching the lamp of the dead as it came steadily onward. He knew that about a mile lower down the monk would be stationed whose duty it was to watch for the coming of those silent wanderers, and he expected to see the coffin float past him in safety, as the water in this spot was especially free from any weeds or other obstacle.

Onward it came; and, to one of his fanciful temperament, it was somewhat startling to see it suddenly diverge from its course, for no apparent reason, and turn toward him with so strong an impetus that in another moment it had brought its helpless burden to his feet, and there remained stationary; a grating sound telling it had run aground on the bank.

He at once determined to secure it on the spot where it was, and to go and apprise the monk of its arrival, so that no further accident might be risked. For this purpose he pushed aside the branches that partially hid it from his sight, and drew it on shore. Then he stooped down and looked into the face of the dead. As he did so a thrill of intense feeling passed with a sudden tremor through his frame; for never had he beheld a countenance of such exquisite loveliness as that which now appeared before his eager eyes.

It was a young girl who lay in that coffin, looking far more as if she were sleeping in the gentle slumber of youth than in the rigid silence of death. Apparently she had not died from any lengthened disease, for her form was not wasted, nor her face marked by the least sign of suffering.

The small head lay on its pillow with graceful ease, and the soft, white hands, lightly crossed on her bosom, seemed to have fallen there in a natural attitude of rest rather than in token of the resignation supposed to be thus expressed. Her long, fair hair, like a golden shroud, fell round her, and mingled with the folds of her pure white dress and the lilies that had been laid beside her; while from amid the flowers the sweet, tranquil face shone out—snow-white, indeed, but so strangely beautiful that, cold and dead as it was, it raised a passion in Leon's heart such as he never had known before.

Transfixed—overcome with feelings that were inexplicable to himself—he remained kneeling in mute admiration of beauty beyond what he had ever imagined in his brightest dreams; and it was not until the lovely features grew indistinct under the shadows of night that he roused himself from the stupor of admiration into which he had fallen.

Then, by the light of the lamp, he examined the paper attached to her breast, and read the name inscribed on it:

ANGELIQUE,
Agee de 17 ans—fille adoree de
Pierre Floriac.

"Angelic, indeed!" murmured Leon, as he stooped down and pressed his lips on the small, white hands, while he sighed with a deep, moaning sigh, for which he could scarce have accounted to himself.

Then he bethought him that it was necessary the monks should be informed that this fairest of the dead claimed their good offices for her lasting repose.

It would have been easy to have gone down to Frère

Antoine, who was watching, he knew, at the usual post; but a feeling, which was almost akin to jealousy, made him shrink from the idea of leaving her there, exposed to the gaze of any who might pass. He went up the bank to the road and looked around. A peasant boy was coming, singing and dancing along, with a cheerfulness which jarred strangely on Leon's mood at the moment. He called him, however, and giving him a piece of money, he told him to to go the monastery and ask the monks to come to the spot for *une morte.*

When he used the last words he sighed more heavily than before; and, as he turned back toward the coffin, while the boy ran off to do his bidding, he exclaimed:

"Oh, that she were alive! Oh, that this sweet, this lovely one, were still of the living world!—for surely I have found the realization of all my dreams, the idol of my fancy, and I have found her—dead!"

It was not long before the monks appeared, and, lifting the coffin on their shoulders, they carried it toward the cemetery, while Leon followed behind, with his head bent, as if he were by right the chief mourner for this stranger corpse!

According to custom, the body was placed in the *chapelle ardente* of the graveyard for the night; and as the monks withdrew, and the last among them prepared to lock the door, Leon whispered to him that he should remain in the chapel all night.

"But I must lock the door," said the monk.

"Do so," replied Leon.

"And the body will not be interred till noon; you will have to remain here till then."

"I am content," answered the young man; and the monk, shrugging his shoulders, locked him into the chapel, where one pale lamp alone gave a dim, mournful light, and went home to his convent.

Now Leon Grenier often staid out rather late on fine, moonlight nights; but he was a dutiful son, and he never in his life had failed to come in time to gladden his mother's heart with his good-night kiss, though sometimes it was given after she had been in bed some hours.

On this night, however, he did not appear, and Madelon lay awake hour after hour in the deepest anxiety, listening to every sound, and full of terror as to the cause of her darling's absence; her greatest fear was that, in some of his fits of abstraction, he had fallen into the river and been drowned.

She knew that his favorite walk was along its banks, and she always felt a certain amount of uneasiness when he was out of her sight, because she knew how little he was fitted, with his dreamy, poetic temperament, to cope with the exigencies of this practical, every-day world. Long before even the early daylight of Summer had dawned, the anxious mother was out of the house, seeking her son far and near.

She soon satisfied herself that he was not in the gardens or vineyards, and hurried down to the river's bank, half hoping, half fearing, to hear some tidings of him there. She questioned everyone she met, but no one had seen him, and after some hours' fruitless search she was returning in a state almost of despair to the house, when it occurred to her to ask the monk, who was sure to be on the watch at the usual place, if he knew anything of him. He told her at once that Leon had been locked up by his own desire in the *chapelle ardente*, and even in the overpowering joy of hearing that he was safe, she could not help wondering what strange fancy had induced him to spend the night in so mournful a place.

She hastened at once to the monastery to obtain his release, and as it was now near the hour fixed for the interment, one of the monks goodnaturedly went with her to unlock the door, and then left her alone with her son, while he turned back to summon his brethren to assist at the burial.

Madelon gave a cry of dismay when she saw Leon, for he was kneeling by the side of the coffin, with his arms thrown over it and his face buried on them, as if in the deepest grief. She was at his side in a moment, lifting up his head and calling him by every endearing name to tell her what was the matter.

He rose slowly from his knees and turned toward her, and she was terrified at the paleness of his face and the dimness of his large blue eyes; never before had she seen him with such an intense look of sorrow.

"Qu'as tu, mon fils, qu'as tu?" she exclaimed, flinging her arms round him.

He pointed to the coffin, and to the calm, lovely face that still shone forth from among the lilies.

"You see that angel?" he said.

"Ah, yes, poor little one; how sweet and beautiful she is! Ah, how her mother must weep for her!"

"And I," exclaimed Leon; "scarce can her mother mourn her more than I, for she is my destiny, and she is lost to me for ever!"

"Leon, what do you say?"

"Yes, mother, yes! in that sweetest, fairest face I see the ideal of my heart, the embodiment of the beautiful vision that has ever haunted me, the one who could alone possess my love. Angelique Floriac has been too surely my destined bride, created for me as I for her, longing for me, doubtless, through all her short life, as I have longed for her, and now I have found her only to lose her for evermore! Oh, my love, my love!" and throwing himself on the coffin once more, he sobbed aloud.

Madelon was greatly distressed, and not a little perplexed. Surely this was the most unfortunate fancy her Leon could have taken, to think that he should have fallen in love at last, but with a lifeless bride!

"After all, it is doubtful whether it is an advantage to have one's son a poet," she thought to herself; but she was a matter-of-fact little person, and she could not suppose it possible that so strange and unreasonable an idea could retain its hold, even on so lively an imagination as that of her son.

"*Allons, mon enfant,*" she said, soothingly, "you have staid in this cold, gloomy chapel till your mind is full of sad visions; this poor, pretty girl is a stranger to us; we have nothing to do with her; come home, *mon cher*, and have some breakfast; then you will be better."

"Oh, mother, how little you know what you are saying!" sighed Leon; "but you will learn the sad truth by degrees; you have always wished me to marry, and I told you I must wait for my fated bride; now she is come, and I have given myself to her. I can love no other, and I am wedded to the dead!"

"The saints forbid!" said Madelon, hastily crossing herself. "Oh, my Leon, come home, I beseech you!"

"Not while my eyes can look on that face," said Leon; "when she has been laid in the grave, where I shall hope to join her soon, then I will come home with you, if, indeed, any place can be home where Angelique is not."

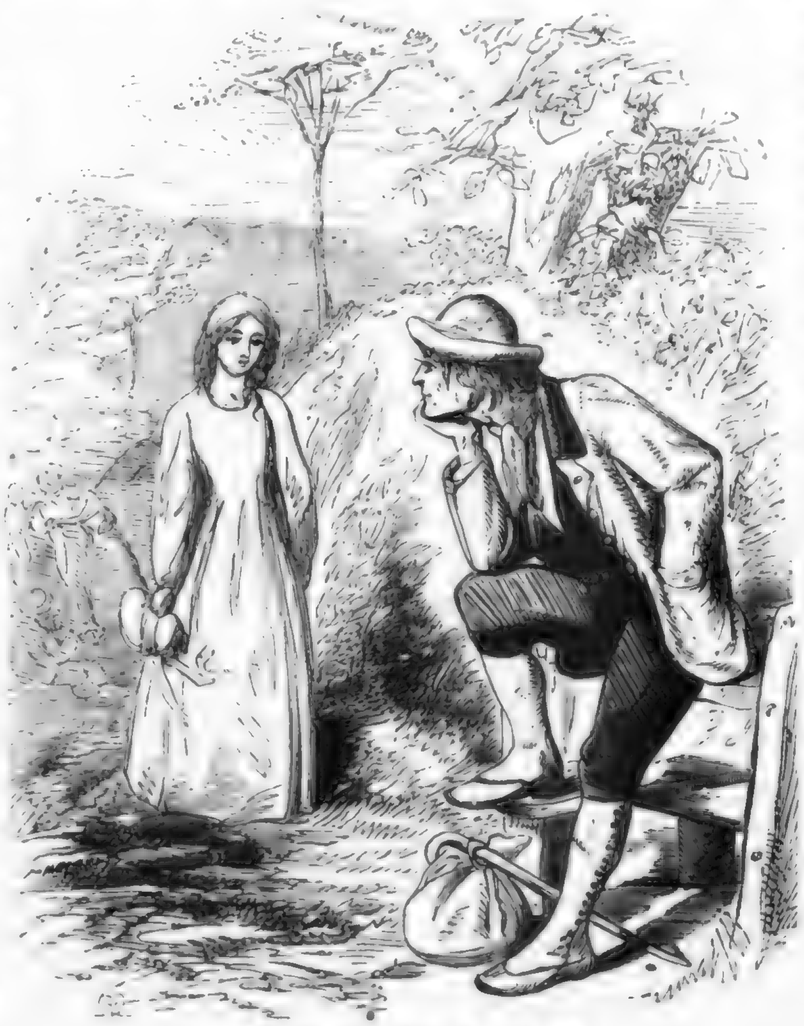
"Thank Heaven, here come the monks to bury her," muttered Madelon to herself; "surely when she is hid from his sight he will recover his senses."

Leon stooped over the coffin as he heard the good brothers approaching, and pressed his lips to the white forehead with the tenderest reverence, as if to take a last farewell, and his mother saw that he held some object carefully wrapped in his handkerchief, which he now placed in his bosom. She joined as devoutly almost as he did in the funeral service which followed, and when at last the poor young girl had been laid in her grave, and the turf replaced on the spot, Leon suffered Madelon to lead him home in silence, where he immediately betook himself to his room, and was seen no more that day.

Late in the evening his mother insisted on gaining admittance, that she might bring him some food, and her consternation was great when she found him in melancholy contemplation of a beautiful sketch of the dead Angelique, which he had evidently taken when alone with her in the chapel. He was in the habit of carrying his painting materials out with him in order to make drawings for his illuminations of any natural object which struck his fancy; but Madelon's hopes that he was to forget the lovely face that had such a fatal effect upon him were sadly diminished by the fact that he possessed such a souvenir as this.

Nor was it his only relic—a long, bright lock of hair was firmly clasped in his hands, and a white lily, fading away like the poor child herself, was laid on the table beside him.

A very few days sufficed to show that the singular impression which had been made on Leon Grenier was likely to have a lasting and sad effect. He gave himself up to a settled grief as profound as if Angelique had indeed been his promised bride, long known and loved. The greater part of his days were spent at her grave, and his nights in wandering by the banks of the river where first he had seen the fatal light drifting onward toward him. He grew pale and thin, and really seemed wasting away under the influence of a passionate love, certainly more utterly hopeless than any that could be conceived by living man.



A SECRET.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 535.

His doting mother became almost as ill and miserable as himself, and wearied herself in devising some means of destroying the fatal fancy, which had become such a substantial evil. It was in vain, however, that she tried to supply him with other subjects of thought; he absolutely refused to occupy himself with anything but the remembrance of the dead Angelique, and Madelon began to fear that his belief in the poor girl's predestination to himself would take the form of positive monomania.

At length, however, a bright idea struck her: it was clearly this one special conviction which caused his persistence in his almost insane attachment, for it was impossible to suppose that he could feel any actual and lasting love for a girl whom he had never seen alive. If, therefore, it were possible for her to discover anything in Angelique's previous history which could prove him to be mistaken in his belief, there was surely good hope that he would abandon his infatuated constancy. Angelique might well have been *fiancée*, or even married, and such a discovery would probably work Leon's effectual cure.

At least, it was well worth trying the experiment, and Madelon, with her usual energy, determined on going herself up to the mountains to Pierre Floriac's home, though it was a good day's journey, in order to glean any particulars she could of his daughter's history. She ascertained from the monks, who had, of course, been in communication with him, that Floriac was the peasant proprietor of a vineyard far up on the hills, and an honest, respectable man, though poor. She determined to set out at sunrise the very next day.

The wise little mother said not a word to her son as to the purpose of her journey, and he, asking no questions in his abstraction, supposed that she was going, as she often did, to visit a sister who lived near Aix; but she duly communicated her hopes and her plans to her husband. Good old Balthazar, who had no poetry in his composition, had been quite unable to comprehend what had been the matter with his son. Whenever Madelon tried to explain it, it always ended in his shrugging his shoulders, and saying: "Je n'y comprends rien"; and if it had been possible for him to be angry with his only child, he would have been disposed to treat Leon's fanciful love in a somewhat summary manner.

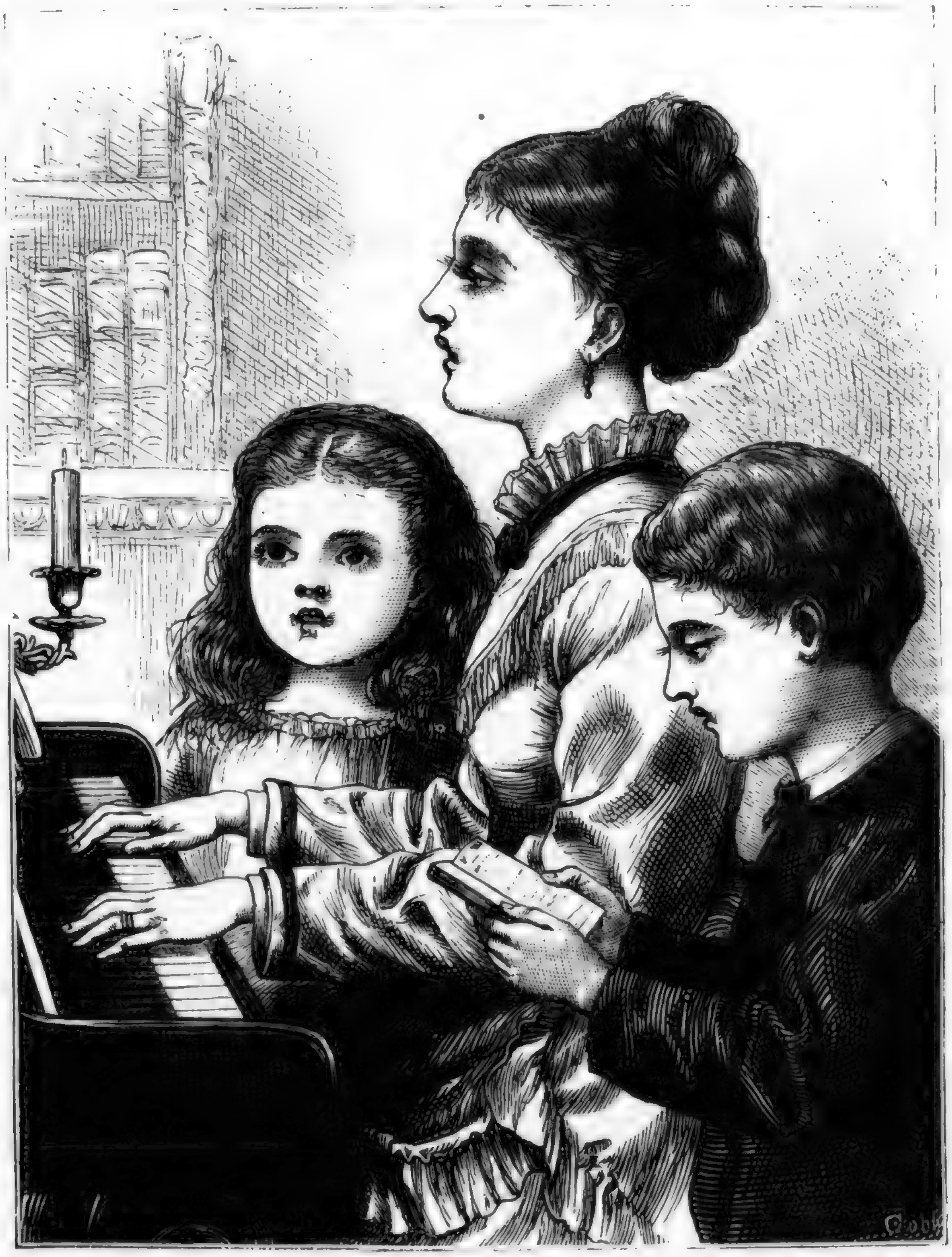
He quite approved of his wife taking any step she thought likely to restore their boy to common sense, and so the first dawn of light next day saw Madelon mounted on her sleek little mule, with a peasant boy at her side, who was to serve her as guide.

She had gone to bid her son farewell before he was up, and found him lying awake, with his great blue eyes wide open, and Angelique's likeness on the pillow beside him.

"If only I could find out she had been a *mère de famille*," thought Madelon, as she trotted along on the steep mountain-path; and she had time for many such reflections before the evening twilight saw her approaching Pierre Floriac's door.

Her heart beat violently—so much depended on what she might learn there; and she looked up eagerly as she came in front of the low-roofed, vine-clad cottage; then suddenly she gave a violent start, and almost shrieked out an appeal to the saints to defend her—for standing on the threshold of the open doorway was, apparently, Angelique herself!

Leon's exquisite portrait had impressed every feature on her recollection, and the young girl who now stood before her seemed precisely identical with her she had seen laid in the grave—there was the same singularly sweet and lovely face, the same long hair and simple white dress, even the pallor and delicate whiteness of the hands; there was but this difference, that the new Angelique looked at her with two soft brown eyes, instead of showing only the closed eyelids and dark lashes which she remembered in the other.



THE FAMILY CONCERT.

Madelon sat upon her mule in a state of stupefaction, looking at this wonderful vision, while the young girl, seeing a stranger at the door, came forward with graceful courtesy, to ask her if she would alight and rest.

"Angelique!" exclaimed Madelon, at last, overcome with surprise.

"Ah, no! Genevieve, not Angelique," said the girl, her beautiful eyes filling with tears. "Surely you must have heard our Angelique was taken from us two months ago, so suddenly. She had a sunstroke, and died in an hour. But did you know my sister?" she continued, wonderingly; "how could you have known her and not have known me? We were always together."

"She was, then, your sister?"

"My twin sister—my other self. If you did not know she was gone, you might well mistake me for her. We were exactly alike; none ever knew us apart."

"Now the saints have indeed been propitious," said Madelon to herself, as a bright hope sprung up in her heart.

"I will tell you afterward how I knew your dear sister," she said to Genevieve; "but, meantime, I have come all the way from Arles to speak to your father. Can I see him?"

"Yes, surely; he is within."

And Genevieve helped the good woman to alight, and brought her into a cool, clean room, where an old man, with long, white hair, and a face, in spite of age, almost as beautiful as that of his daughter, came forward to meet her.

With true mountain hospitality, they made Madame Grenier heartily welcome, and would not allow her to speak of her errand till she had shared their supper and consented to spend the night under their roof.

Then, when Genevieve had gone to prepare a room for her, Madelon told the whole story of her son's mournful love to Angelique's father. He was deeply touched. It seemed no strange thing to him that any one should be fascinated by the sweet face of his child, even if seen only in death; but he could appreciate the mother's distress at the prospect of her son's life being fatally darkened by his hopeless affection, and he was very ready to help her in any plan for his restoration to peace.

It seemed that Angelique had really been *fiancée* to a young man of the district; but Madelon's hopes now had taken another direction.

"Let my Leon only know your Genevieve," she said, "and I shall yet see him happy with a living bride. He loves her already in the image of Angelique, and I am very sure she cannot help loving him. You do not know what he is, my Leon, *si beau, si bon*," and the fond mother went off into an enthusiastic description of her son's absolute perfections, at which old Pierre could scarcely help smiling.

However, he knew Farmer Grenier and his wife well by reputation, and he was fully aware that if the young people came to love each other he could desire nothing better for his daughter than such a husband as Leon.

"Let Genevieve come home with me!" exclaimed Madelon; "and do you come too, Monsieur Floriac, that you may learn to know my son; then you will see they will not have been an hour together before Leon will find out that she was his predestined bride, and not the poor sweet one who is with the saints, I hope."

"Well, I consent," said Pierre, "if you will agree to this, that not a word shall be said to Genevieve as to the object of our journey, and that she shall be left quite free to decide for herself should she ultimately not wish for an alliance with Monsieur Leon Grenier."

The next day Pierre Floriac and his daughter accompanied Madame Grenier back to Arles, and Genevieve was only told with regard to Leon Grenier that it had been he who had received her sister's coffin, and assisted at her interment, a circumstance which predisposed her somewhat favorably toward him.

He was not at home when they reached the farm; and after the guests had been hospitably entertained, the two old men went out together to look over the vineyards, and Madelon retired to some of her household affairs.

Left alone, Genevieve, who was wearied with the journey, leant back on the couch where she was seated, and gradually fell into a quiet sleep.

Thus reclining, with closed eyes and motionless form, she was more than ever like her dead sister; and it was a positive shriek that roused her at last from her pleasant dreams, followed by the cry, "Angelique, Angelique!" in a tone of the wildest amazement and rapture.

She started up just in time to see a young man "*beau comme un ange*," as she mentally decided, falling down at her feet insensible.

It was now her turn to scream, and soon Madelon came rushing in, a little alarmed at the result of her experiment when she saw Leon's death-like pallor. However, she soon had him laid on the couch, and applied restoratives which gradually caused his blue eyes to open, with the light of returning consciousness shining within them. Instantly, however, his anxious gaze wandered round in search of Genevieve, and as soon as he saw her he stretched out his hands to her imploringly, while the look of bewilderment returned to his face.

"You will humor him, *ma chère*," whispered the diplomatic Madelon, as she put Genevieve's hand in his; then, stooping down to Leon, she murmured in his ear, "This is your true predestined bride, my son; her sister whom we buried was betrothed to another, but it was the living maiden whom you adored in the likeness of the dead. Angelique was sent by the saints to teach you to love Genevieve."

Looking into Genevieve's sweet eyes, Leon was entirely disposed to accept this reasoning, and it was not many days before he had taught the young girl to believe in it too.

Pierre Floriac was well content to give his child to so amiable a young man, and to one, withal, so satisfactorily furnished with this world's goods. Old Balthazar declared that *this* was a sort of thing he could understand. Genevieve was as pretty a girl as ever he saw, and it was only natural Leon should think so; but in love with a phantom —bah!

Madelon's heart was at rest, for her son was happy, and his eyes were bright, and his smile was joyous, as in the days before poor Angelique's little lamp came drifting down the stream.

So it came to pass that before the vintage was over a pretty wedding procession wound its way from the farm to the church, and through all the happy years of their long married life, Leon and Genevieve never failed to keep bright with flowers the grave of the sweet, dead sister, whose cold hands had linked them together.

WHAT do you think the beautiful word "wife" comes from? It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and the Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that dreadful word *femme*. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be housewives or house-moths; rememember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head; the glowworm in the night-cold grass may be the fire at her foot; but home is where she is; and for a noble woman, it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else are homeless. This I believe to be the woman's true place and power.—*Ruskin.*

IT is curious to note that much of our culinary vocabulary is of Saxon or Norman origin. As the Saxons were chiefly dependent upon vegetable diet, they gave names to our bread, beans, eggs, peas, and other products of the kitchen-garden. Of meat, though the word is Saxon, they ate probably little; for it is a singular fact connected with the English language, that while the living animals are called by Anglo-Saxon names, as oxen, calves, sheep, pigs, and deer, the flesh of those animals when prepared for the table is called by names which are all Anglo-Norman—beef, veal, mutton, pork, venison. Even fowls, when killed, receive the Norman name of poultry. This is explained by the fact that the Saxon population in general was only acquainted with the living animals, while their flesh was carried off to the castles and tables of the Norman Barons, who gave it the names it still retains.

A SECRET.

By Albany Fonblanque, Jr.

Oh, mother! darling mother! such a glorious, happy day!
I've come straight from the meadows, where they made the fragrant hay;
And when the last was carted, and the stacking all was done,
We danced away so merrily till sank the setting sun.
And I'm so tired, mother, I can scarcely hold my head,
And yet I've much to tell you ere I seek my little bed;
So let me kneel down here, and hide my face upon your knee;
And let me tell my story out, and hear me patiently.
A year ago, dear mother, I was nothing but a child;
As merry as a little bird, as thoughtless, and as wild;
You know how Austin courted me, and how I plagued his life,
And laughed right out upon him when he asked me for his wife.
I wish I had not laughed, mother, I do with all my heart;
I saw his whole frame shudder as he turned round to depart.
All night I heard him sobbing 'neath the window where I lay;
He seemed almost heartbroken as he sighed and went away,
And left his native village, all he loved and prized on earth,
And all for my unkindness and my false, ungrateful mirth.
I did not know I loved him; but I did, and often wept,
Through night and early morning, when you thought your Meggie slept.
I know I'd wronged his nature in its noblest, purest part;
Thought of him toiling lonely, with a silent, aching heart.
Perhaps he, too, saw something in his fancy far away,
That drew him to his home again, for home he came to-day.
While dancing by the river side we paused a little while;
I saw him far off watching, as he sat upon the stile.
My heart went out to meet him, tho' I could not move or speak,
And then I saw a teardrop fall, and glisten on his cheek;
I thought of that gray morning, and his low, heartbroken wail,
He looked so very haggard, and his face so wan and pale.
I know not how it happened, I forgot all girlish pride,
And went straight up and welcomed him, and sat down by his side.
He smiled and looked so kindly, tho' his smile was very sad:
"I've not the heart for dancing, Meggie, now, that once I had
I'm off to some far country, what name I cannot tell,
And came to take a little look at all I loved so well.
I cannot bear to leave it—I cannot bear to stay;
It seems so strange to sit here, and to talk of going away.
You don't look happy, Meggie, and the tears are in your eye;
Don't grieve about me, Meggie, or the days that have gone by.
I know that I was selfish, and not worthy such as you;
But never was a deeper love, a heart more fixed and true."
He spoke so soft and gently, as he turned his face aside,
And as he rose to go away, clean vanished all my pride.
I did not say I loved him, but I think he must have guessed
For I found myself, joy-sobbing, on his loving, manly breast.
And now he'll never leave me, dearest mother, all his life—
I'll make him such a happy, such a loving little wife!
I'll try with years of tenderness to blot out this year of pain,
And soothe his poor, nigh broken heart, that never shall ache again.
Hark! I hear him, mother darling, and he's singing on his way;
Oh, joy, to think his weeping heart can once again be gay!
He'll tell you all about it—tell you more than I can say.

AN ADVENTURE WITH CHINESE BLACK MILITIA."

It was a bright and frosty morning, in the Winter of 1862, when I left my house on the bund at Shanghai, and, walking across to the river, went on board my trim little shooting-boat to breakfast.

The *Lily* was lying moored to the quay, so I stepped right on to her deck, and stamped off the Shanghai mud—the famous Shanghai mud—from the soles of my long shooting-boots. I felt a great, though subdued, pleasure in doing so, for I was off on a week's shooting excursion, and experienced a grim satisfaction as well in leaving that tenacious mud to other foreign residents not so fortunate as myself.

"Poor wretches!" thought I, "how they will slip, stick and flounder about the bund in a day or two, when the thaw comes on!"

The mud of Shanghai is unlimited in quantity; and much mud is neither pleasant nor agreeable. No wonder, therefore, that my spirits felt elated at the glorious prospect of an escape from the dirty, unhealthy city, and a run into the open country.

Nature, I fancy, must have intended me for an adventurer, but fate made a mistake in thrusting me in to fill up an empty corner in the great mercantile house of Buyem Hall and Company—so very exuberant were my sensations of delight upon shouldering a gun, donning strange wearing apparel and turning my back upon civilization, and so very distasteful to my feelings were the atrocious and monotonous calculations of long ells, gray shirtings, chests of tea and bales of silk.

Although the scarcity of game reduced me to crows, I enjoyed the combined cruise and ramble not a little. I say cruise and ramble, because the *Lily* took me wherever I wished to go, southern and central China being most minutely intersected by a vast labyrinth of creeks and canals, which lead in every direction; and because, when so inclined, I shouldered my gun and took a stroll ashore. The pantry was well stocked—as junior partner in the firm, I had charge of the stores—and A-yow was a first-rate cook; moreover, the cabin of the little *Lily* was fitted up with every comfort and convenience. So, all things considered, no wonder I enjoyed "roughing it."

At that time the great civil war was raging its fiercest in the neighborhood of Shanghai, and the whole country had been desolated by the alternate passage of the Imperial and Revolutionary armies. The incorrigible Taeping rebels had lately captured the treaty-port Ningpo, and had followed up their success by surrounding Shanghai, which city would also have fallen to their victorious arms had not the British authorities commenced a most reprehensible and unjustifiable intervention against them.

However, be that as it may, the Taepings were drawn back from Shanghai, and the Imperialists, with their English allies, held all the country for a radius of about twenty miles around, though the line was very irregular, and in some places an investing army of one side or the other had been for months lying intrenched before some walled city held by the opposite party. Upon either side of the before-mentioned radius-line stretched debatable ground—that is to say, a sort of "no man's land," held by neither side, but, as experience taught me, infested by banditti—those lively and particularly unscrupulous gentry who had received the euphonious cognomen of the "Black Militia."

The evening of the second day of my cruise found the little *Lily* at a very lonely, wild and desolate part of the country, near the destroyed village of Loo-chee. Small lakes, broad lagoons, creeks and canals, like a very eccentric spider's web made in the dark, joined and intersected one another in every direction in the most bewildering manner conceivable.

The land was uninhabited, and thickly strewn with bleached, white skulls and ghastly, decaying skeletons, gleaming out here and there from amidst the tall, rank grass. A dense growth of weeds, rushes and thickets stretched over the country, and in many places quite covered in the sluggishly running streams, making a dark and umbrageous canopy of vegetation overhead.

Here the remains of a rotten boat, there the blackened rafters of a ruined house, and there a glimpse of some poor

AN ADVENTURE WITH CHINESE "BLACK MILITIA."—"THE FLICKERING RAYS OF THE LAMP REVEALED THE SCARRED, SWARTHY AND RATHER FORBIDDING FIGURE OF THE NEW HAND."

remnant of mortality, gave forcible little touches to the weird and dismal scene of desolation and destruction.

During half the day we had been making our way through this strange wilderness; now sailing slowly along the weed-covered surface of a lake, where the twining tendrils of aquatic plants were so long and strong as to render moving the boat no easy feat; anon forcing back the dense mass of clustering reeds and brambles interwoven over some silent little creek, and propelling the *Lily* forward by pushing against the bottom with the oars.

At length, as the shades of evening became deeper, damper and darker over this dank, chill and uncomfortable place, I had the pleasing satisfaction of knowing that we had lost ourselves.

As the evening air was so chilly, and everything around was dripping with a rank, fever-and-aguish moisture, I had retired to my cabin to enjoy a comfortable stretch and a fragrant cheroot, when I felt the movement of the boat suddenly cease. Going to the cabin door, I saw that the Lowder, or Chinese captain, was holding a consultation with the rest of the crew, four in number, whilst the fifth—my remarkably sharp boy, A-yow—had, in consideration, I suppose, of his superior knowledge of the "yang-quitzos," or "foreign devils"—the polite Chinese term for all foreigners—and their tongue, been appointed a sort of president of the council.

The situation was puzzling. The *Lily* was resting upon a magnificent growth of her living namesakes. A dense barrier of bramble and osier stopped all further advance, whilst strong, reedy stems and large, dank flags were pressing tightly around, in a vain struggle to close up the avenue into which the sturdy arms of the vessel's pig-tailed mariners had cunningly contrived to wedge her.

I knew that we were upon the narrow waters of a stagnant creek, because here and there, through openings amid the surrounding mass of prolific vegetation, a glimpse of the land could be seen. But ahead, astern, all around, the gigantic growth of bramble, bush, tree, with strange, unknown, creeping and twining Chinese aquatic plants, obscured the view and effectually impeded our further progress.

Observing my appearance, A-yow came aft, making his way through the wiry parasites and osiers closing over the deck.

"Well, boy," said I, "where the deuce have we got to now?"

"Hi-za, master," he replied. "mi no savez [know]. Mi tinkee that fools pieceo Lowder have makee forget which way walkee."

"Confound the rascal! Come here, Li loh! Li loh, Lowder!" I cried.

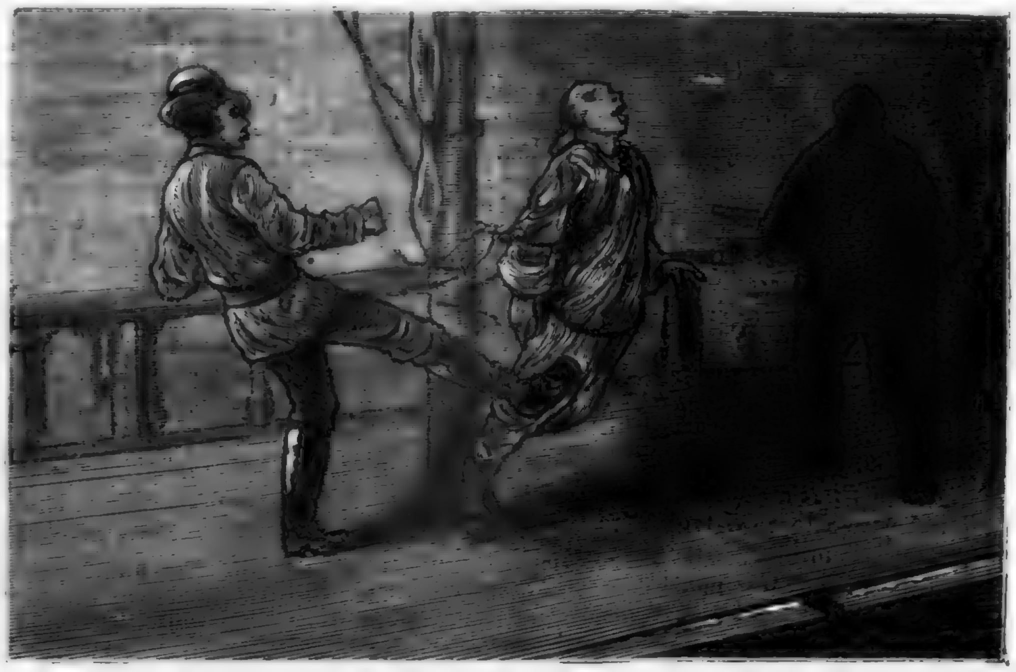
Meekly advanced that modest sailor, with rather downcast eyes, from which came sly glances at intervals—evidently he dreaded Anglo-Saxon thews and knuckles, and was ready to jump out of the way.

Lowder could not speak English, so I told A-yow to ask him whether he had lost his way.

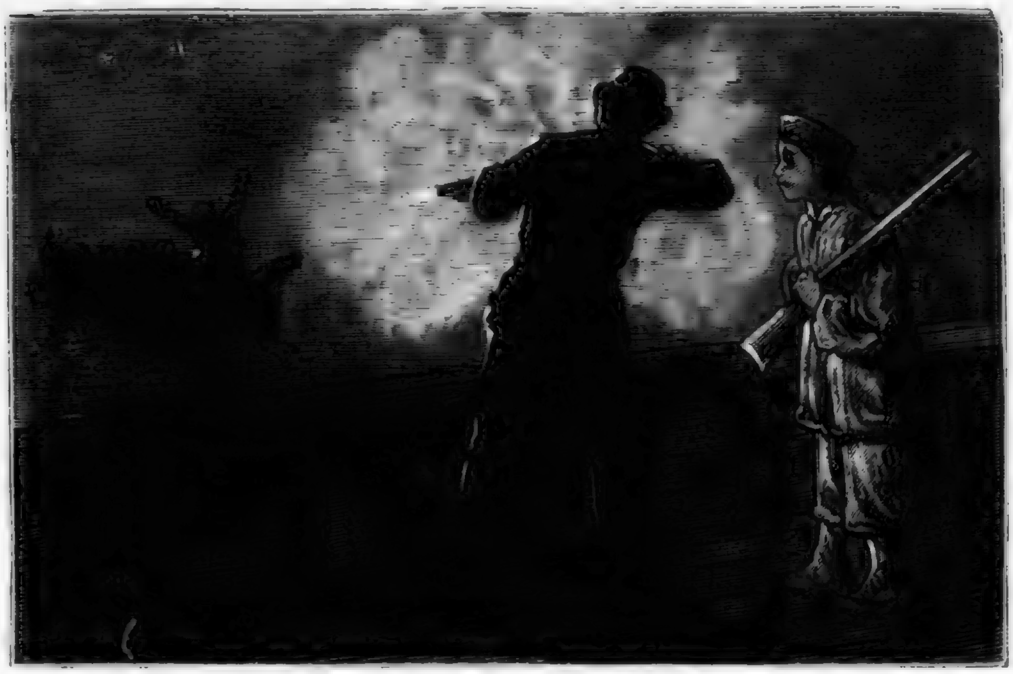
After a long colloquy, enlivened by considerable "hi-yaing" and gesticulation, my boy said:

"He too muchee foolo! He talkee numbah one—savez which place stop just now—he you wantee go Quinsan—he askee me which way go!"

Knowing by experience the obtuse nature of the Lowder's faculties, I did not feel inclined to doubt the accuracy of my boy's conclusion, though I did feel strongly tempted to try the effect of my compatriots' *argumentum ad hominem* abroad. But then I remembered he had tried hard in Shanghai to make me engage a second Lowder—a



"I DRAGGED HIM AFT, PULLED HIM UPRIGHT, AND TIED HIM TIGHTLY TO THE JIGGER-MAST OF THE TAFFRAIL."



AN ADVENTURE WITH CHINESE "BLACK MILITIA."—"TAKING A STEADY AIM, I SENT A HEAVY MINIE-BALL WHISTLING INTO THE MIDST OF THEM."

native of the parts to be visited—and that I had refused to do so, not perceiving the necessity, as he had, in answer to my questions, steadily persisted in the assertion that he was himself acquainted with the inland navigation.

I might have known that his national pride forbade any admission of ignorance to a "foreign devil," and that he confessed as much as his dignity would permit when he asked for an assistant.

"Go to Quinsan!" I roared in Chinese.

"Good! Heavenly good!" ejaculated the Lowder.

"Be quick, you dog!" I added, fiercely, exhausting my Chinese vocabulary.

"Good! Heavenly good!" returned the imperturbable wretch, as he went forward to the crew, a momentary illumination of intelligence appearing upon his broad, flat features; and then he cried to the astonished mariners: "Row-row to Quinsan!"

Quinsan was a walled city on the twenty-mile radius-line, and formed the headquarters of the well-disciplined and foreign-officered Imperialist legions. I was anxious to get there in order to spend a jolly evening with some of the officers who were friends of mine.

Once more the Lowder's apathetic countenance beamed vacantly from his station at the helm, whilst the crew made a great show of working hard to pull the *Lily* ahead. The opening of a larger creek presently appeared, and into it we plunged, though I had a vague suspicion that by the advice of one of the crew the Lowder merely chose it in desperation, without possessing the slightest knowledge as to where it might lead.

However, he had declared that Quinsan was only a little more than three English miles distant; and I returned to the cabin satisfied—satisfied that I could only "grin and bear it."

Not long afterward I felt the motion of the vessel cease again; and then A-yow came into the cabin, commissioned by the unlucky Lowder to communicate the pleasing information that he could not find the way till daylight, but that he had anchored in a convenient place for the night.

Going on deck once more, I found that we were lying about the centre of a small, dark lake. The night was very sombre and cloudy—scarcely a star was to be seen—and the land all around, with its heavy masses of tangled, rank foliage, loomed black and forbidding in the distance. At a glance I saw how impossible it would be to find our way before daylight.

Anathematizing the stupid fellow who had disappointed my hopes of reaching the social mess-table at Quinsan, I returned to the cabin to try to console myself. My faithful boy followed me, and, when I had drawn my cozy easy-chair close to the brightly burning fire in the stove, he glided up to my side, saying:

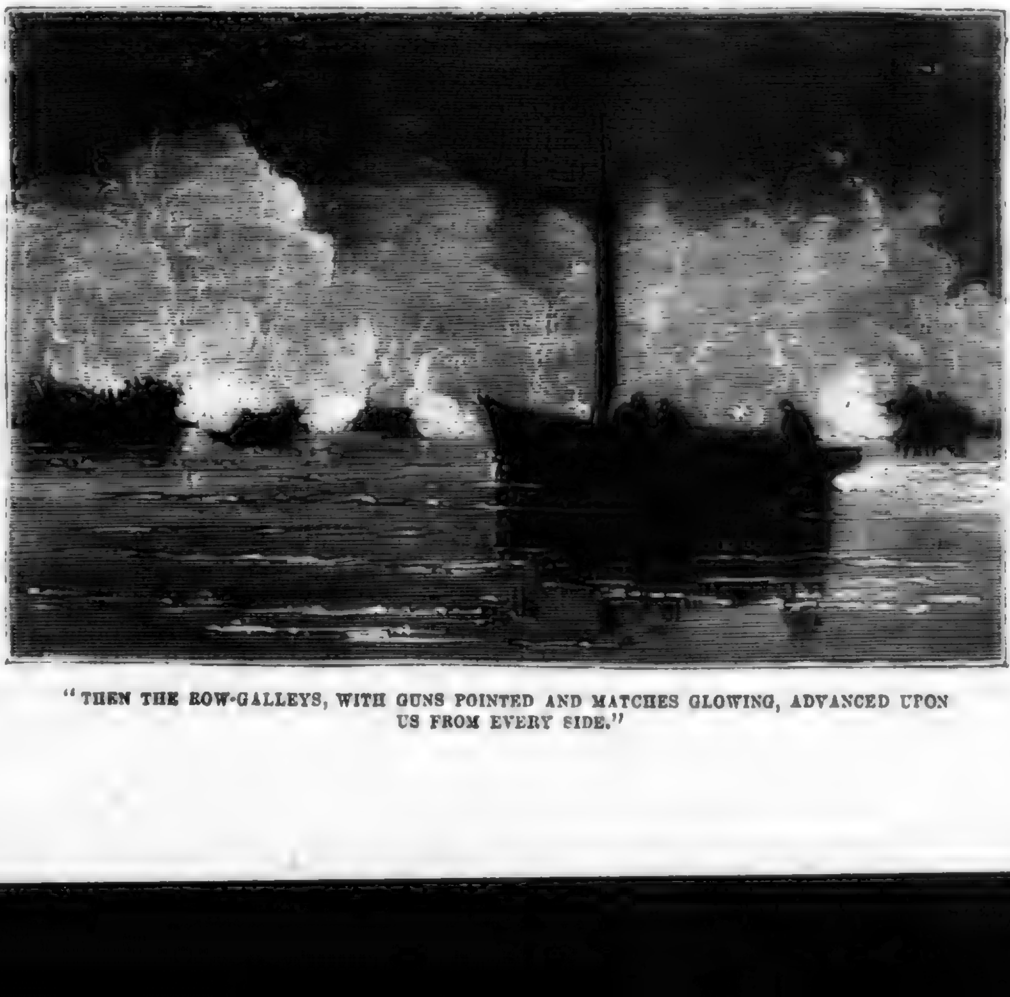
"Master, mi too muchee fear boat makee stop 'Black-militia-man' side."

This startling announcement dissipated what indolence I felt, for it was well known that nothing could enter the ground occupied by those banditti without being attacked.

"Nonsense, A-yow!" said I, pettishly. "Why, there is not any such country between Shanghai and Quinsan."

"No master," allowed he; "but mi tinkee boat no stop 'tween Shanghai and Quinsan. Mi tinkee Lowder have gone wrong way, and just now makee stop more near Changzu than Quinsan."

This was bad news with a vengeance. The large city to which my boy referred was in the midst of the notorious depredators, whose haunts extended nearly to the Imperialist siege-lines. Moreover, the troops on either side were



"THEN THE ROW-GALLEYS, WITH GUNS POINTED AND MATCHES GLOWING, ADVANCED UPON US FROM EVERY SIDE."

so entirely occupied with the siege and its defense, that the robbers had it all their own way in the adjacent districts.

I felt very savage with the wretched Lowder, and was strongly tempted to wreak my vengeance on him there and then.

"Master," continued my faithful servitor, "mi no likee that new piecee sailor-man you makee engage Shanghai this time."

This had reference to a new man whom I had engaged for the cruise. He it was who I fancied had caused the Lowder to choose the creek that led to the lake.

"Why, what is the matter with him, A-yow," I asked.

"Master," mi tinkee he b'long one big piecee *pilong* (pirate); mi tinkee he savez that 'Black Militia'; mi tinkee he have show Lowder wrong way walkee. He before talkee savez which way go Quinsan—he make show Lowder. What fashion just now? No have catchee Quinsan -catchee 'Black Militia' country."

Things were getting unpleasant, and prospects were looking gloomy. I knew the preternatural shrewdness of my boy too well to doubt the importance of his observations. At first I felt inclined to challenge the man he had accused of meditated treachery and connection with the marauders, and then, with a loaded revolver at his head, make him pilot us back to a safe locality. But I quickly reflected that it would now be almost impossible to find the right way through the network of creeks beyond the lake until either the moon should have risen or it had become daylight. Moreover, the fellow might only lead us further into the danger, supposing he could see how to proceed.

Any warlike attitude—any discovery of treachery—would be sure to render the rest of my Celestial crew almost useless with fear; besides, A-yow might be mistaken. Then, again, by keeping quiet I should not put the stranger on his guard, if he really were treacherous.

I felt no slight depression at being alone. If there had been only another white man to share the dangers with me, I would not have cared. However, I was bound to keep up a stout heart, and, mentally, I vowed to be revenged on the suspected traitor, should events prove him to be one.

A-yow was not a bad companion to have. I knew that he would stand by me to a certain extent, though I doubted whether any Chinaman would risk his life in the service of a "yang-quitzo."

Nevertheless, after carefully loading my double-barreled Manton with heavy buck-shot, I gave it to him, with strict orders, in case of an attack, not to fire until I gave the word. Then I loaded my rifle and revolvers with equal care, stuck the latter in my belt, placed the former, together with a full ammunition-box, just by the cabin-door, lighted a fresh Manilla, and went on deck to have a look around, taking the precaution of extinguishing the cabin lamp before doing so, in order that lurking dishonesty might not be attracted by the light.

Having proceeded with caution, and without the slightest noise, my appearance was not noticed by a figure in the bows. This individual, I soon became aware, was standing with his back to me; but what gave me particular cause to notice him was the fact that he was evidently holding one of the vessel's lanterns close before his body, so as to hide its rays from coming aft, but exhibit them ahead.

After the communication with which I had so lately been favored, this dubious proceeding roused all my suspicions. Stealing softly and slowly forward, my doubts were changed into certainty when the flickering rays of the lamp revealed the scarred, swarthy, and rather forbidding features of the new hand.

Without pausing, I sprang forward and brought the wretch to the deck by a blow with the belaying-pin I had taken from the rail. It was the work of only a few moments to lash his hands firmly behind his back. Then I dragged him aft, pulled him upright, and tied him tightly to the jigger-mast on the taffrail.

Just then my boy and the Lowder came running on deck to see what had caused the noise. No time, however, was allowed for explanation. Harshly and gratingly, as they jolted from side to side, the creaking sound of *yulos* —the large oars with which Chinese boats are propelled —could be plainly heard through the stillness of the night. The light held by the traitor had no doubt been seen, and his friends, the "Black Militia," were upon us.

"Lowder!" I yelled, "get the men up—quick!" And A-yow repeated the order to him.

The cable having been slipped, all hands were hard at work swaying backward and forward at the heavy *yulos* with all their strength, and propelling the *Lily* through the vegetation-incumbered waters of the lake toward the black-looking shore.

We were going somewhere, but as to whither, I do not think a soul on board had the remotest idea. All we knew was that our direction lay straight away from the long dark shadows now visible through the vapory mist hanging over the water astern.

Ferocious yells of "Tah! Tah!"—"Fight! Fight!"—echoed horribly after us through the darkness. The dreaded marauders were on our track, their dimly discerned boats keeping steadily in our wake—all but one, a much lighter craft than the rest, which was coming up "hand-over-hand."

"A-yow," said I, when it became certain that the nearest boat would shortly overtake us, "bring the guns and ammunition upon deck."

He was promptly back at my side with my rifle, the doubled-barreled Manton, and the cartridge-case.

He seemed fearless enough, so I asked him:

"Well, A-yow, will you stand by me and fight these *pilongs?*"

"S'pose master makee fight, mi makee fight; s'pose master no wantee fight, mi no wantee fight," said he, at the same time handling his gun so resolutely and speaking in such firm tones, that I at once felt confident of his stanch support. He was a Cantonese—and they are by far the most courageous portion of China's vast population.

The advancing boat was now within twenty yards, and I was beginning to draw a bee-line along my rifle in that direction, when a loud voice proceeded from her, crying; "Chen-pi-chang! Are you there?"

"Yes, I am here!" cried the fellow whom I had lashed to the mast, in the same vernacular.

Other words, which I could not understand, were shouted from the strange craft; but I gave the traitor another knock on the head to keep him quiet.

The pursuing vessel was within ten yards; there was evidently an acquaintance between her crew and the man whom I engaged at Shanghai, and who, beyond doubt, had induced our ignorant Lowder to steer into the lake, where, by pre-arrangement, his friends were assembled to plunder the vessel and perhaps murder me; and A-yow, declaring that the strangers were "Black Militia," urged me not to wait any longer for the first blow.

The figures of the boat's crew were now just visible, showing dark, gigantic, and fantastic through the mist upon the waters; so, taking a steady aim, I sent a heavy Minie-ball whistling into the midst of them. I knew how much, with Chinamen, depended on the first shot; and the faint groaning cry that followed it told me how effectually the desired impression had been created.

These desperate marauders were not, however, so easily daunted with prey in view. Although one or two men had evidently fallen at my first fire—at that range the heavy rifled bullet might easily have pierced several—before I had reloaded my deadly weapon, a sudden flash, followed by a loud roar, informed me that even the smallest of our pursuers carried artillery.

"Now, then, A-yow, let them have it! Make sure you don't miss. Fire away!" I cried.

"All right, master," replied my plucky boy, stepping up to the taffrail, and carefully firing both barrels of his piece.

A loud outcry followed this discharge of slugs, yet still on our pursuers came; and the rowers had so much increased their exertions as almost to run us aboard.

Picking out the dark form of one who seemed to be the enemy's leader, I fired at him with my Minie point-blank. The unfortunate wretch sprang up several feet into the air, and then fell with a sullen plunge into the water.

At the same instant a shower of balls came whistling and screaming about our ears, as jingalls, matchlocks, pistols and muskets were discharged upon us, fortunately with such truly Chinese aim that only a couple of bullets took effect, one of which merely inflicted a slight flesh-wound in the leg of a sailor.

By this time A-yow had reloaded the fowling-piece with a double charge of buckshot; and, as the dread reality of being within a few short moments of death by hacking *à la Chinoise* burst upon my mind, I yelled with energy:

"Give it to them again! Give it to them again, boy!" at the same time drawing my revolvers, and aiding the shower of lead he scattered upon the robbers by blazing away barrel after barrel as fast as ever I could.

But now, with only two men at the *yulos*—the wounded man having taken advantage of his scratch to retire below, the Lowder being at the helm, and the fourth mariner being the traitor tied to the mast—the other boats began to overhaul us rapidly; and should they overtake us, our fate was sealed.

Sending both A-yow and the Lowder to the oars, I took charge of the helm myself, and then turned to release the traitor, so as to make him work for our safety as before he had striven for our destruction. I cut through his bonds, gave him a pull, and he fell heavily to the deck.

"Get along! get along, you blackguard!" I cried in Chinese, giving him a kick.

But he never moved; a strange heaviness and rigidity were upon him.

Bending down, I placed my hand upon his brow. It was already cold and clammy; blood was on my fingers.

Upon obtaining a light, the large, round hole exactly in the centre of his forehead explained the reason of such deathly immobility, and showed where a well-directed bullet from his friends had made a passage.

We now entered one of the numerous creeks running out of the lake; and as the lighter *Lily*, once more well ahead of her pursuers, shot into it, a salvo of artillery sent large jets of water dashing up all around her just before she became sheltered from our enemies' fire by the inequalities of the bank.

We knew that the pirates were following silently but steadily in our wake, and for over half an hour we sculled along the creek, with all our number straining every nerve at the *yulos*, when, all in a moment, we found ourselves upon another small lake, and surrounded by an Imperial flotilla.

A tremendous clanging of gongs arose; the pigtailed warriors yelled their war-cries vociferously, and were quickly ready to fight or flee—perhaps the former in this case, as we were only one to twenty—and I had the pleasure of knowing that the red little glowing sparks in the bow of each gunboat were matches about to be applied to the touch-holes of their guns.

Another moment, and the cry "Tah paou! tah paou!"—"Fire the guns; fire the guns!"—arose; and then the loud roar of more than a dozen pieces of artillery echoed over the still waters with a deafening, thunderous reverberation, whilst several round shot came crashing through the *Lily's* sides, and the rest went plashing or whizzing round.

It was bad enough to be attacked and fired upon by "Black Militia"; but to be treated in like manner by our Imperialist allies was dreadful.

"Don't fear! don't fear! It's a foreigner from Shanghai!" I shouted.

The valiant warriors of the "Flowery Middle Kingdom" rested on their oars, blew their matches very vigorously again, and seemed to hold a consultation, judging by the loud and vociferous confusion of voices that arose, all speaking together, in true Chinese style. Then some fellow shouted:

"Who comes?"

I called out again, adding that I was on my way to the Imperial city of Quinsan, but had lost my way, and was fleeing from a squadron of "Black Militia," by whom I had been lately attacked.

Then the row-galleys, with guns pointed and matches glowing, advanced upon us from every side. Their commander came on board and satisfied himself as to the truth of my story, and then, after ordering his flotilla to join in our retreat and pull with might and main away from the dreaded depredators in our wake, became quite friendly over cherry-brandy—a beverage possessing much power over a Chinaman's heart.

Presently I found that instead of being near Quinsan, we had entered the lines of the Imperial force besieging Changzu, after having passed through the worst part of the neutral ground, or "Black Militia" territory.

The mandarin staid on board so long, finding that he had fallen into comfortable quarters, that I began to fear it was his fixed determination to bear me company so long as either any cherry-brandy or cigars remained. At length, however, by pretending to fall asleep from fatigue, I managed to get rid of him.

Early in the morning we got under way, and joined a number of Imperial gunboats and grain-junks returning to Shanghai, which city, without further adventure, we reached by a broad and safe channel.

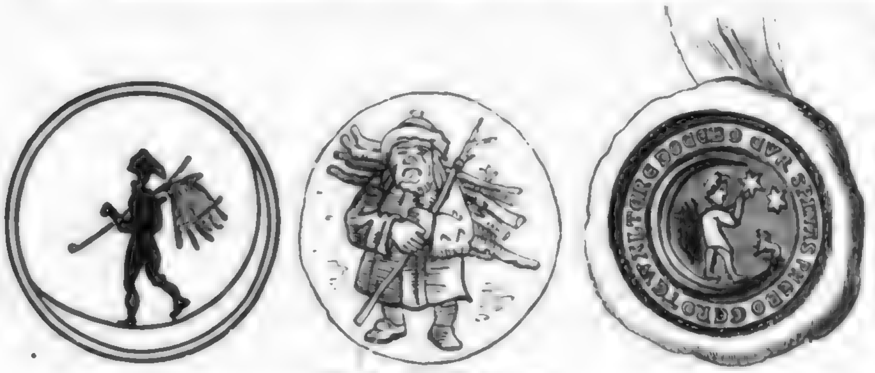
A-yow's heart was made glad by a handsome "cum shaw," or present, for his courage, whilst his master fel not a little elate and proud of the skirmish in which he and his little supporter had beaten off the "Black Militia," who had killed so many unfortunate Europeans, and who for so long had been the terror of the country round about Shanghai.

THOMAS A'BECKET'S GRACE-CUP.

The beautiful cup shown in our illustration is the property of H. P. Howard, M. P., with whose family it is historically associated, having been presented by the valiant Sir Edward Howard to Catherine of Aragon. At the Queen's death it reverted to the Earl of Arundel, and can be traced in the family ever since.

During this long period it has been called the Grace Cup of St. Thomas A'Becket; and the legends and initials upon it, which may have been retained from some earlier decorations, vouch for this ancient and interesting tradition.

XUM



THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Round the lid is the motto, "*Sobrii estote,*" with the letters T. B. supporting a mitre. Round the body of the cup is chased "*Vinum tuum bibé cum gaudio.*" Round the neck of the top is the name "*God Ferare,*" probably the name of the goldsmith. The ivory cup itself is very probably a relic of the great Archbishop Becket; but the mountings are certainly of not earlier date than the latter part of the fifteenth century, if so early.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Every one knows that the moon is inhabited by a man with a bundle of sticks on his back, who has been exiled thither for many centuries, and who is so far off that he is beyond the reach of death.

He has once visited this earth, if the nursery rhyme is to be credited when it asserts that

> "The Man in the Moon
> Came down too soon,
> And asked his way to Norwich";

but whether he ever reached that city, the same authority does not state.

The story as told by nurses is, that this man was found by Moses gathering sticks on a Sabbath, and that for this crime he was doomed to reside in the moon till the end of all things; and they refer to Numbers xv. 32-36.

Of course in the sacred writings there is no allusion to the moon. The old German tale is as follows:

Ages ago there went, one Sunday morning, an old man into the woods to hew sticks. He cut a fagot, and slung it on a stout staff, cast it over his shoulder, and began to trudge home with his burden. On his way he met a handsome man in Sunday suit, walking toward the church. This man stopped, and asked the fagot-bearer: "Do you know that this is Sunday on earth, when all must rest from their labors?" "Sunday on earth, or Monday in heaven, it is all one to me!' laughed the wood-cutter. "Then bear your bundle for ever," answered the stranger; "and as you value not Sunday on earth, yours shall be a perpetual Moon-day in heaven. You shall stand for eternity in the moon, a warning to all Sabbath-breakers." Thereupon the stranger vanished, and the man was caught up with his stick and his fagots into the moon, where he stands yet.

In Seaumburg-lippe, the story goes that a man and a woman stand in the moon—the man because he strewed brambles and thorns on the church-path, so as to hinder people from attending mass on Sunday morning; the woman because she made butter on that day. The man carries his bundle of thorns, the woman her butter-tub.

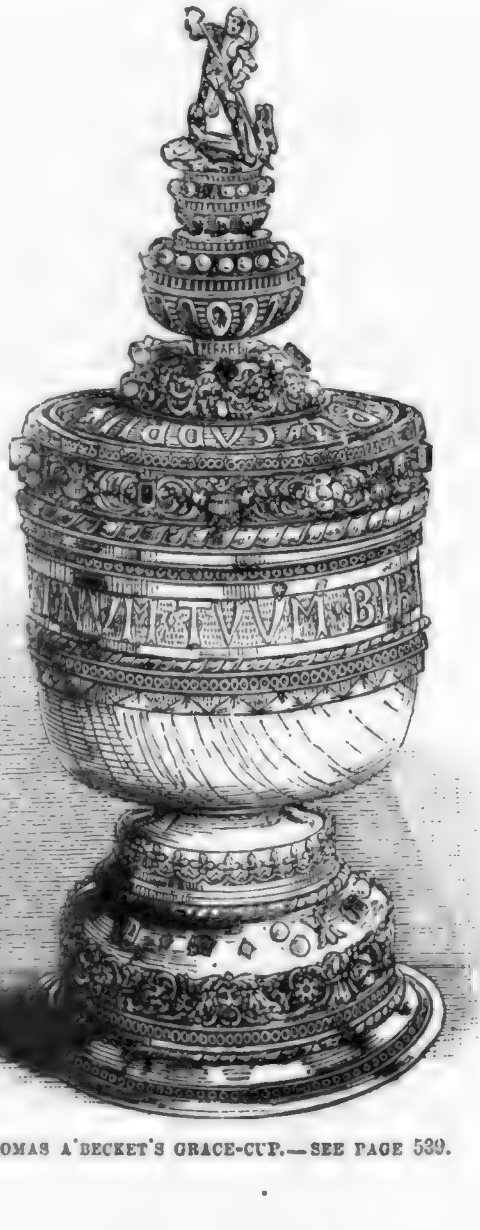
The Dutch household myth is that the unhappy man was caught stealing vegetables.

Dante calls him Cain in the twentieth canto of "Hell" and the second of "Paradise."

Chaucer, in the "Testament of Cresside," adverts to the man in the moon, and attributes to him the same idea of theft.

Shakespeare refers to the same individual in his "Midsummer Night's Dream." Quince, the carpenter, giving directions for the performance of the play of "Pyramus and Thisbe," orders: "One must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes in to disfigure, or to present, the person of *Moonshine.*" And the enacter of this part says: "All I have to say is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I the man in the moon; this thorn-bush my thorn-bush; and this dog my dog."

In Leffyn Church, near Conway, in Wales, the chancel is divided into compartments, in which the four Evangelists are painted. Besides these symbols is delineated in each compartment an orb of heaven. The sun, the moon and two stars are placed at the feet of the Angel, the Bull, the Lion and the Eagle. The representation of the man is in Fig. 1. In the disk is the conventional man with his bundle of sticks, but without the dog. There is also a curious seal appended to a deed preserved in the Record Office, dated the ninth year of Edward III. (1335), bearing the man in the moon as its device. The deed is one of conveyance of a message, barn and four acres of ground, in the parish of Kingston-on-Thames, from Walter de Grendesse, clerk, to Margaret, his mother. On the seal we see the man carrying his sticks, and the moon surrounds him.



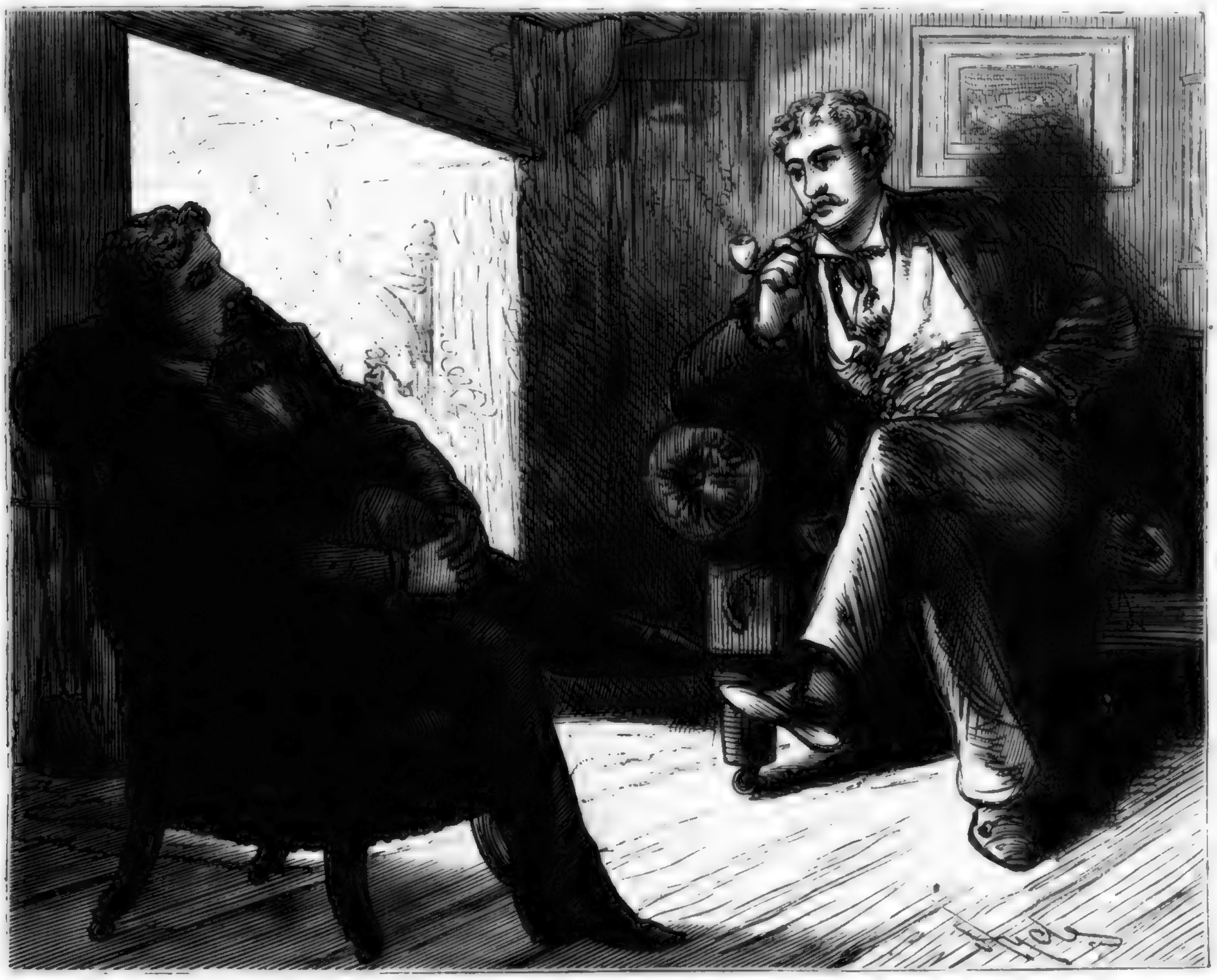
THOMAS A'BECKET'S GRACE-CUP.—SEE PAGE 539.

There are also a couple of stars added, perhaps to show that he is in the sky. The legend on the seal reads:

"Te Waltere docebo
cur spinas phebo
gero,"

which may be translated, "I will teach thee, Walter, why I carry thorns in the moon."

The belief in the Moon-man seems to exist among the natives of British Columbia. Mr. Duncan, in a letter to the Church Missionary Society, says: "One very dark night I was told that there was a moon to see on the beach. On going thither, there was an illuminated disk, with the figure of a man upon it. The water was then very low, and one of the conjuring parties had lit up this disk at the water's edge. They had made it of wax with great exactness, and presently it was at full. It was an imposing sight. Nothing could be seen around it; but the Indians suppose that the medicine party are then holding converse with the man in the moon. After a short time the moon waned away, and the conjuring party returned whooping to their houses."



MARRYING IN THE FAMILY.—"THE MAJOR EMPTIED HIS GLASS, LIT A FRESH PIPE, PUFFED AT IT VIGOROUSLY FOR A MOMENT OR TWO, AND, WITHOUT LOOKING AT ME, REPLIED, SLOWLY: 'YES, MY GRANDMOTHER—I MARRIED HER.'"

MARRYING IN THE FAMILY.

"The fact of the business was, I could not help it, so I married her."

"Not your grandmother?" I exclaimed.

The major emptied his glass, lit a fresh pipe, puffed at it vigorously for a moment or two, and without looking at me, replied, slowly:

"Yes, my grandmother—I married her."

"By way of a joke?" said I, with a wave of my hand.

"By way of solemn earnest, I assure you. Droll, wasn't it? Well, what is droller still is, that I have never regretted it. Dear old lady! She has been a great comfort to me!"

I made no reply. I could not. Rack my brain as I might, I could recall no form of congratulation suited to a man who had married his grandmother, so I held my peace.

"Shall I tell you about it?" asked my companion, soon.

"I am really devoured with curiosity," I earnestly and truthfully replied.

"Then you shall have the whole story," declared Major Halbrooke.

This was a stormy November night, and the major and I, old friends whom chance had reunited after a separation of several years, were making ourselves comfortable in the cozy parlor of an English country inn. And every one knows how thoroughly cozy such a place can be, especially when lighted by the cheery blaze of a roaring, crackling, sparkling fire.

"It was five years ago," began Halbrooke, pulling nervously at his long, tawny mustache.

By-the-by, he was a tall, stalwart fellow, this military friend of mine; well built and handsome, in a bold, manly way, with fair, wavy hair and bright blue eyes. Undeniably brave, too, as the record of many a hard-fought field and his speedy promotion could testify.

I confess that I, Mark Lyndon, a simple country squire, plodding and peace-loving, content to breathe my native air on my own ground, had at first regarded this dashing son of Mars with a feeling somewhat akin to envy; but at this startling announcement that feeling vanished utterly.

I could not envy a man who had so coldbloodedly complicated his own family relationships. However, I gave him my undivided attention, although I made a mental reservation of my approval.

"It was five years ago," began Halbrooke; "the affair commenced then; but before I say any more, let me recall to your mind the fact that I was always regarded in the family as my grandfather's heir. The title and entailed estate would go, of course, to his eldest son, my uncle, but the greater part of his vast wealth would come to me. In fact, he had so declared. I had lost both parents when but a child, and I had grown to manhood under his immediate care, for he had long been a widower. My father had been his favorite son. What more natural than that I should be the preferred one? There was this understanding, however, between my grandfather and myself: I must never marry without his approval. *Marry!* I had no thought of it. My rollicking bachelor life pleased me too well to exchange it for any other.

"And that sort of existence lasted until I was twenty-seven, and then it was brought to an abrupt close by—— What do you suppose? Well, a girl's face! Nothing more. A girl's face seen for a brief moment only at a carriage window, as I was changing cars at Bolton Station. You smile! I don't wonder; but I declare to you that from thenceforth I knew no peace of mind. That face was ever before me, looking out from under a dainty gypsy hat—pale, pure, perfect in outline, with a luxuriant mass of soft, brown hair, full of shiny ripples; dark eyes, a little, red mouth and shining, white teeth.

"'Housewife!' I said to myself, again and again. 'Some dreamy little chit with a pretty face and a head full of romance! I wish I had never seen her! At all events, it is highly probable that we have met for the first and last time, so I'll forget her!'

"Brave words! I could not forget her, and just then, to add to my perplexity, my regiment was ordered off to India.

"A few days before embarking, I received a letter from my grandfather, Sir John Halbrooke, urging me to run down to The Towers, in order that I might meet the lady who was destined to be my future wife. My answer was short and to the point:

> "'DEAR GRANDFATHER: I have no desire to marry. Besides, I start for India in two weeks, so I have no time for courtship. But I shall run down to The Towers *to see you*. Your affectionate, etc.'

"The old gentleman's answer was equally concise and explicit:

> "'MY DEAR GRANDSON: If you come to The Towers with the intention of putting yourself entirely in my hands I shall be overjoyed to see you. If you attempt to enter my house with any other intention I'll have you shot! And if you go to India I hope to Heaven that you'll be shot any way! Your affectionate, etc.'

"What could be done in the face of such an epistle as this? Evidently nothing! So I cheerfully made my preparations for departure, and before we sailed—I am glad to remember this!—before we sailed I wrote again to Sir John, but this time it was a letter full of gratitude and affection, and earnest regrets that I could not do as he desired.

"To this I received no answer; but a month after my arrival in India I read the announcement of the baronet's death, and the same paper contained *his marriage notice!* A letter from his solicitors explained the mystery.

"My grandfather had been severely injured whilst overlooking some renovations which were being made at The Towers, and feeling that death was fast approaching, he had, almost at the last moment, married Gertrude Vale, only child and heiress of Hubert Monckton, Esquire.

"'Moreover,' wrote the lawyer, 'by your grandfather's will, you inherit something above £50,000, provided you consent to marry the lady with whom he went through the ceremony of marriage on his death-bed. Otherwise, you receive not a penny of his fortune.'

"Gracious Heaven! Had the man gone mad? Marry my grandmother? For, word it as they might, the ugly fact was still there—the woman was my grandmother!

"Just then Somers came to my room; Tom Somers, of Ours, a big, burly, fair-haired giant—a good fellow, too. Well, I always liked Somers; then, what did I do but show him the letter!

"'And, Tom,' said I, 'you are going home on leave. Do try to see her, and let me know something of her—won't you?'

"'Why? Want to marry her?'

"'I'd let her hang first, the scheming jade!'

"My friend was silent a moment, then said, slowly:

"'I can tell you all about her.'

"'You!'

"'I. My sisters are great friends of hers. She is a fat, good-natured, motherly sort of a soul! Not young, rather pretty, and has four children by her first husband. Let me see! Was it her first? Yes, of course! Her second died a few weeks after marriage.'

"'By Jove! Why, how many did she have?'

"'Oh, not many. You will be the fourth, dear boy!'

"'Will I? I think not! Ye gods! *Four!*'

"So, bristling with indignation, I wrote to Sir John's lawyer. Not very civilly, I fear, but very energetically, I am sure. In the first place, I said I would not accept one penny of Sir John Halbrooke's fortune as a free gift. In the next, I would not accept the whole of it, if burdened with a single restricting clause. And, in conclusion, I not only refused to marry the widow, but I absolutely declined holding any communication whatever with her.

"'And say to my grandmother,' I added, 'that the world is wide enough, and there are men enough in it for her to seek whom she may devour elsewhere, and not among those whom the law of the land now declares to be her own kith and kin. Let her cast her eyes among the strangers at her gates, and not upon her grandson! For my part, it is my firm conviction that Sir John Halbrooke married a maniac, and left an army of maniacs behind him. Pray, then, my dear sir, bear in mind that *I positively refuse to marry my grandmother!*'

"That ended the matter. I was troubled with no more letters about it; not even from Tom Somers, who, by-the-way, soon after resigned his commission, went over to the Civil Service, and became consul to some little Italian town, I believe.

"Two years afterward I returned to England on leave, and then Fate, in the person of General Ashland, led me down to Surrey for a fortnight's shooting.

"Ah, my dear fellow, it is only the old story over again. I went down to Surrey, and met there—who do you suppose? Well, the girl whose face—seen once, and for a moment only—had haunted me for years.

"She was Helen Ashland, a distant relative of my host. Yes, and I loved her desperately. Not for her beauty alone, but for the pure goodness, kindliness, unselfishness of her heart, which was constantly and unthinkingly revealing itself in a thousand artless little ways.

"So, as you may guess, my two weeks at Ashland Park wore on to four, and still I lingered, even until the dying leaves were rustling feebly in the mellow air of a belated Autumn.

"And one clear, starlit evening, when Helen and I were sauntering among the trim flower-beds that were cut in the soft, green turf of the terrace, I told her the secret of my heart—its hope, its fear, its sweet unrest.

"When I ceased, my companion looked up at me, wonderingly, and, upon my honor, tears were glistening in her pretty eyes.

"'What!' she said; 'are you sure? Do you love me—*me?* Oh, Colonel Halbrooke, how could you? Indeed, it cannot—cannot be!'

"'Because your heart is given elsewhere, I suppose. But, Helen, I cannot let you go from me! I love you! Oh, my darling, how shall I live all the long, weary years of my life without you?'

"'Hush!' she cried, sharply. 'Sir, do you know—do you know who I am?'

"'Indeed, yes! The sweetest little girl in the wide world!'

"'No, sir, I am not. Gracious Heaven! Colonel Halbrooke, I am *your grandmother, sir!*'

"My grandmother! Talk of sudden shocks after that, won't you? I tried to speak, but my voice failed me. I reached out my hands and touched her. Yes, she was there, real enough, and I was not dreaming.

"Tell me all!' I gasped.

"And standing there by the broad stone coping, she told me all. How her parents had died when she was little more than an infant, and Sir John, her guardian, had watched over her with jealous care; always keeping her at school, however, until he brought her home to The Towers—a young lady.

"She had heard of me. She knew all about her guardian's intentions and my persistent refusal to see her. And when Sir John lay dying, and appealed to her to marry him, in order to secure certain property which would otherwise pass to the next of kin, she consented.

"'Not for myself, Major Halbrooke,' she continued, 'for I inherited a fortune, but for you. The property has been sold, according to instructions, and the money coming from the sale is yours. Sir John wished you to take it. He often said that your allowance was paltry compared with what should have been yours, and would have been, too, had your father not left so many debts behind him.'

"'You are privileged to speak as you please about my father,' I murmured; 'were he living he would call you *mother!*'

"'Don't be ridiculous, sir!' cried her ladyship, sharply. 'And if you are trying to mortify me, you may as well understand that you cannot succeed. But what could you, or any other man like you, be expected to know of gratitude and—and—justice? However, let it go. Your innuendoes do not touch me, sir!'

"'My dear madame, I——'

"'Pray allow me to proceed! Of course you are wondering how I chanced to meet you here. It was not by chance; it was by *design!* I knew that you despised me, and I almost despised myself. Still, I meant to do right, and I regret nothing that I have done. I did not know anything of your grandfather's foolish wishes about us until his will was read, and I beg you to believe that I have repeatedly written to you, explaining my position, and entreating you to take your own and to bear no malice; but you never had the civility to answer even one of my letters.'

"'Because I never received them,' I protested.

"'Pardon me; you received them all! They were sent to you through Captain Somers, whose sisters are friends of mine.'

"Ah, Tom, my boy! Tom, my boy! The veriest daredevil of a Sepoy could not have given me a neater stab under the fifth rib than did you, my Christian gentleman!

"'Well,' continued her ladyship, 'as I was about to explain, I told all to Mrs. Ashland, who is my cousin, and the general was sent to fetch you. So I have kept my promise to Sir John, and I am very glad to be able to explain my seeming hardihood.'

"There was a moment of silence. Then I said, boldly:

"'Do I understand that the money is really mine, Helen? But, pray, is that your right name?'

"'No. Ny right name is Gertrude, but to you I am Lady Halbrooke!'

"'No! To me you shall always be *Helen!* Is that money really mine, Helen?'

"'Yes; all yours.'

"'Well, I want it!'

"'You shall have it, sir! Never fear!'

"'I must have it! I'll blow out my brains if I don't get it!'

"'Are you so frightfully in debt?' asked my companion, in a low, awed whisper, her big eyes full of gentlest sorrow.

"'In debt? Thank Heaven, no! But I have "an itching palm." Yet, I can receive nothing from you unless——'

"'Well?'

"'Unless you give yourself to me also!'

"'Would you marry your grandmother?' she asked, between a sob and a laugh.

"'I would! And my great grandmother too, if she came to me like this!'

"Then a smile like the full June sunshine wreathed my darling's perfect lips, and—and—well, to me that prim old terrace became then simply Eden—a garden of all delights.

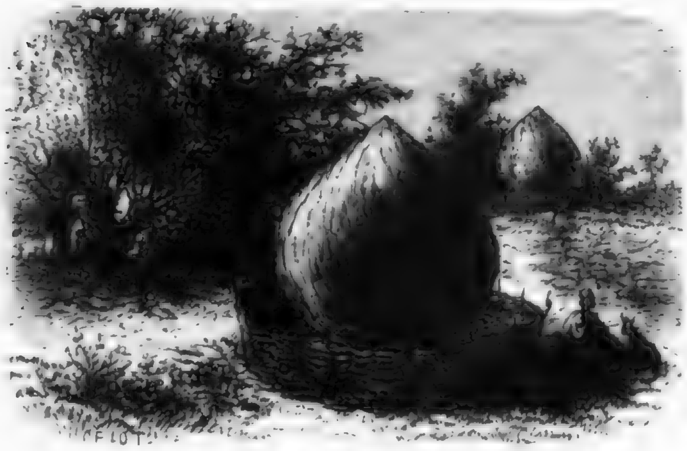
"Later, I remembered the three husbands, and asked Helen about them.

"Poor Tom Somers! To think that he would have romanced as he did about the fat widow, merely to keep me from the woman whom he had long loved. 'Twas her rejection of his suit that sent him away from England. But I could forgive him. I could afford to be generous. And, Lyndon, old friend, come down to The Towers as soon as possible and see my grandmother! She is my wife now. Honestly, I liked my family far too well to think of marrying out of it."

A PORTRAIT.

We all know the "nice" fellow—the cheerful, easy-going society man, who always has a pleasant word for everybody. It is chiefly, however, as a married man that the nice fellow is worthy of a moment's consideration; appearances and reality are so curiously at variance. In public, he retains all his little endearing ways—and in private, too, if poverty does not make itself felt. The nice fellow is scarcely ever rich, and is careful to mix himself up as little as possible with the vulgar troubles of economical household management. He professes himself so bad an arithmetician that he cannot add two and two together, and so ignorant about expenses that there is no use to ask him to apportion his income. Everything will come right in time, he thinks, if "you don't bother."

When his wife foolishly consults him about her difficulties, he tells her that she is morbidly anxious, and ought to have a glass of wine and lie down on the sofa instead of agitating herself about nothing. When there is a bad cook in the establishment, a nice fellow does not grumble, but adjourns to the club or a friend's house, where he is always welcome. When he returns, he has a good story to tell his



A HAY-MOW.

wife, and, if she does not seem very much interested in his doings, wonders how she can give way to temper when he finds it always easier to be pleasant.

The nice fellow is generally in bondage to appearances, and is more particular about his wife's dress than her comfort. It is disagreeable to him, however, to allow himself to think that she wants for anything; so he is always either buying her things he cannot afford or wondering why she herself does not buy them.

When illness appears in the household, the nice fellow takes care to keep out of the way, which, perhaps, is fortunate, as he makes the worst possible nurse; being incapable of that subtle sympathy which supplies ears and eyes and instinctive knowledge to an ignorant person with a heart. The nice fellow, notwithstanding his good looks and charming manner, is painfully inadequate to smooth away the real difficulties of life.

A HAY-MOW.

A recent French traveler in Tartary gives an account, with a sketch, of what is called with us a hay-stack, but which is termed by the Tartars a hay-mow. They are much smaller than our farmyard stores of provender, but have a much more graceful appearance.

We have seen, in some parts of the New England States, parcels of hay made up in the same shape, but they are much larger than the Tartar hay-mows, and consequently lose much of their picturesque appearance.

ANCIENT ROMAN CHAIR, WITH IVORY CARVINGS, KNOWN AS ST. PETER'S CHAIR.

Among the ancient specimens of ivory carving is one preserved at Rome and known as St. Peter's Chair, being popularly believed to have been used on some occasion, if not habitually, by that apostle. The chair is not all of ivory, but carved plaques of that substance are inserted in it, as shown in our engraving, which gives its present condition, and the arrangement of the carvings. These represent the labors of Hercules, and are certainly of the era of Augustus; in fact, one of the best and earliest specimens of Roman ivory-work.

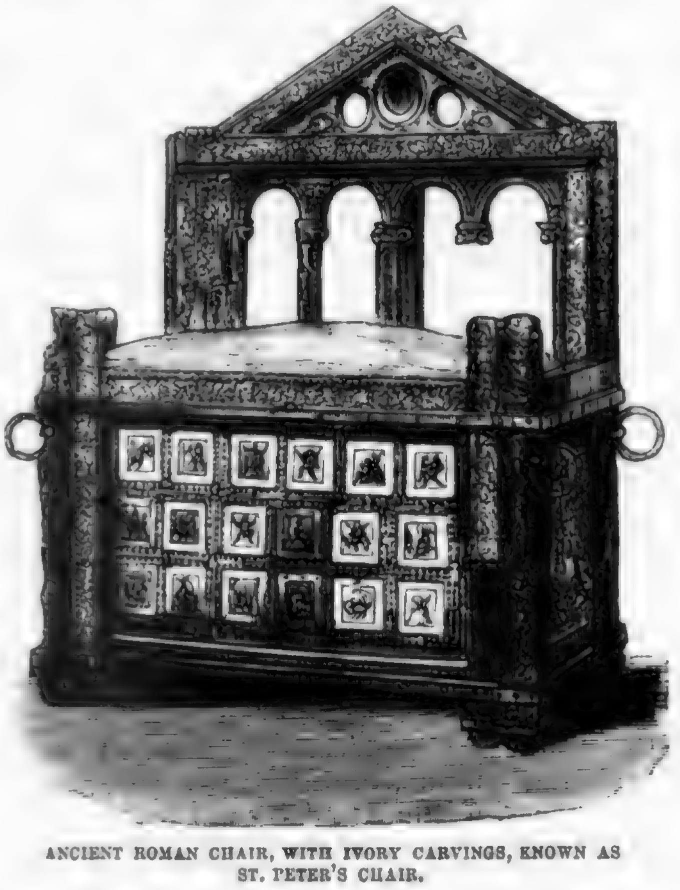
Another celebrated relic in ivory was executed about the middle of the sixth century; the throne or chair made for Maximian, Archbishop of Ravenna from the year 546 to 556. This is now preserved among the treasures of the cathedral at Ravenna, and is engraved in the great book of Du Sommerard, and by Labarte in his handbook. The chair has a high back, round in shape, and is entirely covered with plaques of ivory, arranged in panels, richly carved in high relief, with scenes from the gospels and with figures of saints.

The plaques have borders with foliated ornaments—birds and animals, flowers and fruits—filling the intermediate spaces. Du Sommerard names among the most remarkable subjects, the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the Flight into Egypt, and the Baptism of our Lord.

Sir Digby Wyatt says that this chair, having always been carefully preserved as a holy relic, has fortunately escaped destruction and desecration; and, but for the beautiful tint with which time has invested it, would wear an aspect little different from that which it originally presented in the lifetime of the illustrious prelate for whom it was made.

This valuable object could scarcely have been all wrought at one time, as Dr. Kugler distinctly traces in it the handling of three different artists, who could scarcely have all lived at the same period. Some of the plates resemble diptychs. Thus, the series portraying the history of Joseph in Egypt is quite classical; another, and less able artist in the same style, provided the plates for the back, and in one set of five single figures the Greek artificer stands apparent. The simplest explanation appears to be that the throne was made up by the last-mentioned artist out of materials provided for him, and that what was wanted to make it entire was provided by him.

Necessity, the parent of industry, has taught the natives to make a sort of artificial land in the barren parts of the island of Malta. They begin by leveling the rock, which, however, they allow to incline a little, that all superabundant water may run off. They then heap together some stones broken into small pieces of an irregular form, which they place about a foot high, and cover with a bed of the like stones nearly reduced to powder. On this they first place a bed of earth, brought either from other parts of the island or taken out of the clefts of the rocks, then a bed of dung, and afterward a second bed of earth. Such, indeed, is the perseverance of the proprietors of this ground, that it becomes in time equally fertile with natural land.



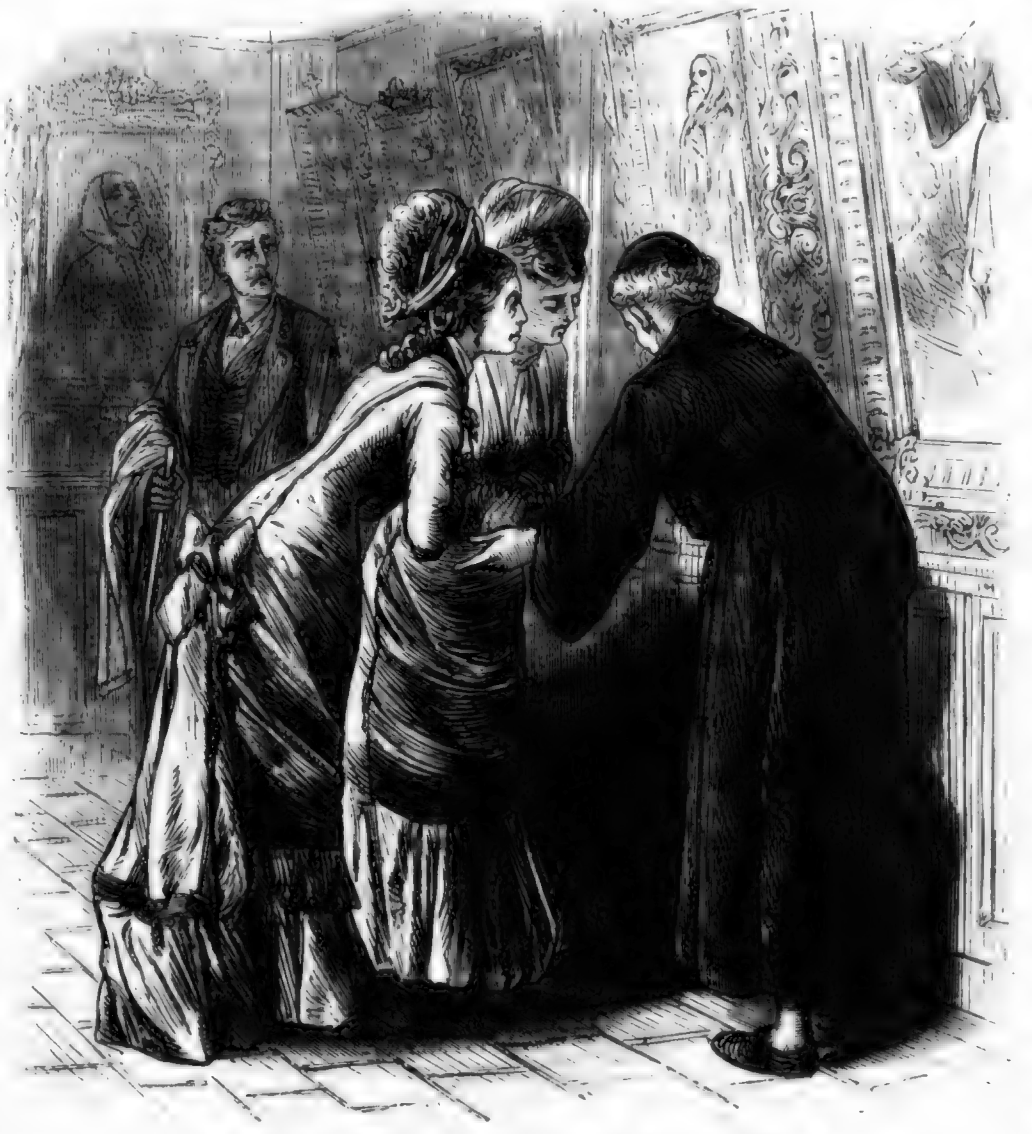
ANCIENT ROMAN CHAIR, WITH IVORY CARVINGS, KNOWN AS ST. PETER'S CHAIR.

SCENES IN SUN-LANDS.

By Mrs. Frank Leslie.

HAVANA.—Belen—Asylum of San José—Cemeteries—Diario—Beneficencia, or Foundling Hospital—The State Prison—The Garrote—Washing of Horses—The Fruit and Fish Markets—Cigarette Manufactory—Cigar Manufactory—Insane Asylum—Aqueduct.

We began our sight-seeing one Monday morning with the church and college of Belen, or Bethlehem, notable not only as one of the oldest religious edifices in Havana, but as the royal college of that city, where some three hundred of her coming men receive their education.



Scenes in Sunlands.—"'San Ignacio de Loyola,' Señora."

The church, hospital, school, monks' quarters, and other buildings, occupy a whole square, the entrance at the corner of Luz and Compostella Streets—the latter named in honor of the Bishop of Compostella, a worthy prelate who built church and hospitals in 1687.

The façade of the church is venerable and impressive, and above it rises the largest dome and biggest tower of any in Havana. The entrance is through a bright little garden, whose scarlet tree-lilies nod pleasantly over the high stone walls closing it in. The church being shut at the hour of our visit, we drove to the door of the monastery adjoining, and, finding it open, walked into a great, cool, dim vestibule, where every day, for more than a century, bread and soup were served at twelve o'clock to whoever came to claim them—and this with such punctuality that a popular proverb still runs: "As certain as the soup of Belen." The dole of soup is now discontinued, but the bread is regularly given out.

Passing through this porch, we ventured to open half of a folding-door at the back, and found ourselves in a great corridor with stone stairs in front, and an arched entrance to some open cloisters at the right hand.

Seated on the steps leading to these was a cross, crabbed old man, engaged in setting a patch upon some trousers so hopeless of aspect that we could not wonder at his own hopelessness. Venturing to interrupt him, we presented our letter of introduction to an English-speaking Father accustomed to act as cicerone; but the old man only muttered peevishly that he didn't know anything about it, and twisted the patch into a new position.

In this emergency a bright-eyed little alycote came running down the stairs, and to him we appealed in well-founded faith; for he at once took the letter and escorted us to the great, cool, dusky *sala*, so long that we could not distinguish the pictures at the further end, and leaving us here, went to summon a *padre*, who presently appeared—not him to whom we were recommended, who was at that moment engaged in the English class, but an unmitigated Spaniard, looking as if he had just stepped out of a last-century painting, and evidently resolved that no daughter of Eve should ever induce him to glance at the fair forbidden fruit, however "pleasant to the vision" it might prove itself.

With eyes demurely downcast, he first escorted us up and down the great parlor, and named the popes, bishops and other dignitaries whose portraits covered the walls; among them one really fine head of Christ by an unknown monastic artist.

Finally, unlocking some great doors, he took us rapidly through a long suite of classrooms, including a library, mineralogical collection, one of birds, shells, etc., an *atelier* where the students drew from the flat or from casts, a hall of mechanics, and several others of no especial interest.

Returning through the parlor, we passed into the private chapel at the end, hung with some good paintings, each of which the *padre* politely presented to us, as "'San Ignacio Loyola,' Señora Leslie; 'San Carlos Borromeo,' Señoras," until the sister and myself nearly choked with suppressed mirth as we gravely acknowledged each with a little courtesy; but when it came to the "'Spirits in Purgatory,' Señora Leslie," if the *padre* had glanced into our faces—which he did not—he might have fancied us suffering in sympathy with the unfortunates depicted as calmly standing

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breast-high in flames, precisely like surf-bathers, while the Blessed Virgin good-naturedly reached down some water to assuage their thirst.

From this we went to the church, finding it neither very large nor very handsome, and passed through it into a prettily decorated side chapel. Through this again we made our way to a great open court—the play-ground of the pupils, upon which opened refectories, dormitories, a kitchen, a theatre, infirmary and all the offices necessary for the care of more than 200 boys, who remain in the house, while about 100 more come in day by day.

The little sleeping cells were clean and pretty, with a narrow iron bed curtained with mosquito lace, a washing-stand, chair, and crucifix, with holy-water cups for each boy; but no room to swing a cat should he feel so inclined. Each little chamber was screened from the common corridor by a curtain, and the dividing partitions were only six or seven feet high, so that ventilation should not be cut off while privacy was insured—and altogether we agreed that a boy might be much worse off than in the Jesuit college of Belen.

This opinion we confided to the *padre*, who seemed pleased, but a little doubtful as to how far honeyed words might flavor of forbidden fruit; and having made the rounds, we went down-stairs again, past the "'Spirits in Purgatory,' Señora Leslie"—past the sour old porter, who was still struggling with *that* patch, and through the dusky vestibule, to the glare and heat and din of the noonday streets.

From Belen we drove to the arsenal, a large walled space containing not only cannon and other weapons, but a navy-yard and storehouses.

It is just outside the town at the southwest, bordering upon the sea and confronting, on the land side, some picturesque ruins of the old city wall, which, with its gates, crops up here and there in one's explorations of Havana, like a hand from the dead and buried past, beckoning one to listen to its voiceless traditions.

Two young officers of artillery received us courteously, and although inwardly marveling at these American amazons, who drove about in the middle of the day, demanding knowledge and inspection of affairs in no way relating to feminine pursuits, patiently led us from one great building to another over miles, as it seemed to us, of burning gravel walks, and showed us in this great coils of cable, anchors of every size, sails, oars, ships' lanterns, all sorts of brass fittings and mountings; and in another cannon, big and less big; guns, bayonets, cutlasses, stacks of balls, canisters and barrels of rifle-balls and powder, with all sorts of explosive and disagreeable things, both complete and in parts; carpenters' shops, where gun-carriages and kindred articles are made, and blacksmiths' forges and foundries for the production of metal fittings.

One of the most interesting of all these was a building devoted to the manufacture of *persianas*, or, as we call them "Venetian blinds," for the windows of the officers' quarters and some other buildings.

An ingenious little machine cuts the wood into long, lithe strips like very narrow ribbon, and another rounds the edges of half of them so as to leave a sort of great wooden cord. A flat strip and a round one are laid alternately where the *persiana* is to be woven and a stout linen string is arranged at a little distance from either end in such fashion that, as the loom works, it lifts alternately one of the flat and one of the rounded strips, and weaves the cord in and out, securing them firmly together, yet leaving the whole affair pliable enough to roll easily and smoothly. The pretty cut white-wood gave out a cleanly fragrance, the place was quiet and cool, the operators elderly and courteous, and the completed *persanias* pretty and artistic.

These shades are of universal use in Havana, and our own pretty rooms at the Pasage Hotel had one falling from the outside from above the great window, and out across the balcony, which it completely shaded, while at the two ends we obtained glimpses of the busy sunny world and the great sea beyond.

After this, the pleasant young officers took us to see the barracks, several large buildings in which the men were just about to partake of, for dinner, a substantial soup brought in great buckets from the kitchen, and served in plates holding at least a quart, upon long, bare tables.

The gay young captain said he had never tasted this soup, but thought it looked and smelled savory, and, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he proceeded to test it, and offered the señoras a spoon in case they wished to do the same. The Sister gravely accepted, and pronounced it excellent, but garlicy; and we presently left the refectory to its more legitimate occupants.

The opposite room was a dormitory, with long rows of cots neatly rolled up, the blankets folded up beside them, and a clothes-chest standing beneath—cot and chest numbered to correspond with their owner.

In the corridor between these two rooms hung two or three "Articles of War," framed and glazed for the constant consideration of those whom they might concern; and, albeit they concerned us not at all, we paused to consider them also.

The first ordained that a private stealing money or any article worth a certain small sum from an officer's quarters should be punished with death. The second provided as grimly against quarreling with or striking an officer, with milder penalties for assault and battery.

The third gravely forbade privates from receiving their friends in a jocular manner, calling their names from a distance, running after them, addressing them by nicknames and *sobriquets* in an audible voice, or, in fact, derogating from the dignity and formality suitable to a Spaniard!

The gay young officers laughed with us at the Articles of War, but I caught a very stern glance in the captain's eye, as he turned it upon a private, who, with half-averted head, was evidently listening to the remarks of the visitors.

Leaving the men to their soup and noonday siesta, we strolled on past the dainty little houses with gay gardens and *persiana'd* windows and verandas where the officers live, and paused beneath the shade of a lot of palms, while an orderly ran for the key of the chapel—a pretty octagonal building, standing by itself.

The inside was large enough to contain the altar, a confessional, and a dozen or so of chairs, intended, as we were informed, for the wives of the officers; their husbands finding room in the half dozen square feet of space remaining, and the privates upon the sward outside the building. It must be a pretty sight—the congregation thus described, but we fancy it is generally a very small one.

Bidding adieu to our courteous cicerones, to whom we wish no military hardships beyond those they now endure, we passed through the grim gateway, and with some trouble aroused our *cochero* from his pleasant nap.

Driving leisurely back to our hotel, we passed through the Plaza de Armas, on which stands the residence of the Captain-general—a palace most charmingly associated with my previous visit to Havana, during the reign of General Serrano, Marquis del Torre.

A little further on, at the corner of Ena Street, we came to El Templete—"The Little Temple"—a small edifice built in 1828, upon the spot where, under an old *ceiba* tree, the first Mass was celebrated in Havana, in 1519. A stone column marks the spot where the old tree stood, and the whole is surrounded by an iron railing. The doors are only opened once a year—upon the 16th of November, the feast of Saint Christopher, or San Cristobal; but there is nothing of interest hidden within, except a bust of Mr. Columbus, and of these one finds so many in Havana that interest in them is apt to flag a little.

In the shadowy afternoon of this day we drove to the Asylum of San José, a sort of reform-school for boys, both white and black. Señor Maestre y Amabile, the warden, or superintendent, received us courteously, and very willingly showed us through the establishment, which is large, but all upon the ground floor; the inner courtyard, open to the sky, being utilized as a cabinet-maker's shop.

There were about 200 youths in the place at the time of our visit, ranging from great, hulking fellows of eighteen or twenty, down to poor little Roman, aged seven, whose baby face and round little body should never have been seen in such a place; but Roman had stolen forty dollars, and the loser, instead of explaining the law of *meum* and *teum* to the poor baby and putting him supperless to bed, had turned him into this place and this companionship. He was running about idle, poor little soul! but every one else was busily at work at cigar-making, shoemaking or cabinet-work, each department under charge of a contractor, who hires the boys of the Government at the rate of $100 per year, and ten cents a day for each boy's labor.

The worst boys are usually placed in the tobacco rooms, as they can work at this trade without the tools which occasionally prove dangerous weapons, as in the case of an embryo shoemaker, who suddenly turned upon his companions at the right and left and stabbed them both fatally before he could be seized. Two other young fiends deluged a comrade with kerosene oil, and then set him on fire, burning him to death. It was comfortable to know that they were both garroted.

When such offenses as these occur, the criminal is handed over to the civil authorities; but minor misdemeanors are punished by whipping, or imprisonment in the calaboose—a dismal stone cell without light or air, except such as struggles in through an opening in the roof.

Altogether, we concluded that bad boys in Havana are not so much petted and coddled as with us; and Jesse Pomeroy, had he been a Cuban, would not now be alive to frighten every tender mother in the community every time a new Governor is elected.

The tobacco boys were sullen, truculent and bad-looking, and the shoemakers not much better; but the cabinet-makers were more promising, and some of them so merry and boyish of appearance that one's heart ached to see them there.

One lad, busy with shamefaced absorption upon his work of carving a bureau-handle, was pointed out as the son of a wealthy planter, who had spent a great deal of money upon his education, both at home and in Paris, but had finally been obliged to send him here in self-preservation. He was of mixed breed, and his face looked more reckless and undisciplined than really bad.

Much of the work done in the cabinet shop or court, was admirable, especially some great wardrobes just completed.

Opening on the corridors surrounding the court were the dormitories, lettered over the door of each, "*Pequeños blancos*," "*Mayores blancos*," "*Pequeños de color*," "*Mayores de color*"—that is, little and big white boys, little and big colored boys; but the accommodations for the superior race were very little better than for the children of Ham, except that the latter slept side by side upon a wooden platform, whose slant served for a pillow, while the white lads had separate wooden bedsteads, several of them undergoing a suggestive cleansing process at one end of the courtyard.

An infirmary was well provided with simple medicines, and Señor Maestre seemed a most attentive overseer, both of health and comfort.

In a second court, at the back, a great tank, half full of water was shown, where the boys bathe in squads every morning, and we devoutly pray that the day may be hastened of which Señor Maestre spoke so hopefully, when the water will flow in and out of this tank in a perpetual stream, instead of being changed once in several days, as now.

Near the bath was the kitchen—a great, gloomy cavern, its centre occupied by the mass of brick-work representing a stove in Cuba, with several cauldrons simmering in the holes with which it is pierced; the whole superintended by an embodied nightmare, in the shape of an all-but-naked negro, so emaciated as to be scarcely more than a skeleton, his hair cropped close to his head, and his face one of the most malignant and fiendish possible to imagine.

Whether he objected to visitors on principle, or to us in especial, or whether he was annoyed at his picture being sketched—as it was—I know not; but if the ladle in his hand had been a knife, or if he could quietly have plunged the Sister and myself into one of those great steaming cauldrons and made us into soup, I am sure we never should have left the place alive!

Under escort of Señor Maestre and our artist, we stood our ground, and peeped into the kettle of soup, then into one of rice, and finally into one of sweet potatoes and yams, assuring ourselves the *Pequeños* and *Mayores*, both *blancos* and *de color*, were going to have a wholesome and abundant dinner or supper, as you choose, by-and-by.

The hours here are Watts-y, *i.e.*, "Early to bed and early to rise," the rising being at four, with coffee and bread at six, and two substantial meals later in the day.

Besides bad boys the Asilo de San José is a prison for the slaves of debtors, whose creditors seize this species of property and deposit it here. The Asilo charges a small sum for maintenance, or rents the servants to other parties and retains the proceeds.

If the master dies or disappears before his affairs are settled, the slave is sold for the benefit of the creditor. Also, a slave having just cause of complaint against his master for cruelty or neglect, may come here and make his charge, remaining in sanctuary, as it were, until it is investigated; but woe betide the negro should the complaint be pronounced unfounded, and he be handed back to the enraged owner.

We saw a good number of these blacks, the women, many of them, playing with or nursing little coffee-colored babies dressed in nothing but necklaces of beads, shells, beans, or sharks' teeth—considered a sovereign charm against the ills of infancy.

Finally, we sat for a few moments in the quiet little office of Señor Maestre, and looked at the books of the institution, kept upon an elaborate and exact system, every inmate being minutely described as to ancestry, birthplace, antecedents, age, offense, disposition, and various other details.

The negroes were only known by a number, having no patronymics or parentage in especial. We were chiefly interested in the biography of little Roman, to whom we most tenderly wish an early and painless death.

San José cannot be said to have selected a cheerful neighborhood for his asylum, seated as it is between the leper hospital on the one hand, and the great public cemetery on the other.

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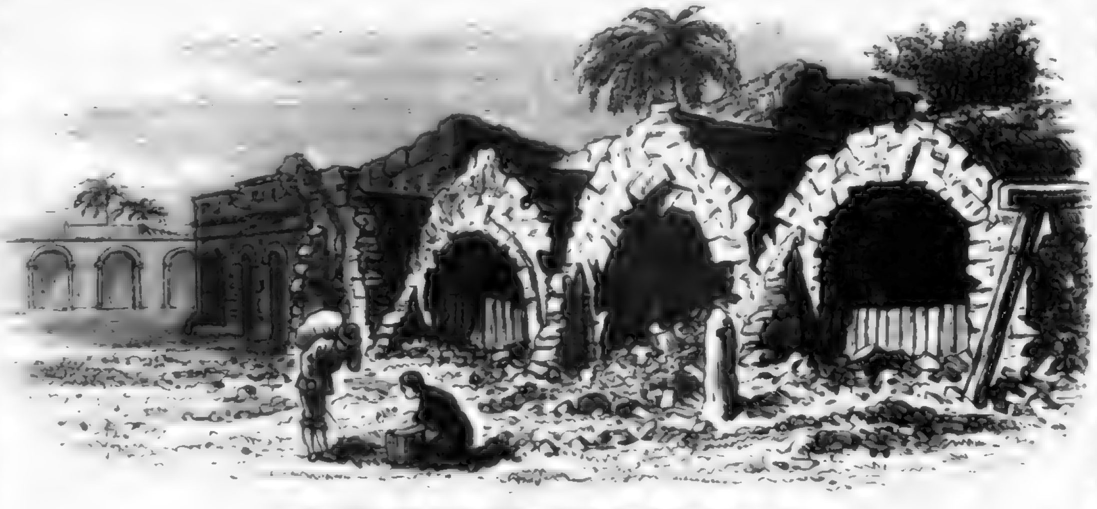
To the latter, Señor Maestre courteously accompanied us, and would have done so bareheaded, had we not insisted upon his returning for his hat—a most necessary protection in this climate, at almost all hours of day or night.



RUINS OF THE OLD CITY WALLS NEAR THE ARSENAL.

The entrance to this cemetery is through a deep arch, closed with iron gates upon the street. Opening upon this, and at either hand, are the offices of registration and the janitor's room, where we sat for a few moments. In the centre of the arched way stands a pedestal draped in black, upon which is deposited the coffin as it is brought in, and hither comes the priest to murmur a few last prayers above the clay, while the record is made, and the bearers rest for a moment and wipe their brows.

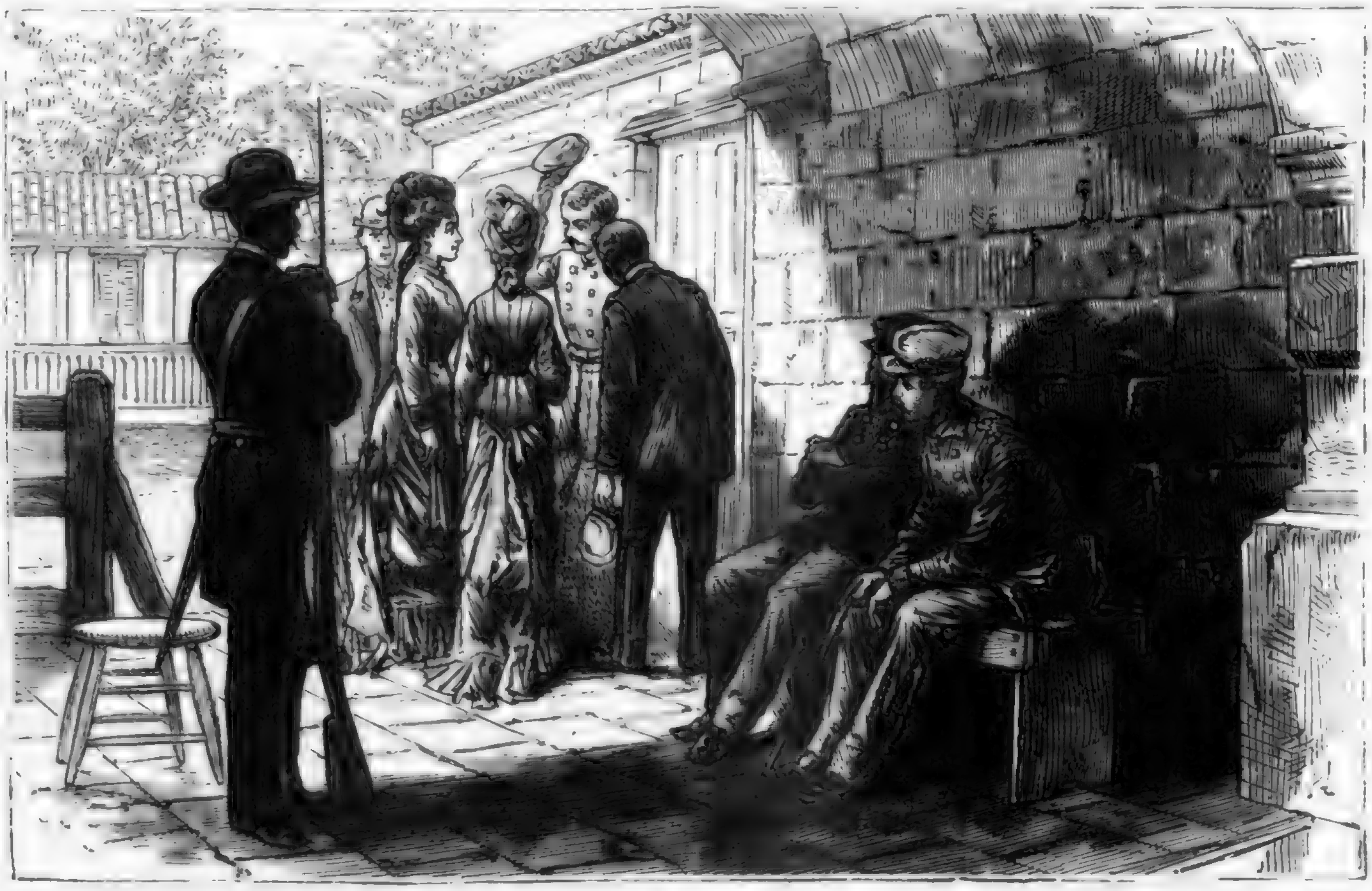
No female relatives of the deceased, however near and dear, accompany the remains to the grave, and often none of the male relatives, for, as in other tropical countries, life is so vivid and absorbing in its brightness and delights as to leave no room for death; and the tender sentiment and reverence with which we surround the graves of our beloved dead is a thing all but unknown in Cuba.

Passing through the arch, we issued upon a great quadrangle surrounded by walls about twenty feet in height and eight feet in thickness. In these walls were the tombs or crypts, each large enough to receive one coffin, and sometimes, perhaps, a tiny one above it; and no one who has not seen it can imagine the strange effect of these rows upon rows, one tier above another, of dark mortuary slabs set in the white wall, each slab hiding a coffin and a life.

A marble-paved walk extended through the centre of the quadrangle, and down this we passed, noticing graves at either hand dug in the ground, but so poorly made that several had fallen in, allowing burrows for rats, and even glimpses of coffins and bones, from which the earth was washed away.

Few graves or tombs are perpetual in the cemeteries of Havana. A crypt in the wall is hired for ten years at a hundred dollars, and may be retained as much longer as the survivors will pay ten dollars per year; but so soon as the rent ceases, the bones are taken out and buried, and the tomb is ready for another occupant. Many of the slabs bore inscriptions showing them to be twenty, thirty, or even fifty years old; suggesting that the deceased must have left a fund to pay for the perpetual occupation of his last bed, since very little affection could be trusted for so long a period.

At one side of this quadrangle opened an arched passage



AT THE ARSENAL.

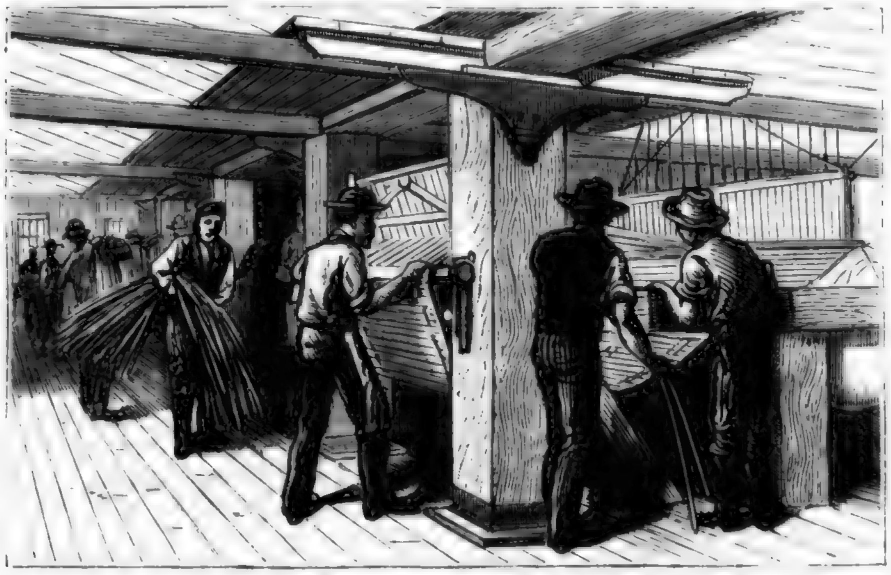
to another and another—five great courts of death in all, with promise of a sixth soon to be opened. About nineteen hundred tombs are already filled, and there are burials every day.

In one of the courts, our courteous guide, Señor Maestre, suddenly paused, and, taking off his hat, pointed to a tablet, saying, simply, "My wife and her little child!" The date was not quite a year old, and the poor young mother was scarcely past her childhood.

The prettiest spot in all the cemetery was a square plot, fenced in and thickly planted with shrubs and flowers, and with garden-chairs and a fountain. It belonged to some titled lady whose son lay entombed opposite.

On a subsequent occasion we drove out to another and still larger cemetery, the burial-place of the poor, as this is of the wealthy. A Cuban gentleman was with us, and on the way we passed four men carrying an oblong box, some three feet in length and one in width, covered with gay pink calico and white fringe. We inquired what might that be, and our friend, in the gayest manner possible, replied in English, "Oh, some small fellow has gone up." It was a baby's coffin.

Before reaching the cemetery we overtook another, covered with blue, and soon after another came in, decked with white and gold, the baby's long, embroidered robes hanging over the end, although the lid was closed.



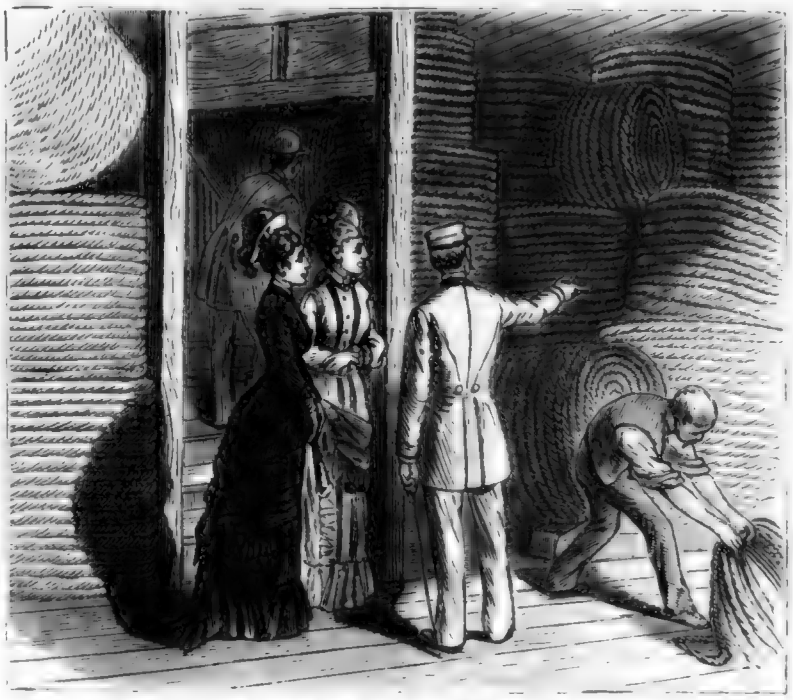
MANUFACTURING PERSIANAS.

All these children had died of small-pox, so that our charitable wish to assist at their funerals was negatived by common sense.

A horrible black-covered cart with a cross on top was behind us, and, after some parley, entered, and drove roughly down a side path out of sight; they told us it contained the body of a woman from one of the hospitals, and that there would be no religious rite over her burial, although there is one for those who can afford to pay for a priest's attendance.

The poor in this country are laid three deep in their graves, the last interment being very near the surface, and quicklime is employed to prevent infection.

The place was large, unkempt—desolate in the extreme, and as we drove away even I, lover of Cuba and the *Cosas de Cuba* as I am, could not but say:



STOREHOUSE FOR ROPES AND CABLES IN THE ARSENAL.

"Let me live in this beloved island every day of my life but the last, and let me die within reach of Woodlawn!"

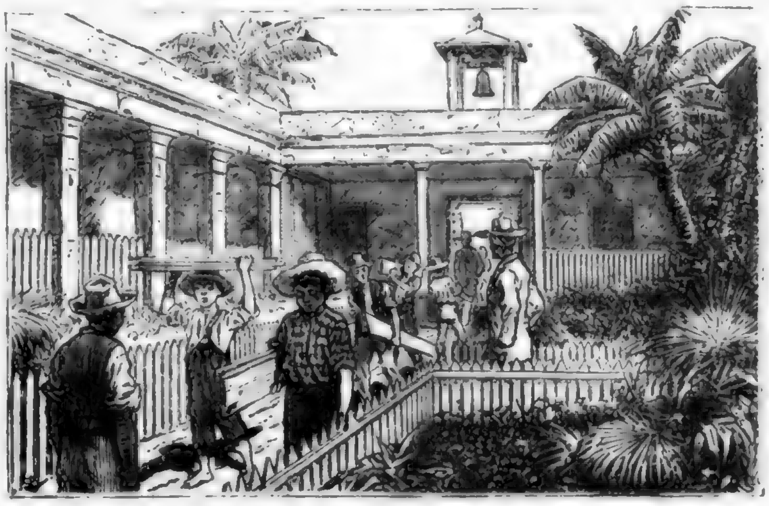
For some days, while pursuing the even tenor of our sight-seeing in Havana, we had been a little surprised at the familiarity with our movements evinced not only by casual acquaintances, but by the custodians of the various places, and where, expecting to be treated as the merest strangers, we often found ourselves received as expected guests. The mystery suddenly revealed itself when some one remarked:

"The *Diario de la Marina* says you were at the match factory yesterday, and think of going to the *carcel* to-day."

"The *Diario* says!" repeated we, incredulously.

"Oh, yes; it tells us your movements every day, and as everybody reads the *Diario*, everybody knows all about you."

Literally we "awoke to find ourselves famous," for the very next morning a damp copy of that day's *Diario de la Marina* was slipped under the door of our apartment, and was found to contain



COURTYARD OF THE ASILO DE SAN JOSÉ.

a most courteous and respectful account of our yesterday's adventures and opinions of the places we had visited—the attention probably given in that *esprit de corps* which so pleasantly distinguishes the editorial fraternity.

No American journal, however, can hope to occupy the place with its public held by the *Diario* among the people of Havana, and for some distance outside the city; for in traveling, one sees his fellow-passengers rushing out of the cars as they approach the city, with eager demand in every line of their faces, replaced by happy smiles as they return, a *Diario* in one hand, a *sapote* in the other. It is the "guide, philosopher and friend," the *vade mecum*, the "Thirty-nine Articles," the Creed, the evangile, of every educated Cuban. Its opinions are quoted as final, its wildest views received as gospel, its jests as the rarest wit. Its circulation is immense, and we were pleased to hear that as property it annually divides a fortune to its happy owners.

We were so fortunate, before leaving, as to make the acquaintance of Messrs. Montaos and Granados, the editor and publisher, and found them most delightful specimens of journalistic potentates.

Long life and prosperity to the *Diario*, say we, and may it ever succeed, as now, in pleasing all parties, and yet preserving a perfectly independent and dignified position in the vexed whirlpool of Cuban political life.

So, following the prophecy of the *Diario*, we drove, on a lovely Sunday afternoon, to the Beneficencia, or Foundling Hospital, a State institution, but administered by some sweet-faced and low-voiced nuns of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, a chaplain, and thirty or more hired nurses; each unweaned baby having a woman devoted to it, who costs the establishment, in wages, board and proportion of other expenses, about fifty dollars per month.

At the time of our visit there were over six hundred children in the Hospital, from the infant of a few days up to some half-grown girls, whose embroideries and plain needlework were exhibited by their directors with great pride.

The Sisters themselves do exquisite work in lace and embroidery of various sorts, and derive a considerable income from its sale, although the Beneficencia is a wealthy institution, owning houses, lands and stocks to a large amount.

Among other beautiful articles which the Sisters in charge of this department showed us, was a handsome robe in blue silk, with a flowing mantle, which they were embroidering for the statue of the Virgin at Belen, and a blushing, dark-eyed girl was summoned from the gallery around the inner courtyard, where she and her companions promenaded, and was presented as one of the principal workwomen upon this robe.

The less skillful and artistic embroideries of these young Penelopes are used in the house, as was pointed out in going through the dormitories, where each little bed had its pillow-case and sheets trimmed with lace, and its dainty white curtains looped back with ribbons.

The Sisters also showed us press after press filled with little white frocks, skirts, and all sorts of clothing for children, all beautifully made and exquisitely laundried, and stores of household linen enough to set a German housewife wild with envy.

Some little creatures of three or four years old were toddling around, clinging to the Sisters' skirts, as prettily dressed, as plump and merry-looking as any lady's child; but others were pale and sickly, and evidently inheriting the curse entailed from fathers upon the children.

The dormitory of the infants was very pretty, with a long row of little cribs at either hand, carefully curtained with white net, and having a number at the head. Many of these were occupied, the babies often lying awake and staring around with black, shining eyes, or else sleeping, unmindful of noise or light, enough to distract an only child in a private nursery.

A sort of altar at the top of the room, with a picture of the Holy Mother and Child, seemed to shed a blessing over the place, and we thought how much better the vicious and destitute parents of these children had done for them in abandoning them, than they could have done in retaining them. A question for the casuists: Where did those mothers' real duty lie, in the abandonment or in the retaining?

That question may have presented itself cruelly enough to some unhappy mother standing outside the revolving box, which we were shown in one of the lower rooms, accessible outside from a lonely street, and inside from this room, where two Sisters nightly sleep, to be ready to receive any little unfortunate confided to their charge.

Pillows and blankets are laid in the several departments of the turn-table, but wretches are found base enough to steal them, unless of the very poorest quality.

An electric bell is connected with the machine and rings whenever it is turned; six or eight infants in a month are received in this manner, sometimes dressed in delicate linen, sometimes in coarse wraps, sometimes naked. If a name is attached to them they are entered on the books by that name with a number affixed; but if nameless, they receive some saint's name with the patronymic of "Valdez," in compliance with a provision to that effect made by the good old bishop who founded the Beneficencia, and promised in this way to be a father to the fatherless in all generations!

The house is a very large one, and admirably ordered in every part, whether the great airy dormitories, the class-rooms for the instruction of all but the very youngest, the refectories and kitchen, where we saw great Majolica pans for the washing of vegetables, etc., the bountiful larder and storerooms or the spacious *pateo* or courtyard, with its wide surrounding galleries, where hundreds of children played or strolled, or sat in their little arm-chairs, reflecting upon the deep things of life, and when supper would be ready.

These little people live methodically and comfortably in the matter of food, rising at five, taking coffee (let us hope with plenty of milk) at seven, breakfasting at ten on meat or fish with potatoes and rice, dining at two after the same fashion, consuming more coffee and bread at six, and going to bed at eight. Happy foundlings, say we!

The chapel was large and handsome, but, as a visiting Sister of another Order confidentially whispered, the Blessed Sacrament was kept in the Sisters' own oratory, where children and nurses and visitors were not admitted. The same Sister asked me about our own Beneficencia for foundlings, and I grieved to remember that the Orphan Asylum at Randall's Island is not half so attractive or cheery or daintily ordered as this, nor do the nurses there remind one in the least of the sweet faces, gentle movements and quiet voices of those Cuban Sisters. Is it possible that Americans have something yet to learn?

But still we must not forget that the climate and the people and the ways of life modify everything in the two places, and that New York can never be as picturesque and genial as Havana, and Saxons never can be Latins, and hired service can never be given with the grace and fullness of that offered purely for the love of God and His children.

The *Diario* said, that with the courage and energy of American ladies, we were going to the *Carcel*, or State Prison; and, although the *Diario* no doubt privately thought it a very improper thing to do—certainly a thing that no Cuban lady would ever dream of doing, to the Carcel we went, always under proper authority and protection.

Like the Lazaretto and Beneficencia, and, indeed, almost all the public buildings, the Carcel is down by the sea, and it may add something to the bitterness of captivity to hear the perpetual booming of that great type of freedom—the unfettered ocean.

We were admitted, after some formalities, to an office where, among more appropriate belongings, we noticed a glass shrine, containing a very dressy Virgin, with the photograph of the lady presenting her, modestly placed at her feet! Also, we counted nine rocking-chairs, two non-rocking ones, a sofa and a big desk in a room about ten feet square, and by the time we had duly admired all of these, a dignified official appeared, who received us as in his own house, accompanied by a gentleman who spoke English, and consequently attached himself to the Sister, whose Spanish had been neglected in early youth, while following in the train, although at a considerable distance, was a man of little over twenty, whose great, sorrowful dark eyes fixed themselves upon us with the dumb pleading of a spaniel's.

Before leaving the office we looked at the books, kept much like the register in our own prisons, except that every white prisoner is entered as Señor Don so-and-so, the blacks being distinguished only by a number. The name, age, description of offense, sentence, and any other details peculiar to each convict, are entered in this book, and also whether it is a first or second offense; so that, with the help of a little invention, Mr. Ainsworth, or authors of his stamp, could furnish forth a whole library of Dick Turpin novels, with heroes agreeably drawn from the living models.

Passing from the office through the vestibule, we entered through iron gates the prison proper, a turnkey going before to unlock and relock the various doors, and to sound a whistle at the end of each ward to warn the prisoners, some of whom are rather negligent of attire, to clothe themselves or skulk out of sight.

As usual, the building was a hollow square, built round an interior courtyard; but, instead of the lovely garden of the Lazaretto or the Beneficencia, this was only a dreary, paved area, intersected by iron fences with locked gates; thus making several separate yards, in which the convicts lounged or lay, their misery made more miserable by the aimless idleness of their lives.

There were, on the day of our visit, 670 men in this prison, and perhaps 100 were at work in the cigar and shoe factories, but the rest perfectly idle.

Labor is not enforced, but permitted to those who choose to earn the very fair wages paid by the Government contractors to good workmen. If a man chooses to learn one of these trades, he is instructed, and as soon as his work is worth anything, fairly paid; but it is only a limited number who avail themselves of the privilege.

For those who thus earn money, or whose friends are able to provide them with it, there are various luxuries to be obtained at the stall of a huckster in one of the corridors, in the shape of fruit, sweetmeats and other dainties, as well as tobacco and cards.

Also there are two grades of accommodations above that of the regular prison; the parlor, or *sala*, being a tolerably clean and extensive colonnade, upon which open sleeping-rooms very decently furnished, even to rocking-chairs and strips of carpet. A good table is provided for the aristocratic sinners occupying this apartment, and they pay one dollar and fifty cents a day for their imprisonment.

As we entered this place, a fine-looking man, handsomely dressed, started to his feet, and began pacing excitedly up and down, casting angry looks at the intruders, while the pretty woman to whom he had been talking buried her face in the neck of the little child upon her knee, and never looked toward us. The guide informed us, in a low voice, that this was a scion of one of the first families of Cuba, that he was here for forgery and embezzlement, and that his wife and child were spending the day with him. We went on as rapidly as possible, quite sympathizing with the anger and shame of the man, whose severest punishment was the ignominy he had brought upon himself and all belonging to him.

Beyond this was the chapel, a forlorn place enough, where mass is celebrated weekly, and where a priest preaches to such convicts as choose to assemble in the courtyard to listen to him.

After this, desiring to see everything, we passed through the common wards, everywhere followed by a silent crowd of prisoners to the limit of their section, and always leaving them clinging to the bars of the fences closing them in, and staring after us with eager eyes.

"Do these men expect money from us?" we inquired, a little disconcerted by this mute appeal.

"They would be glad of money, if you like to give it; but that is not why they follow you," replied the interpreter, frankly. "We seldom see women here, never ladies, and above all, such ladies."

"It is a very Cuban speech, Señor," responded we; wondering if, after all, the *Diario's* probable disapproval was not reasonable.

However it may be, I must confess that in no collection of people did I ever behold so many evil, horrible faces, such degraded types of men, such malignant and bloodthirsty eyes. One felt more as if walking through a menagerie than a prison for human beings, and we were glad to see the alert and well-armed guard, who watch night and day in a guard-room at an angle commanding two of the principal corridors, ready to quell disturbance at any moment by the most resistless arguments. Disturbances are, however, rare; for, as the interpreter remarked with a bitter little laugh:

"How can they rebel, but to get themselves shot? What good to them?"

"The ladies will not like to see the garrote?" asked the superintendent, apologetically.

But the ladies desired to see all the secrets of the prison-house, and so were taken up-stairs to an empty ward, where the hideous thing was laid away in a coffin-like box; for it is no longer used, death by shooting having taken its place. But the garrote still lives, and was set up for our inspection; and a burly negro standing by was invited to seat himself upon the stool, that the operation of the thing might be demonstrated upon him. Even the prospect of a dollar, however, could scarcely conquer poor Sambo's horror and suspicion of the affair; and when the iron collar was passed round his neck, his coffee-color blanched to dirty yellow, and he thrust one of his great paws between the iron and his neck with a cry of terror.

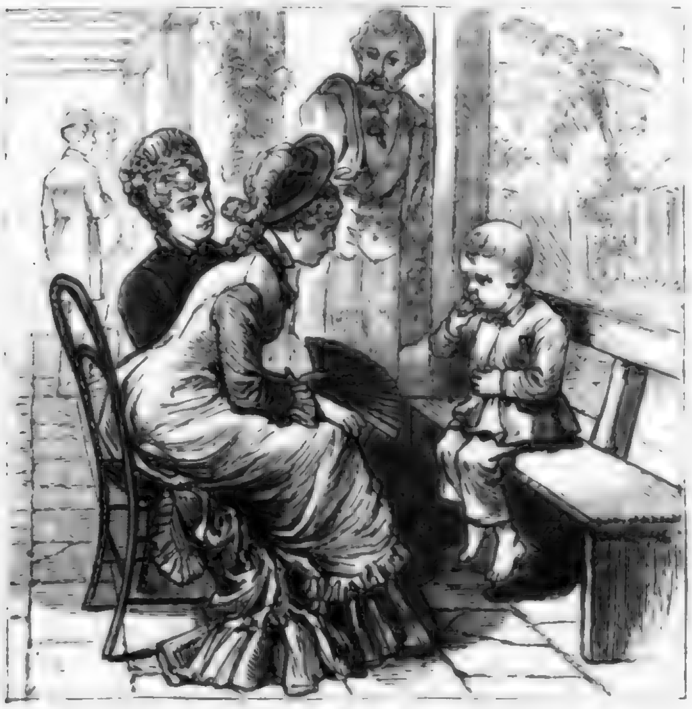
Releasing him after a moment, the turnkey gave the winch at the back of the post a few sharp turns, showing how the empty collar could be brought up close to the post, against which the victim's head rests, while at the back at the same time an iron projection upon the post is brought across the spine, which it dislocates, causing instant death.

"Did any one ever actually suffer by this particular machine?" asked we, faintly, as we turned away from the horrible object.

"Any one!" repeated the interpreter, with his bitter laugh. "Hundreds—yes, hundreds of people, and some of them innocent people too."

The Director turned and cast a look of stern warning at him, and the rich mouth of the handsome lad, who continued to follow us, turned pale.

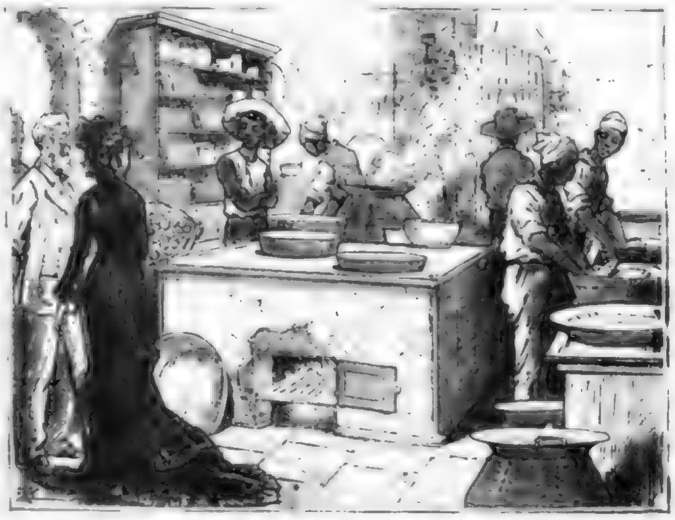
What memories did the garrote evoke for them, aye, and what apprehensions, for as we learned before we left the *cárcel*, both the gentlemanly cynical interpreter and the charming Antinoüs of a lad were prisoners, incarcerated for very grave offenses, but allowed to range the prison, and mix with visitors, as they had with us !



WICKED LITTLE ROMAN.

Returning to the more ordinary affairs, we visited the kitchen, where a Friday dinner of salt cod-fish, potatoes and rice was cooking, and we presently saw it served in tin pans, one for each man, carried to the different wards upon a sort of barrow by two men.

The odor of cod-fish is never agreeable, and on this occasion it formed no exception to the rule, and its taste was probably worse ; but what would you have ? As Governor Robinson of Nassau said : "A prison is a place of punishment, and not of luxury, and if the accommodations are not agreeable, people had better keep away from them."

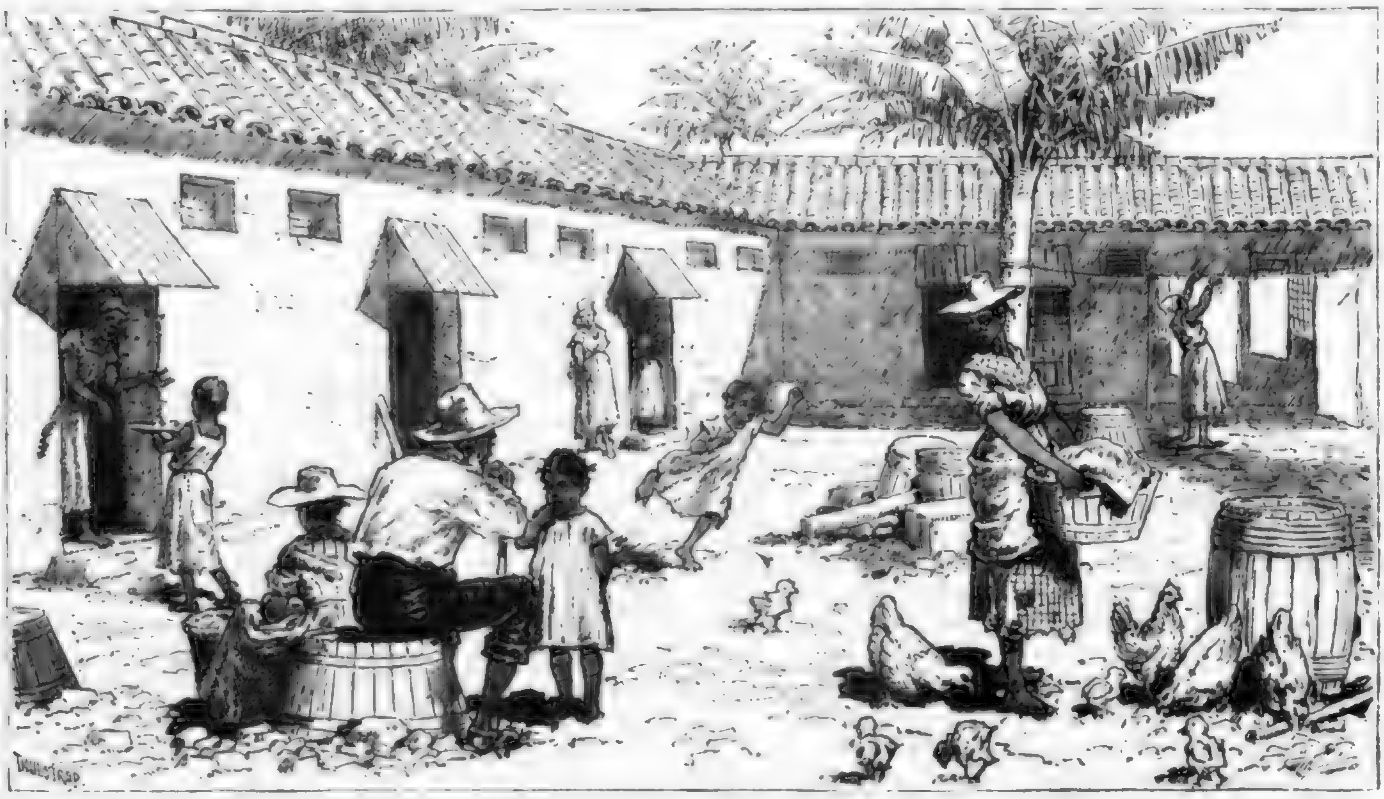


KITCHEN OF THE ASILO DE SAN JOSÉ.

Coffee and bread are served at six, breakfast at nine, dinner at five, and at eight the lights are put out, and the prisoners, rolling themselves in their blankets, lie down upon the softest board they can select in the floor of the ward-room, and pillow themselves upon their arms. No ! it is not a place of luxury !

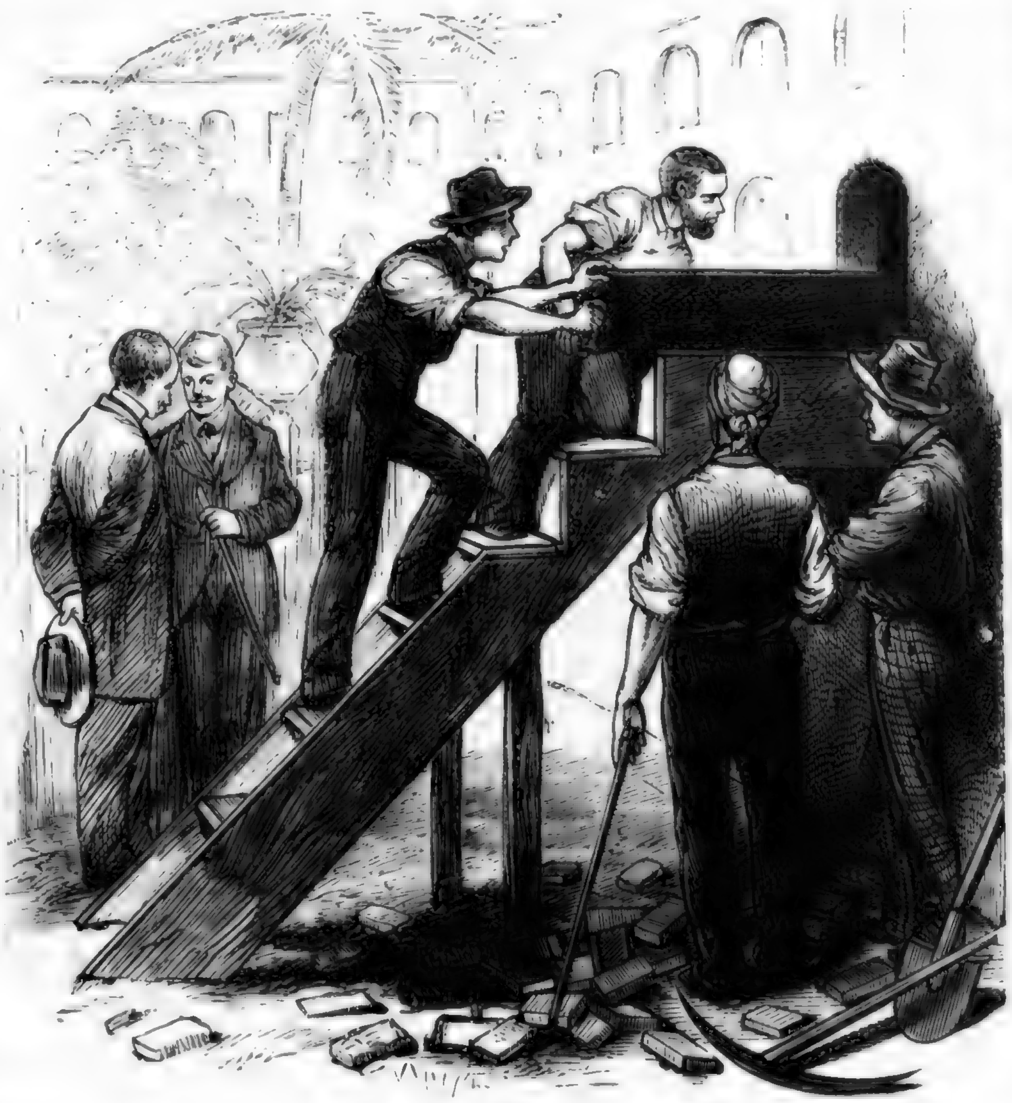
Finally, we took a peep into the court-room, where a judge attends every day to examine and convict or discharge any newly arrested person ; and, in passing out, looked at the double grating through which prisoners and their friends converse, while a guard stands in the alley between the two gratings ; and if the visitor has brought any little present of food or clothing, this guard transmits it, after due examination.

Oh, how sweet and pure the outside air seemed, as we stepped out of those prison gates ! How clear and bright



COURT-YARD OF THE SLAVE-QUARTERS OF THE ASILO DE SAN JOSÉ.

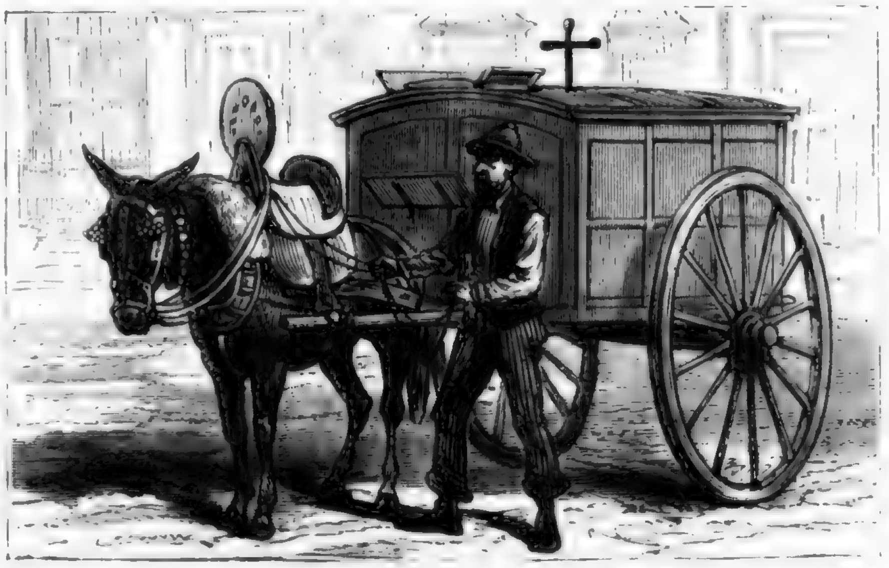
the sky arched overhead! and the ocean at our feet was more gladly free than ever before. "And show Thy mercy on all prisoners and captives" seemed a very eloquent petition just then.



A CUBAN INTERMENT.

Going home, we saw a more cheerful sight than any in the Carcel; for a troop of horses were going in to bathe in a shallow nook of the bay, and their gambols and plunges, and the bright splashing of the water in the sunlight, made a gay little picture to store in one's memory. This bathing scene is a daily occurrence, and at the right time of the tide one meets horses by the score going down to the beach in long strings, each animal's head tied to his predecessor's tail, and one man guiding a dozen or more horses.

A pretty sight, too, are the processions of little donkeys coming into town in the morning, laden with produce of various sorts for market. In some narrow streets one sees a moving stack of corn-fodder, sugar-cane, or other green stuff, with four delicate little gray legs just peeping from beneath it, and, on approaching very closely, and just in the right line, perceives a pair of long ears and two bright eyes niched in the green bower, like an idol in a shrine; while at the other end the feeble whisk of a rope-like tail proclaims how brief is the back which yet supports so long a load. Sometimes, again, one sees a larger beast—a mule, or even a wretched horse—bearing enormous panniers filled with every imaginable garden produce: strings of garlic, gourds, okras, cucumbers, salad-herbs, and generally with a turkey or two, some chickens, ducks or geese fluttering at the top of the load, screaming their expostulations, and advertising their master's wares to the public at large.



THE DEATH-CART

The fruit market, which we visited one morning, is a very pretty sight, divided into stalls, each heaped with its picturesque assortment of gayly colored or verdant fruit and vegetables. An industrious friend counted fifteen species of vegetables, all fresh, and wonderfully cheap; and as one never sees any thing at the hotels beyond tomatoes and little peas, with an occasional garnish of mashed potatoes, the wonder naturally arises how the caterers could resist some day or other purchasing at least a few of the twelve remaining candidates for favor.

Besides edibles, a great variety of other articles were exhibited upon the stalls, such as gay handkerchiefs, hats, shoes, men's clothes, and women's finery, giving the whole more the look of a foreign fair than the prosaic market to which we are accustomed.

The fish market is well worth a visit, and one day as we were returning, by water, from the forts, we directed the boatman to land us on the wet and not over cleanly bench, where the fishing boats came up to unload.

Rather a scramble

up some broken steps brought us into the market, on the venders' side of the tables, and, quite crushed by the grave disapproval of the *Señores Don* fish-dealers, we hastened to go round to the public side, and mingle with the *bona fide* purchasers, who were eagerly bargaining for the strangest-looking creatures and pieces of creatures of the fishy order we had ever beheld.

Some of these fish, however, were very beautiful, and we mildly persisted in wearying the souls of the unhappy dealers with questions, set down by them as mere unprofitable curiosity, until we learned that the gay red and yellow fish was a *perro* or dog-fish; the rainbow-hued one was a *virgen;* the blue was a *bullon;* the dark one a *vieja* or old one; the striped yellow and white was a *ronco*, and the red with black spots was a *bonaci* or cardinal. The great fish cut up into lumps was a *pargo*, and one with yellow bands a *rabbi-rubia.*

Near the fish market was a fruit stall, and the gentlemen of our party thither repaired to refresh themselves after our arduous studies, with the milk of queer cocoanuts there displayed. We ladies were left in charge of one unfortunate youth, deputed to play sheep-dog for the nonce; but the rebellious sheep soon broke bounds, and audaciously invading the fruit stall, demanded to be also refreshed and comforted.

The demand was graciously met, and the pile of cocoanuts overhauled to find the freshest and finest, which were decapitated with much flourish by the swarthy proprietor, and handed over to the thirsty ones, who drank, made wry faces at one another, and drank again. Cocoanut milk, like lobsters and olives, is an article one learns to like very much, but does not like without learning!

Our way home lay past the Honradez cigarette factory, and it was proposed to finish the day by an inspection of this, perhaps the most celebrated manufactory of paper cigars in the whole world.

We were most cordially received by the superintendent, and, first of all, invited to write our names in a visitor's book, already containing several hundreds of signatures and many admiring comments.

Proceeding systematically through the establishment, we first saw the cooper's shop, where they were making charmingly neat boxes and barrels, the wood and staves, as well as the machinery, coming from the United States. The boxes are joined without nails or glue, simply by dovetailing, and the barrels are marvels of neat workmanship.

These latter are destined for the Mexican market, and contain 2,000 packages each—worth $50,000, gold.

The boxes are also sent to South America and the United States; indeed, these cigarettes are dispatched all over the world, and well support their proud title of Honesty (*Honradez*), being made of the best tobacco grown in this hemisphere, and prepared in the most careful manner.

Passing up-stairs, we saw the crude tobacco going through a machine which shreds it into the desired form for future use; and then came to the hydraulic presses, where a pound of these loose shreds, in bulk—"about a hatful," as one of the gentlemen remarked—is, by one slow crunch of the machine, compressed into a flat, thin cake, solid enough to handle and toss about without crumbling.

Packages of sixty pounds are similarly compressed for convenience of export. This tobacco is used for pipes, or by gentlemen rolling their own cigarettes.

In a room by themselves, we were presented to thirty of the prettiest and daintiest little machines possible to imagine—Parisian in make, American in ingenuity.

Packages of paper, cut in the desired form, were inserted at one side, a quantity of tobacco put into a receiver at the top, a workman turned a crank, and through the glass panels one could see the slip of paper gently curled around a cylinder, the tobacco slipping down to fill the tube thus made, the rolling completed, and then the cigarette passing round beneath a steel finger which deftly folded down the top, first at one side and then the other.

Each machine rolls thirty cigarettes in a minute, and the saving of outlay thus made is at least twenty-five per cent.

Still, a great many cigarettes are rolled by hand, both in the establishment, by Chinese workmen, and by outside artisans, who take away six pounds of tobacco and one and a half pounds of paper, bringing back a great, wheel-like package containing five or six thousand cigarettes, for which they are paid in copper checks, the checks being presented and redeemed in money every Saturday.

In a section by itself, we found an extensive and elaborate lithographic and printing establishment, employed in printing the labels for the boxes and envelopes for the single bunches of cigarettes; and here we were charmingly surprised by seeing the little press print off our own names upon some gay envelopes, in which were presently folded bunches of cigarettes for us to carry home and show our friends, in perpetual proof that, if we do not smoke, it is not for need of the opportunity!

Finding that two hours had slipped away in these most interesting investigations, we hastily took our leave, delighted with all we had seen, and deeply appreciative of the courtesy we had experienced.

Another day we went to the Cabañas cigar factory, where the more solid and purpose-like weed is manufactured for those smokers who despise the milder cigarette.

It was a large place, but not nearly so dainty as the Honradez. Beginning at the beginning, we saw the leaves of the tobacco brought from the plantations, and followed them through the whole process of wetting and drying, assorting, trimming and smoothing, until they come into the hands of the workman, who deftly shapes the large outside leaf by means of a sharp little knife, fills it with smaller and more broken tobacco, and rolls it smoothly into the shape of a cigar, finishing the point by moistening it with his tongue. Attention, smokers!

All sizes and several grades of cigars are made here and sent all over the world. In one room we were shown some very handsome cabinets, arranged with good shelves, for the reception of assorted cigars.

The one we looked at had been ordered by an English gentleman, held 4,000 cigars, and was worth $250, gold, in Havana.

Rising betimes one pleasant morning, we sought the Mantanzas Railway Station, and took an early, yes, a very early train, bound, as any rational creature might have surmised, for a mad-house—that is to say, not the train, which was bound for Mantanzas, but our unhappy selves!

However, the sun arose, our eyes gradually consented to stay open, a charmingly enthusiastic gentleman, overseer of the Havana Aqueduct, now in process of construction, was presented by our amiable friend, the editor, and the señor overseer volunteered to accompany us upon our mad visit, if we would afterward come and inspect the waterworks, which we most cheerfully promised to do; so that, altogether, by the time that we had accomplished the twelve miles between the city and Potrero Ferro, where the asylum is situated, we were in a very happy and assured state of mind.

Passing through high iron gates and up a pretty little garden, we rang a most alarming bell, and were presently shown into a great, barren room, with a library table in one corner, to which, as a familiar object, we gravitated with one accord, and seated ourselves in the inevitable rocking-chairs in its vicinity. Here we were presently joined by two courteous and dignified gentlemen, Doctors Aced y Arana and Lara, superintendents and physicians of the Asylum, which is a Government institution.

After a little conversation, we were invited to the dining-room to take coffee—a welcome refreshment after our early journey—and then proceeded to the *sala*, or principal room of the women's quarters—a large, open place, with a roof, but no walls, with benches running all around it, a great table and a piano at one end.

Scarcely had we entered when a small but exceedingly dignified woman came forward, looked haughtily at the ladies of the party, and demanded why they thus intruded upon her. The doctors soothed her with some deferential reply, and she discontentedly walked away. This was a woman of quality—a countess; and in watching her movements and expression, one realized the truth of the French proverb: "Good blood does not lie."

A tall and masculine woman, wearing a sort of helmet, and having her dress adorned with brass buttons, straws and threads, in a half-military fashion, presented herself as the widow of General Prim, and seemed disposed to dispute our entrance; but, thinking better of it after the distribution of some small pieces of money, walked away, muttering stormily. An exclamation from the Sister recalled our attention, and, turning, we found her enacting a tableau with a horrible-looking negro girl, who had seized the golden cross attached to her watch-chain, and, falling upon her knees, was kissing it passionately, and murmuring *Ave Marias* and *Glorias* by the dozen.

She was a religious enthusiast, and brought to this pass by over-much pious exaltation; and in this connection, Doctor Aced y Arana informed us that first religion, and afterward blighted affection, were the two great factors in the overturn of the female brain. He also said that the proportion of madwomen to madmen was quite large, but that more delicacy was felt in placing them in a public asylum; a great many being cared for by their friends at home. There were, for instance, in this house only 189 women out of 514 patients. About two-thirds of the whole were negroes, and these, among the women, were almost wholly religious fanatics.

Moving among the restless crowd of madwomen in the *sala* and courtyard beyond were seen the quiet black-robed figures of the Sisters, who devote themselves here, as in the Lazaretto, to the most laborious and loathsome duties, and always in that gentle and unobtrusive manner which lends a holy grace to their every action.

There is provision made for fifteen Sisters in this establishment, but the calls upon them from other quarters are so urgent, that only eight can be obtained; and the superintendent greatly bewailed the deprivation, as he said, "their influence upon his unhappy patients was most soothing and beneficial."

From the *sala* we passed into several stone courtyards opening into each other, but divided with locked gates. All were surrounded by cells—some open, with the inmates strolling in and out, and chatting comfortably, if not very wisely together, and some of their cells closed with iron gratings, behind which, the poor frenzied creatures raved and stormed in unintelligible rage.

One Amazon of a negress, taller and stronger than most men, although not twenty years old, had bitten her poor lips and torn her face until she was a horrible object, and at sight of strangers gnashed her teeth, and shook the bars of her door, longing to fall upon us, and make us like herself.

The doctor changed her mood, however, by lighting a cigarette, and handing it to her with a kindly smile; and, although she snatched it without a word of thanks, one could see that it was a sedative for at least a few moments.

Near her was an open cell, neatly and even prettily arranged, with a few woodcuts and little ornaments pinned to the walls, and in a wooden rocking-chair sat, at her needlework, a young woman, with a gentle, frightened face, who rose and made us welcome with pleased alacrity.

Our compliments upon her room evidently delighted her, and she hastened to extract from beneath her counterpane some volumes of bound music, which she assured us she could play quite through, and would do so if the doctor would permit her to open the piano in the *sala*. The permission was given, and it was a rare sight to notice the little feminine airs and graces with which the musician seated herself, spread her scant skirts, adjusted her music, and rendered her score with really a good deal of skill despite the vocal accompaniments of various sorts contributed by her companions, some of whom danced a waltz to a very mournful nocturne.

Returning from the *sala* to the courts, we came upon Camita, the heroine of the day and place.

Carmita was a woman of thirty-odd, with great, glowing dark eyes, wavy black hair, not cut off like most of the lunatics', a large, red mouth and glittering white teeth, a little wolfish of aspect; not regularly beautiful, and yet with that nameless attraction about her which has been the charm as well as the bane of many a woman besides Carmita; for it is one that few men can or do resist, and when united with weak principles and tropical passions, it may well lead its possessor to a madhouse or to a prison.

She was quaintly costumed in a sort of bright-colored turban, and the scanty white or tow-colored garments provided by the house, which were looped and draped with an air of careless grace; and she came to meet us and bid good-morning to the physicians in a jaunty, assured fashion, quite like a princess of the *demi-monde* receiving morning calls from intimate friends. But more of Carmita anon.

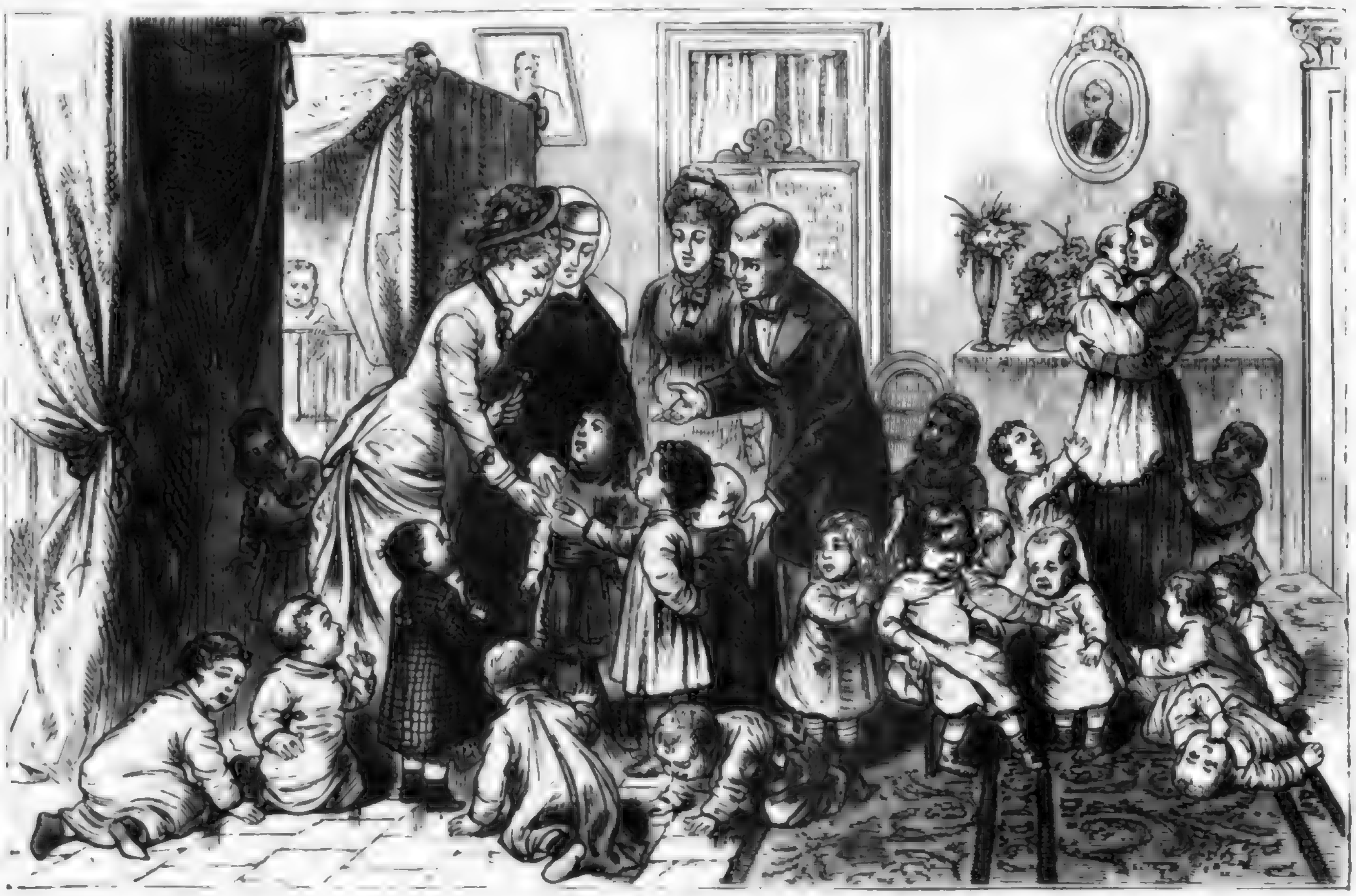
Pausing in front of a cell with a white curtain drawn across the open door, the doctor knocked reverentially upon the lintel, and a tall, blonde young woman appeared, looked at the group of strangers in great astonishment, and, catching the doctor's hand, carried it to her forehead, saying, in a childish, caressing sort of way: "It aches so, it does ache, dear doctor. Give me something to make it better—do!"

The medical superintendent promised, always in the kind, paternal manner which spoke volumes for the benevolent tone of his treatment; and, indeed, all of the patients flocked about him with the greatest confidence and affection.

"You must see our Russian," remarked he, as we left the pretty fraulein who had been a milliner, deserted by the youth who should have married her, and had lost her wits in grieving after him.

But the Russian was not to be found for a long time, having ensconced herself in a sort of shed, where she sat upon the ground, against the wall, her knees drawn up to her chin, and her head bound with a gay Turkish towel. A similar one was tied around her waist, and a bit of the fringe cut off and pinned at the neck of her white cotton dress; this being her favorite and special form of ornament, although we are not accustomed, of late, to think of Russians as peculiarly devoted to anything Turkish, unless it be Turkish blood.

But this Russian had lived in Paris, and spoke French habitually. We addressed her in that tongue, but after one quick upward glance, she dropped her head still lower, muttering some more emphatic than polite allusions to



CHILDREN'S DORMITORY IN THE BENEFICENCIA.

people who would come and insult her in her exile. We assured her that we were not of *perfide Albion*, any more than herself; but she remained incredulous, even when we minutely described certain places in Paris, familiar to all denizens of that dear city, but not to casual visitors.

"Do you know Count P——?" asked she, suddenly.

"No."

"Or the Duchesse ——? or Duc ——? or Marquis ——?"

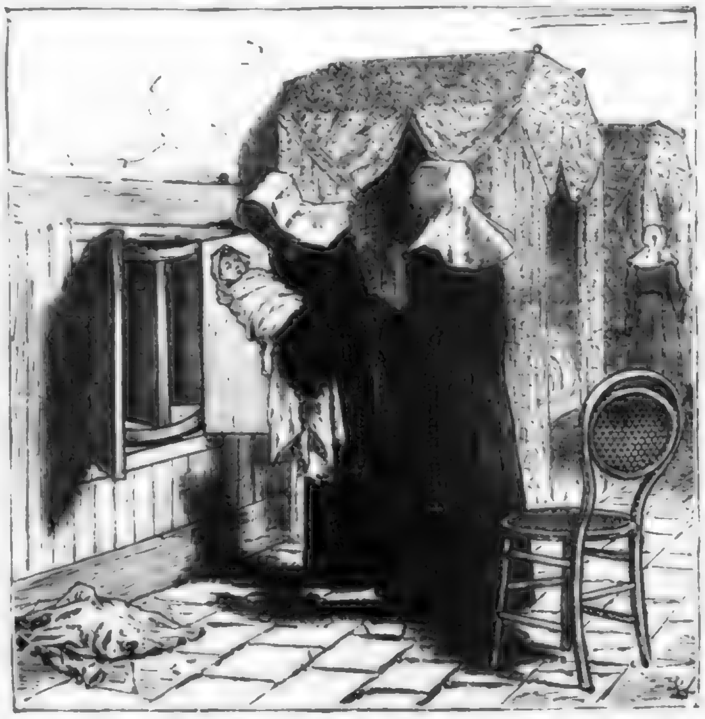
We were obliged to confess our ignorance of all these great people, and were scornfully informed:

"Then you don't know Paris. I know all of those people—yes, and more of the same sort!"

And she actually refused our hand at parting, as we did not belong to her set!

The doctor informed us that she had been a musician of considerable reputation, and had had "testimonials" and gifts from royalty itself.

Before leaving the women's ward, we went with one of the soft-eyed Sisters where were stored an abundance of coarse gray linen garments, bed-linen, the sackings which, stretched upon frames, form the only beds in most public or private Cuban houses, and some long, coarse garments with sleeves tapering down to a point, and finished by strings—the terrible strait-jackets, whose very name, and much more sight, suggest such visions of raving mania and unseemly struggles, more like demoniacal possession than mere mental disturbance.



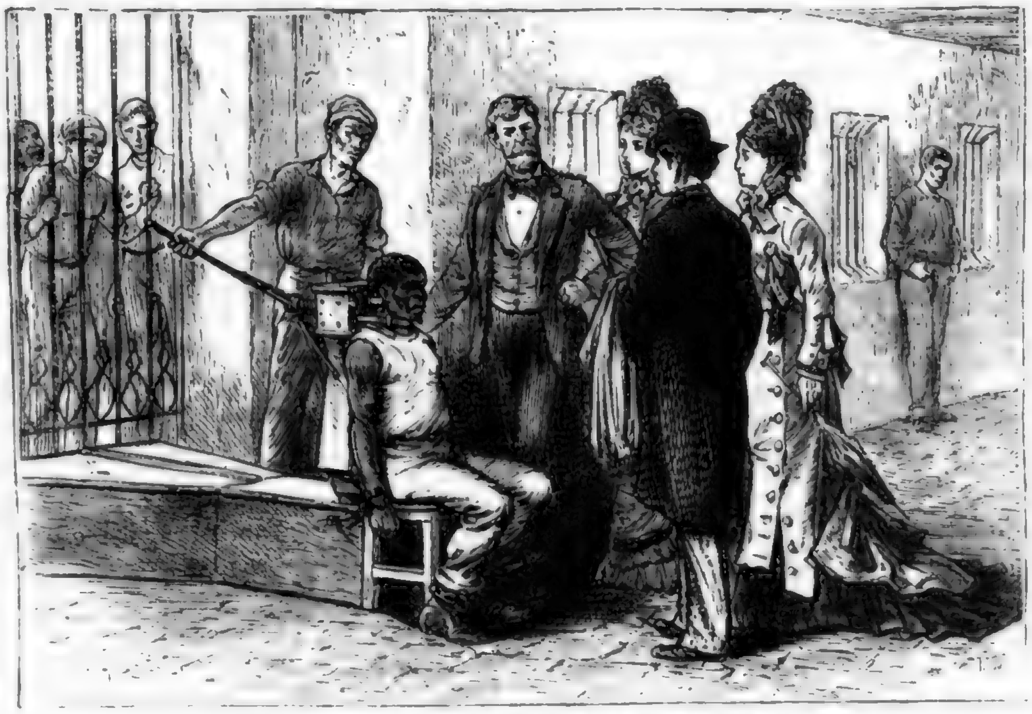
A NEW ARRIVAL AT THE BENEFICENCIA.

The milder maniacs sew considerably on all these garments, under supervision of the Sisters, and some do very nice work.

We also looked into the neat store-rooms and larder, all under the supervision of a Sister detailed for this work, who took an innocent pride in pointing out the daintiness of arrangement and cleanliness everywhere obvious. We also saw the pretty chapel, where Mass is celebrated every morning. The men's quarters are quite distinct from those of the women, lying across the road and inside another high fence. They were more extensive, but not so cheery or pleasant, the cells opening upon wide verandas, which darkened them considerably, and the stone-paved courtyards looking very barren and dreary.

The infirmary was large, and a good many beds were occupied by patients more or less ill, who rolled their wild eyes upon the medical director with a hopeful stare, as if wont to find relief at his hands.

A Sister was dressing a little boy, who presently ran from his gentle nurse, and, grasping one of Dr. Aced y Aranas fingers, begged to be taken to his quarters for the day. The request was smilingly granted, and the little fellow's pale face lighted up with joyful smiles.



ILLUSTRATING THE OPERATION OF THE GARROTE.

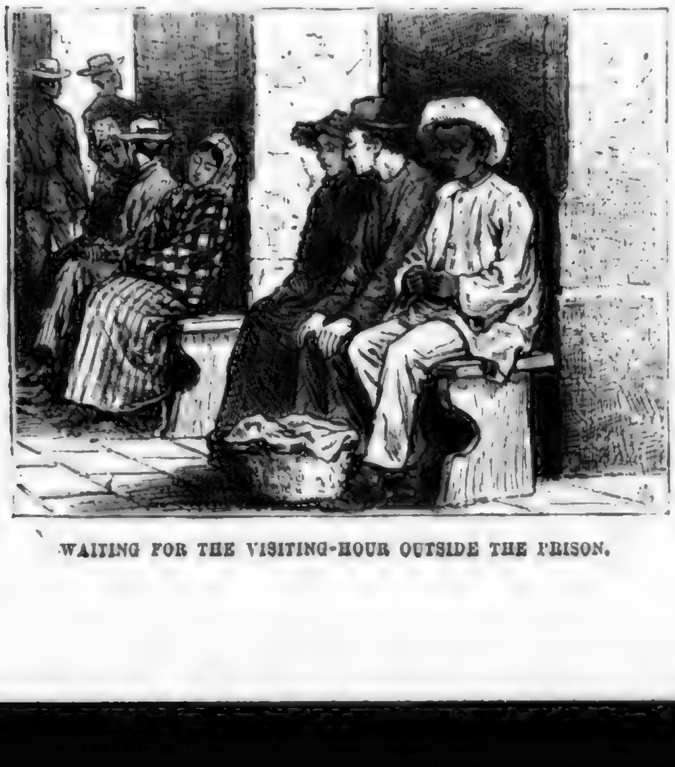
His name was Rafael, or Rafaelito, or simply Lito, according to the mood of the speaker, and he was subject to epileptic fits of great violence and danger; so that one could only hope his ten years would never grow to twenty, since his cure was a hopeless one.

Some of the mad men were more grotesque, some more brutal, and all less interesting than the mad women, although probably the most cultivated person in the establishment was an Italian gentleman, reminding one irresistibly of Bulwer's Riccabocca, who sat in his bed eating the roll just served out with coffee as the early breakfast.

Born in Italy and bred in Paris, he had traveled all over the world, and spoke nearly all its tongues with fluency.

He came to Havana as special physician to the Captain-General, and added to this as much practice among the highest class as he could attend to; but the overworked brain gave way, and during the eighteen months he had been in the *Casa de dementes*, his wife and daughter had never made him a visit!

We addressed him in Italian, French and Spanish, and he assured us in English that he knew the city of Boston very well, although he preferred London, "because," added he, after a thoughtful pause, and fixing his mournful, dark eyes on our face, "I was there during my horse stage. I suppose you know that we all have been horses at one time, and when I arrived in London the Prince of Wales at once transformed me into a horse." Of all the sad sights of that house, I think this was the saddest!

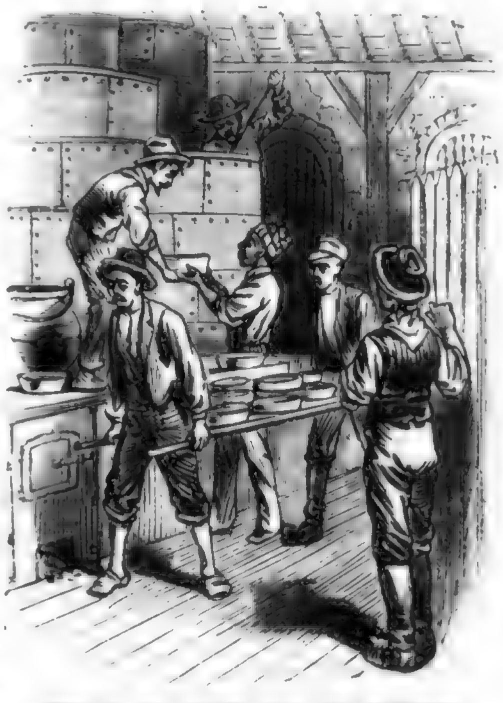


WAITING FOR THE VISITING-HOUR OUTSIDE THE PRISON.

In another *patio* we stopped before a securely barred and padlocked grating, behind which stood, glaring at us, a man who, with superhuman strength, once broke bars nearly as strong as these, and rushing out of his cell, seized one of his fellow-prisoners by the throat in his right hand and another in his left, strangling both before he could be dragged away; finishing by biting off the ear of one of his keepers, who finally conquered him.

He seemed quiet enough, but as the little boy ran up heedlessly, close to his cell, an evil light shone from his eyes, and his fingers began to twitch upon the grating.

"Rafaelito!" exclaimed Dr. Aced y Arana, sharply, as he snatched the child away, and then added, "For the love of Heaven, *señoras*, do not go within reach of his hand. If he once gets a clutch upon your throat, no human power could unloose it in time!"



SERVING OUT DINNER FOR THE PRISONERS.

Leaving the horrid creature in haste, we turned to a smiling gentleman who had pursued us for some time, with a portfolio under his arm, and now insisted upon showing us a collection of portraits drawn and colored by himself. They were the crudest possible specimens of art, and nearly all absolutely alike; but the poor fellow gravely turned page after page, announcing, "Napoleon Bonaparte," "Queen Isabella," "Queen Victoria," "General Prim," and finally, in the most sentimental tone possible, describing a page covered with such figures as a child draws upon its slate, with balloon petticoats and curly hair, as "Some ladies that I have loved!"

By the time that we had made the rounds and returned to the office, or principal room of the house, it was nearly noon, and we spoke of taking leave, but were so gravely assured that it was impossible for us to go before breakfast, that we yielded to the pleasant necessity, and were presently escorted to the dining-room, where, to our own party of five and the four resident physicians, were added four gentlemen, who had mysteriously dropped in from the skies, or elsewhere, as visitors.

Being seated at table, some one suddenly discovered that we were thirteen—a casualty involving, as every Latin knows, the death of one of the party within the year.

"I see," replied the medical director, with one of those melancholy smiles peculiar to Spanish faces; "but the misfortune would never be so rude as to fall upon ladies, and for myself and my comrades, what matter !"

Nevertheless, he beckoned an attendant and gave him a whispered message, which, after some little time, resulted in the startling apparition of Carmita, clad in festal robes of an antiquated pattern, her hair braided and dressed with ribbons, and an enormous blue fan in her hands.

Entering the room with a coquettish grace, not very much exaggerated from what one often sees out of a madhouse, she loudly announced that nothing would give her more pleasure than to breakfast with this worthy company, and that she had often assisted at as brilliant, or even more brilliant, feasts, especially during her life in Paris, of which she kindly afforded many details, especially relating to her dress, which she described as so diaphanous and so white that "I looked like a snow-flake, like a flower, like a meringue, señoritas !"

Placed in a chair between two of the physicians and opposite another, Carmita conducted herself with great propriety, until, in the enthusiastic description of some former gayety, she sprang to her feet, gesticulating a little wildly, when Doctor Lara quietly interposed, telling her that if she talked so much she would have to withdraw.

"Withdraw !" repeated she, scornfully; "and what would be left to your feast if I withdrew ? If I was not expected to entertain and charm this distinguished company, why was I invited at all ?"

The argument was irresistible, and Carmita was allowed to declaim as she would during the rest of the meal.

Our early journey had given us an appetite, and the cookery, Cuban of the best type, was so admirable as to tempt us on from stage to stage, until at last Doctor Aced y Arana prepared for each of the ladies a delicious *bonne bouche* of preserved peaches, cut into a glass of admirable red wine—a conserve highly to be recommended, although perhaps it might not seem the same under ordinary circumstances as in that pleasant room, its wide doors and windows standing open to the sweet, perfume-laden air, the royal palms rustling their long leaves, and the scarlet lilies glowing in the sun just outside, and the musical ripple of the lisping Spanish talk—for these gentlemen were all from old Spain—with Carmita's shriller tones and laughter within—

> "A pleasant hour—a goodly time
> As those that cheered the golden prime
> Of good Haroun Alreschid."

High noon had come and passed before breakfast was over; and, with cordial and sincere gratitude for the great courtesy and attention we had received at the hands of our most agreeable hosts, we began to make our adieux. Carmita watched us with wistful eyes, and finally exclaimed:

"How I wish you would take me with you, lady ! I would follow you the world over, even as your servant !"

"As my *servant!* Oh, no, Carmita."

"Thank you," she said, her great, dark eyes suffused with tears, and her voice tremulous with emotion. "I am not so mad but that I can detect the kindness and consideration in your tone. If you took me with you, it would be as your equal—as your friend. Thanks, a thousand times !"

And, seizing my hands, she covered them with kisses, then silently turned and left the room.

Our courteous hosts escorted us to the *volante* placed by them at our disposal, while the *señores*, engineer and editor mounted their horses, our artist sprang into the saddle, the *calesero* dashed spurs into the animal he so valiantly bestrode, the *caballeros* bowed bare-headed and profoundly, and we drove away, crushing the sweet herbage beneath our wheels, and rolling rapidly through brief patches of sunlight. As the faint track wound through fields and copses, and over a flashing, shallow brook, and by a grove of cocoanut trees, whose fruit a negro boy was tossing down to his comrades below, it seemed as if one of the pictures of our childhood's books had suddenly come to life.

The engineer, Señor Radaban, suddenly drew bridle, and demanded one of the great queer things; for the cocoa-nut in its outer sheath is a much larger and different looking creature from the brown and fibrous article brought to our markets, and thrusting his knife through one of the openings at the top, drank the liquid it contained, and rode on refreshed.

A little after this, the *volante* wheeled rapidly into a great open space, surrounded by hills, on one of which stood a picturesque building; while at our feet lay a wide and deep stone-lined basin, with long flights of steps descending into it, and at the bottom, a bright little sheet of water with an open pavilion built over it.

It was the reservoir of the new aqueduct; and this most lovely and picturesque spot is called the Vento, in memory of a certain luxurious Bishop Vento, who, about a hundred years ago, owned the pretty valley, and built a summer-house upon the banks of the little lake that he might resort hither to bathe in its pure waters and refresh his weary brain—overladen with the weight of his mitre.

The place cannot have changed much in a century, for nature is so much stronger than art in the tropics, that man's improvements are soon overlaid and buried beneath her luxuriance; and the palms proudly wave, and the cactus riots, and the llana overruns in ever-renewed and living strength, while the Bishop's Summer pavilion crumbles to dust, and the stone and wood and marble of the great aqueduct planted upon its ruins may see already the beginning of their end, as the dauntless legions of the forest and the field come marching up to the attack.

Going down the long steps, we reached the bottom of the basin; a narrow walk surrounds the water and conducts to the little floating pavilion, to which is to be attached a small rubber boat, for use in the great main channel, an arched and cemented passage, eight feet high and six wide, into which we descended by more steps and proceeded through it underneath the bed of the Almendarez River which has been pressed into the service and made carrier for the waters of the basin collected, with infinite cost and labor, from living springs in the surrounding hills.

The arched passage led to a great circular chamber, lighted from above, where the water is gauged and measured, and takes a new departure through smaller channels.

Chinese laborers swarmed everywhere, and the Rembrandtish light fell most picturesquely upon a wild group who stood aside waiting for us to pass, and evidently commenting, in their own cynical fashion, upon the barbarians who know not Hiang-Ho.

At one point of this subterranean ramble, we passed through a dry channel, and no sooner had we stepped out of it than the engineer gave signal by a whistle, and with a roar and a rush, like some wild creature released from its cage and leaping after its prey, the waters came dashing and foaming along the path we had just left, hoarsely murmuring as they swept past our safe elevation.

Returning through the great viaduct, we stood at the top of the steps while the coolies, under the direction of the engineer, worked the powerful yet delicate machinery which raises the floodgates and lets the waters of the reservoir escape at the rate of 40,000 gallons per day; the whole capacity of the aqueduct, from all sources, being 600,000 gallons per day.

Seven thousand yards of tunneling are already completed. Six miles of the aqueduct are finished, having about nine miles to carry the water into the city by the new route.

The work has already cost $3,000,000, and will cost at least as much more to complete it; but everything is going on rapidly and well—that is, considering that large bodies move slowly, and this one began to move in 1860.

Leaving the basin, we followed a picturesque little hill-path to a pretty pavilion upon a hill, where was a flight of steps descending to the brink of the cemented channel through which the water turbulently dashed, foaming out from one dark archway and disappearing under another. There are sixteen of these pavilions, or *casitas*, built along the line of the aqueduct, giving light and air to the water, and affording an opportunity to inspect the tunnel if necessary.

Great skill and much labor have been bestowed upon this work, and it is and will be a credit, both to the Government that maintains it, and the learned and accomplished gentleman, Señor Don Francisco de Albar y Lara, to whose hands it has been confided, and to the engineers associated with him.

Finally, our courteous *cicerone* led us to his own little mountain lodge, where, with primitive hospitality, he insisted upon our refreshing ourselves with a glass of cordial, besides the cool water our souls craved, and after this, replacing us in our *volante*, escorted us back into the city, the last few miles being accomplished upon the street cars, which, within a few years, have innovated the city of *volantes* so dear to my memory.

And now the time drew near for our departure—the *Vera Cruz* was in port, was ready, would sail to-morrow—to-day, this afternoon. Trunks were packed, last purchases wildly and hurriedly completed, the Señora Doña Innocencia bade us a tearful farewell; Pancho, Pépe, and Maria stood around, waiting to be "remembered." The victoria was at the door, mine host escorted us to the step, the driver cracked his whip, and with hearts torn between the sorrow of leaving the land of our love, and joy in returning to the land of our belongings, we drove silently through the gay, bright city to the wharves, embarked for the last time in one of the gondola-like boats, and were presently adjusting our multifarious wraps in the comfortable stateroom to be our home for four days and as many nights—days and nights of illness, yet not of unalloyed misery, for Lizzie, the paragon of stewardesses, was there to smooth the rose-leaves of our couches, to provide unlimited slips of thin, crisp toast, to suggest all sorts of possible alleviations, and to bring whatever seemed likely to tempt the languid appetite, or relieve the wearied brain.

Four days will pass, let the human intellect be never so sure they will not, and the morning of the fourth saw us at gray dawn looking across a narrow strip of water, just as we had looked a couple of months before, into the faces of those nearest and dearest, whom, with woman's inconsistency, we wept to leave, and now wept again to meet.

We were at home again, and Cuba was already a memory—yes, and a hope; for we yet will see the fair island again, and again cheat the strong tyrant Winter of at least the heart of his reign.

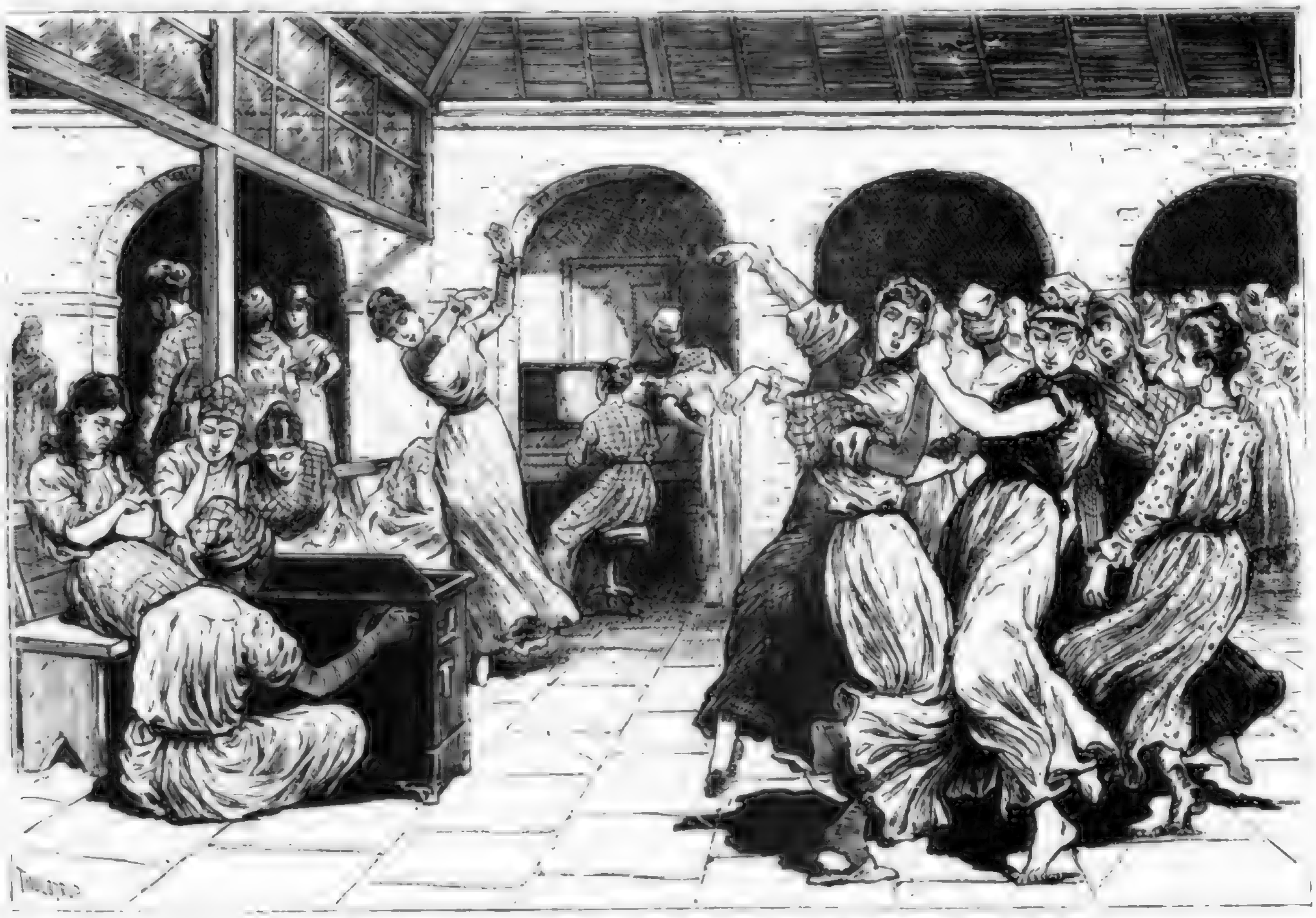
CONDITION OF WOMEN IN INDIA.

A LITTLE study of the India Office statistics reveals a condition of prostration which even the most sanguine might pronounce hopelessly irremediable. One hundred millions of women, supposed to be actual subjects of the British Empire, are, with few exceptions, sunk in absolute ignorance. They are unable to read a syllable of their mother tongue; they are never taught the rules of life and health, the laws of God, or the most rudimentary truths of science. In fact a feeling exists in most Hindoo families that a girl who has learned to read and write has committed a sin which is sure to bring down a judgment upon herself and her husband. She will probably have to atone for her crime by early widowhood. And to be a young widow is believed to be the greatest misfortune that can possibly befall her. Not indeed that an Indian woman's married life can be described as a blissful elysium. The women of India are victims of the worst form of social tyranny. They are allowed no voice in the selection of their own husbands. According to Dr. Hunter's statistics, infants are sometimes betrothed when but two or three months old. "As soon as a daughter (of a particular tribe of Brahmins) is born, the father immediately looks out for a male child belonging to a family equal in rank with himself. When he has succeeded in his search, and obtains the consent of its parents, he returns to his house, summons his relatives and neighbors to a feast, and solemnly affirms before them that his daughter is betrothed to such a man's babe. Nothing will induce him to break the oath which he thus takes."

This is exceptional. As a rule, girls are betrothed at three and four (a barber being sometimes the match-maker) and married at six and seven to boys of whom they know nothing. They are taken to their boy husbands homes at the age of ten or eleven.

From that moment they lose their freedom and even their personality. They merge their individuality in the persons of their husbands. They may be loved, and they are rarely ill-used, as they too frequently are in Christian countries, but they are ignored as separate units in society. They never pronounce their husbands' names, and they are never directly alluded to by their husbands in conversation. For another person to mention their names or inquire after their health would be a gross breach of etiquette.

They never appear unvailed before their husbands in the presence of a third person. They often become mothers at eleven or twelve. Their life is then spent in petty household duties, in cooking for their families, in gossiping with female friends, in arranging the marriages of their children, in domestic jealousies and envyings, in a thousand foolish frivolities, in a wearisome round of burdensome religious ceremonies imposed by exacting priests. Add to this that the upper classes are cooped up behind Pardahs or in the stagnant atmosphere of zenanas. There they are prisoners in apartments set apart for their exclusive occupation. They have no opportunity of listening to the intellectual conversation of educated men. They are shut out from every wholesome influence, and debarred from every healthy occupation likely to conduce to the improvement of their physical condition, or to their social, moral, and intellectual elevation. They become enfeebled in mind and worn out in body at a period of life when European women



SCENES IN SUNLANDS.—SALA OR OPEN-AIR PARLOR AT THE INSANE ASYLUM.

have barely reached their prime. They are neither fit for independence, nor have they any desire for it.

And what of the young widows? If a young wife has no individuality apart from her husband, a young widow has practically no existence. It is true that our law has prohibited a widow from being burned with her dead husband. It is true, too, that an old widow is cared for by her children if she has remained a wife long enough to have a large family. She is even more than cared for. Every mother in India is an object of veneration to her offspring. As a wife she may be nothing. But as a mother, even though a widow, she is all in all to her children. It is only a young widow or a childless widow who is regarded as worse than dead. But nearly every household possesses a widow of this kind. Such a widow belongs for ever to her dead husband.

A widower may marry again, but a widow never. She is made a household drudge. She is expected to get up at 4 A.M., before the servants of the family. No one will supply her with water. She must go to the well and fetch water for herself. It is unlucky to meet her. She is supposed to be in eternal mourning for her deceased lord, though she may never have seen him except at her child-wedding. She must practice a perpetual fast, and only eat one meal a day. If her young husband had acquired property of his own before his death and the household is still undivided, all such property is taken by her brothers-in-law. She retains nothing but her ornaments, which she must on no account wear. She is told that she cannot have food given to her till she has "eaten her jewels." In other words, she is expected to sell her ornaments to prevent herself from starving. In short, she suffers a living death, and would often cheerfully give herself up to be burned, if the law would allow her.

Of course there are exceptions to this. In some parts of India—as for instance in the Maratha country—women of all classes are more independent, and assert themselves with more boldness.

MRS. GENERAL PRIM.

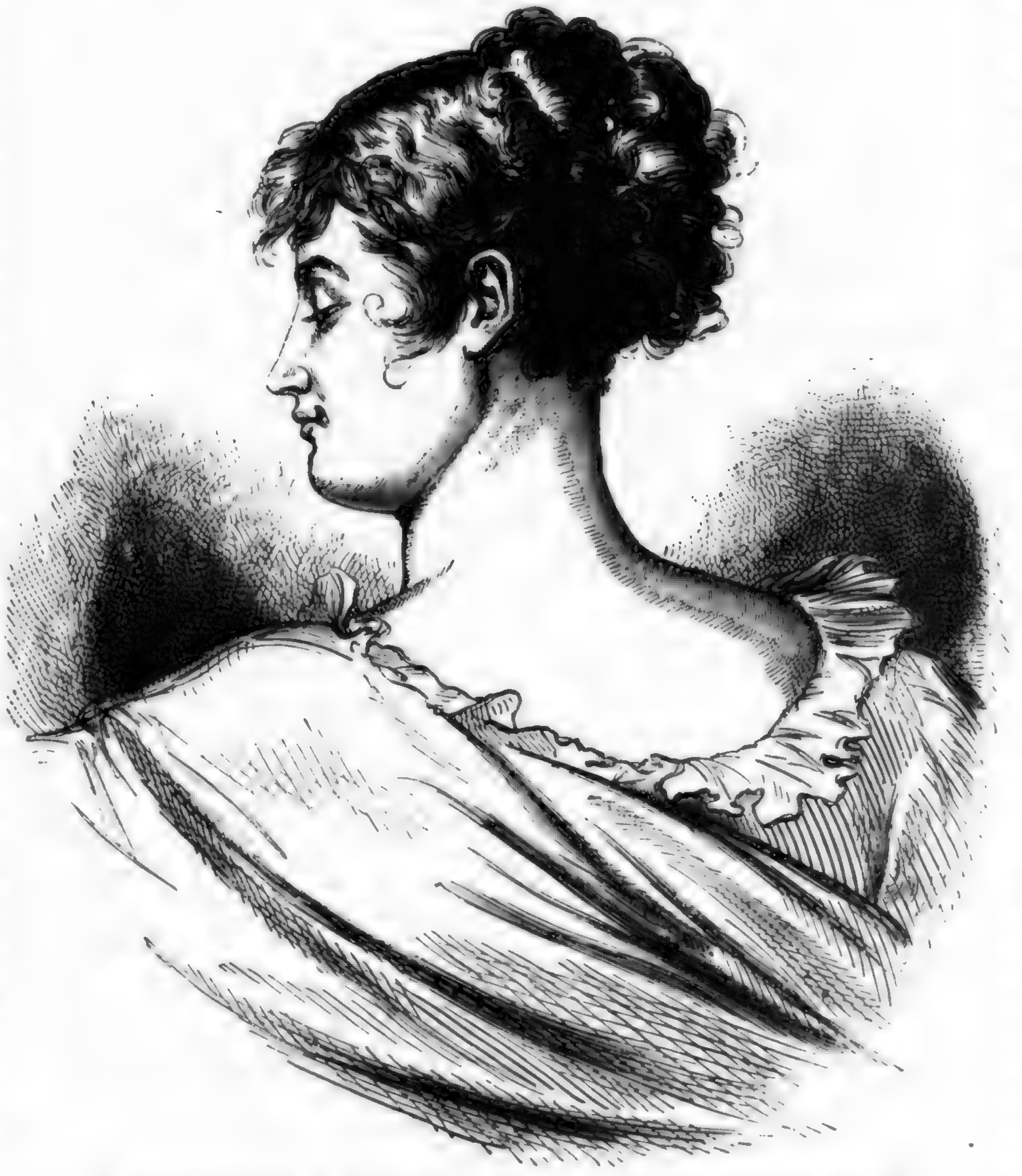
CARMITA.

AT the bottom of patience there is contentment.

THE PARISIAN SALONS OF THE REPUBLIC AND THE RESTORATION.

By Henry Barton Baker.

To none was the French Revolution more merciless than to its creators; it no more respected the fine ladies and gentlemen, the infidel abbés, the enthusiastic *litterateurs* who had theorized so beautifully upon the rights and equality of man, than it did the conservative noblesse and priesthood who had opposed it with all their strength, or the *fermiers-généraux* whose oppressions had sown the dragon's teeth. To the *sans-culottes* all who wore silk, velvet, and powder were his natural enemies—and from his exclusive point of view he was not far wrong. He had no qualms of gratitude for those who had lured him out of his dark holes and corners and taught him the resistless strength of numbers, the power of brute force. Why should not he strut it in those gilded salons which had for years echoed with his praises and his wrongs? The favored ones of the world had had their turn of luxury, now it was his; and those who grumbled at the change should be handed over to the guillotine.



THE PARISIAN SALONS OF THE REPUBLIC AND THE RESTORATION.—MADAME RECAMIER.

And so at a single blow sans-culotteism destroyed that artificial civilization which had taken more than a century and a half to build up, and rags, dirt, "noble savages," and squalid vice reveled within those walls which had so lately been the home of the most refined society of Europe.

But among a people so pre-eminently sociable as the French it was impossible that there should not be a speedy revival of the *bienséances*; and as Bonaparte's cannons swept away the last vestiges of the Terror, it came, and under the Directory there were once more salons in Paris.

But what a marvelous change from those of Madame Geoffrin and Dudeffant, which yet were but of yesterday! Surely those strange figures cannot be French men and women of the nineteenth century, these extraordinary-looking rooms the apartments in which Madame la Marquise received the *philosophes* but a year or two ago? What have become of the red-heeled shoes, the vast hoops, the brocades and mountains of powdered hair, which no lady could be seen without? *La mère guillotine* has made a clean sweep of them all.

The hoop has given place to the clinging robe of Greek statuary, which scarcely vails the form it drapes; a tunic of white cashmere, looped to one knee by a cameo, only half covers the neck and shoulders; beneath the bosom it is confined by a ceinture of gold or brass; the bare arms are clasped by antique bracelets; above the white tunic is worn another of scarlet: buskins inclose the legs, Roman sandals have taken the place of red-heeled shoes, and the naked toes are encircled by rings of gold and precious stones. The hair is gathered in a snood, and is of a different color to the complexion, in imitation of the ladies of ancient Rome.

The men sometimes on public occasions also don the classic dress, and appear in tunic and toga; but the costume most affected by the *jeunesse dorée* is that of the *incroyable*, strikingly contrasting in its grotesque hideousness with the graceful beauty of that of the other sex. It consists of a narrow-skirted coat with a high collar that reaches nearly to the top of the head; a huge cravat, half concealing jaws and chin; a short waistcoat; nankeen breeches with bunches of ribbons at the knees; silk stockings, or boots with buff tops; a bunch of seals and trinkets hanging from the breeches pocket to the knee; the hair plaited or gathered into a queue, and rings in the ears.

The Spartan plainness of manner which Robespierre worked to bring into fashion has disappeared with the Convention; and the *incroyable*, who never pronounces the letter "r" is a far more objectionable fop than the aristocrat of the *ancien régime*.

Mingled with these exquisites are a few dark figures of the old Jacobins, coarsely and uncleanly clad, by affectation;

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men who frown upon these fopperies, and wish the days of *la Terreur* back again, that they might consign these sham aristocrats to the same fate as the real ones. Between these and the *jeunesse dorée* there is deadly hatred.

The furniture of the rooms is as classical as the ladies; the satins and gildings and mirrors of Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze have given place to Pompeian decorations; beds, couches, urns, lamps, bronzes—all are classic.

Literature is all but extinct; odes to Liberty and imitations of the Greek alone obtain favor; everybody has had enough of philosophy—at least in books. It is dancing which is now the all-absorbing rage; and instead of Rousseau, Voltaire, and Diderot—Vestris, Trénis, Gardel, the *maitres-de-danse*, are now the ruling spirits of the salons. The moment they enter, an eager and admiring crowd gathers round to do them homage; then a ring is formed, and these cynosures proceed to execute a series of marvelous and intricate figures, which the bystanders applaud with the most fervid enthusiasm.

After a time all the company join in the dance; the ladies take the Bacchantes for their model, now moving through the figures with a dreamy, voluptuous languor, now all fire and animation; with the light cashmere shawl that is thrown across their shoulders, and the graceful movements of their arms, they strike a series of picturesque *tableaux*, such as are now only seen in the opera ballet. With true French instinct they make a fashion even out of the guillotine. There are what are called *les bals des victimes*, to which no person is admitted who has not lost a relative by *la Terreur*, and whose distinguishing mark must be a band of crape worn round the arm.

The moral system which the ladies and gentlemen of the days of Louis Quinze preached is now in practice. Marriage is a contract which can be dissolved immediately at the will of the parties concerned; women still young have already had three husbands; the Christian religion is banned by law, and instead of Sunday every tenth day is set apart as a holiday.

The most famous of the salons of that time were those of Mesdames Tallien, Josephine Beauharnais, and Récamier. The first was remarkable as being the immediate cause of Robespierre's destruction. She was Spanish by birth; she was living in Toulon while Tallien was there carrying out his terrible massacres; she fell in love with and gave herself up to him in the hope that her influence would soften his cruelty. She succeeded; but Robespierre, being informed that the slaughter was growing languid, and of the cause, had her arrested and condemned. Tallien swore to save her, and threw himself heart and soul into the conspiracy against "The Sea-green Incorruptible." The struggle was a close one, for it was only on the very day she was to be guillotined that Robespierre fell.

Under the Directory Madame Tallien, with her friend Josephine Beauharnais, became a personage of great celebrity, and her salon led the mode of young Paris. It was in this society that the latter first made the acquaintance of Bonaparte.

The third, and most famous of the three women named, Madame Récamier, was of quite a different type. Her story is so strange, her influence upon French society so remarkable, that she cannot be dismissed as hastily as the others.

She was the daughter of a notary of Lyons; at fifteen (in 1793) she was married to M. Récamier, a rich banker, who had nursed her as a child and bought her her dolls; he was forty-two at the time of the union, but it was strictly a *marriage de convenance*—a ceremony, and nothing more. He bought her a splendid chateau at Clichy, came there daily to dine, and returned to Paris to sleep. Five years later she removed to Paris, to Necker's splendid hotel, which her husband had taken.

As I have before intimated, society under the Directory not only cast off all moral restraint, but even the show of it. Madame Récamier was a woman of exquisite beauty; her salons were the most magnificent in the capital, and her assemblies were crowded by all the celebrities of the day—Barrière, Lucien Bonaparte, Eugène Beauharnais, Fouché, Bernadotte, Masséna, Moreau, and those of the old noblesse who had ventured to return. M. de Narbonne, De Lamoignan, and the De Montmorencies were her faithful friends.

Yet, notwithstanding the peculiarity of her position, the adoring lovers who sighed at her feet, and the corrrupt and voluptuous atmosphere by which she was surrounded, Juliette Récamier remained immaculately pure. The most ardent of her inamoratas was Lucien Bonaparte, who pressed his suit with an importunity that no coldness could discourage. She showed his letters to her husband. M. Récamier, a true bourgeois, thought more of his bank than of his honor, and feared to offend the big brother, who was now First Consul; to shut his door in the face of such a man might compromise his business. Madame must grant him nothing, but must not drive him to despair. The behavior of M. Récamier upon this occasion shows how thoroughly, even at this early date, Bonaparte had succeeded in overawing the French people.

How very small and very contemptible this great fighting man could be is exemplified in his conduct to this lady, which even exceeded in baseness his persecution of Madame de Staël. The first time his eyes fell upon her she incurred his jealous anger. It was in the Court of the Luxembourg, on the occasion of the great reception given him by the Directory to celebrate his Italian victories. While Barras was delivering a long oration, she rose from her seat to obtain a better view of the hero of the day. Clad in simple white—her invariable costume—her wonderful beauty immediately attracted all eyes, and a murmur of admiration ran through the assembly. Bonaparte glanced sharply round to ascertain the cause, and his eyes fell upon that lovely form. Indignant that even a woman should for an instant distract the admiring gaze from him, he cast upon her a glance so stern that she sank back upon her seat, overwhelmed with confusion. From that hour he became her enemy. Being present at the trial of General Moreau, he demanded so angrily "What was Madame Récamier doing there?" that she was counseled by her friends, if she had any regard for her safety, not to attend a second day. Yet the jealous despot was no more insensible to her charms than were other men. It was at a ball given by Lucien that she met him for the second and last time. She observed his eagle glance following her every movement, and presently Fouché came up to her and whispered, in his bold, insolent way: "Madame, le premier Consul vous trouve charmante!" After the supper Napoleon himself addressed her brusquely with: "Why did you not come and sit by me at supper? You should have done so; it was your place."

The Great Mogul, or the Sultan of Turkey, could scarcely have been more dictatorial to a female subject. Lucien Bonaparte, through his vile agent, Fouché, made overtures to Madame Récamier to take the post of Dame du Palais. "He has never yet," said Sir Pandarus, "met with a woman worthy of him; and no one knows what would be the love of Napoleon for a pure-minded woman. She would assuredly obtain an influence over him which would be most beneficent." But Juliette Récamier's virtue was proof against the allurements of this modern Zenghis-Khan: she shrank from all his advances; thus incurring his deadly hatred, which became more or less extended even to those who frequented her salons. Hearing that three of his ministers had been seen there, he demanded, angrily, Since when the Council had been held at Madame Récamier's? and forbade them thenceforth to appear there. He said openly that he regarded as a personal enemy every person, whether French or foreign, who visited her.

By-and-by the opportunity came to put his hate into an active form. One day M. Récamier came home looking pale and distressed; he was in trouble. Unless the Bank of France would accommodate him with a loan, he must stop payment. His business was perfectly solvent, the embarrassment was only temporary; to any other person in similar circumstances the accommodation would have been readily granted. It was refused—it need not be said by whose influence—and M. Récamier was a ruined man. Everything was sold off. Madame did not retain a single jewel. She let their splendid mansion, all but one room, to which she retired. Not even the dread of the First Consul could repress the sympathy of faithful friends. She became an object of universal admiration and respect; her doors were besieged, and all Paris thought it an honor to be received by one who bore adversity so nobly. Soon afterward she retired to Coppet, where her friend, Madame de Staël, then in exile, was living.

Not even the assemblies of the beautiful Juliette had been so intellectually brilliant as those of Necker's daughter; for thither came not only all the intellect of France, but, attracted by her fine genius and marvelous conversational powers, every distinguished foreigner who visited Paris. Yet of her salons she was the central and all-attracting figure; the greatest men were content to gather round and be mere listeners. Eloquent as were her writings, her conversation was infinitely more so; it was in that that her genius was most thoroughly aroused, was most thoroughly original. "Conversation," says Ste.-Beuve, "was her inspiration and her muse." She possessed the great secret of uniting the most incongruous elements. "In *tête-à-tête*," writes her biographer, Madame Necker Saussure, "her conversation was a thing that could not be conceived by those who have not enjoyed the privilege of her intimacy. Her finest pages, her most eloquent discourses in society, are far from equaling in all-absorbing power that which she spoke when, not being compelled to conform to the ideas of certain auditors, she gave free play to the daring and original thoughts which filled her soul. Then her grand genius, spreading its wings, took flight; then, not knowing whither it might lead her—a witness rather than mistress of her own inspiration—she exercised a power more than natural, to which she herself seemed to submit—a power good or bad, but over which she had no control."

So brilliant a personage could not fail to rouse the jealousy of the small-souled despot. The night after her friend Benjamin Constant made his famous speech against the growing power of the First Consul, her salons were deserted. Napoleon suspected her to be the author of the speech, and she was commanded to quit Paris. After traveling for two years in Italy and Germany, she settled down in exile at Coppet, on the Lake of Geneva, which had afforded her shelter during the horrors of the Revolution. But even there Bonaparte's persecution reached her; he ordered every copy of her great work, "De l'Allemagne," to be destroyed, because *neither the Emperor nor his army had been mentioned in a work which turned on purely literary subjects.* "Have we then made war upon Germany for eighteen years," cried the Minister of Police, who waited upon her for an explanation, "in order that a person should print a book without speaking of us? That book shall be destroyed, and the author ought to be sent to Vincennes."

The two great queens of society being banished, the salons of Madame Josephine Bonaparte—soon to become imperial—became omnipotent in their influence. The aristocratic refinement of Madame Récamier's assemblies, the intellectual brilliancy of those of Madame de Staël, were of the *ancien régime;* the *réunions* of Josephine, like those of the Directory, were typical of the age. Here were gathered all the crude, inharmonious creations of the Revolution—*parvenus,* who had grown rich upon the plunder of the aristocrats; fervid republicans, who retained nothing of their creed save boorish manners, and who licked the tyrant's boots with fulsome adulation; and, far outnumbering and outweighing all the rest, soldiers—men who had risen, and deservedly, by their bravery, from the ranks of sans-culotteism to be generals and marshals. Their manners strongly savored of the alley and the camp, and, fine fellows as they were, they were sadly out of place in gilded drawing-rooms. Still more so were their partners, who had not had even the advantage of that disciplinary training which renders the soldier always so superior to the class from which he has been drawn. These women, raised from the lowest types of Parisian life, decked out in gaudy costumes and magnificent jewels—the plunder of the battle-field—rendered themselves still greater monstrosities by their awkward attempts at fine manners. The classical costumes of the Directory had degenerated into huge, hideous turbans, surrounding foreheads covered with bull-like curls, into narrow-skirted, short-waisted dresses, which still live in the old caricatures. Being totally destitute of education, dancing was their only amusement. Masquerades were much in fashion; and it was a species of entertainment Napoleon greatly favored, since it afforded such admirable scope for his spy system; he himself sometimes attended these assemblies on that mission. Ladies of *haut ton* frequented these balls, but not to dance; enveloped in dominoes, their faces concealed by masks, they came to coquet with their male friends, whose task it was through this disguise and a feigned voice to guess their identity.

There were many of the old noblesse, however, who did not disdain to frequent the salons of the Tuileries, and dukes and peers of the old blue blood were proud to display their ribbons in the imperial ante-room. "It is astonishing," said Talleyrand, one day, "how many emigrant ladies of the old Court wish me to force them to become *dames d'honneur* in the new!"

When Bonaparte became emperor, his salons were as gorgeous and the etiquette as rigid as had been those of the Bourbons. "The fairy splendors," says Lady Morgan, in "La France," "of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid were united to the cumbrous magnificence of the Middle Ages. The stately formalities of the Escurial presided over the circles of the Tuileries, and the costumes of the Valois and Medici fell in heavy folds over forms which had long exhibited their symmetry in the adhesive drapery of Greek sculpture." The morals of the Court were as voluptuous as its surroundings. Napoleon insisted upon all his officers marrying, that more soldiers might be born into the world; as husbands and wives were frequently separated for years a day or two after the ceremony, the morality of the society may be imagined. There were two vices of the old *régime* that were discouraged under the new—gambling, which the Emperor strictly prohibited within his palaces, and gastronomy. Accustomed to soldiers' hard fare, he cared little for the pleasures of the table, which consequently became unfashionable.

In the Faubourg St. Germain, among a little colony of

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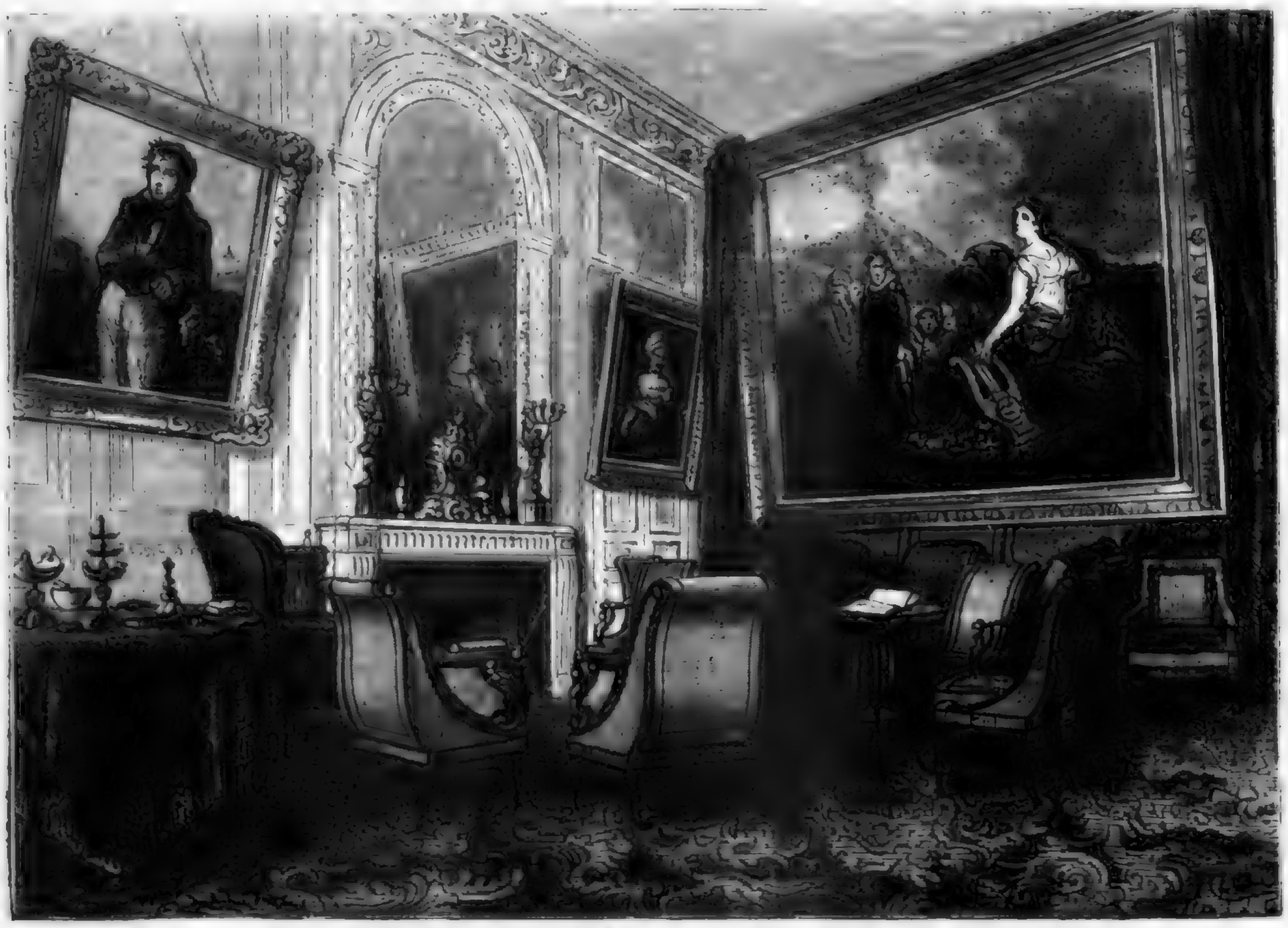
exclusive aristocrats, who disdained to humble themselves to the *parvenu* usurper, there still existed a few salons of the old days, in which the old marquis and the old marquise, wrinkled and tottery, still addressed one another in the language of gallantry and punctilious politeness, and sighed over and called up reminiscences of that old world which was to them far more real than the phantasmagoria passing around.

There Rousseau, Voltaire, the *Encyclopédistes*, were still criticised as though their doctrines were still in theory, and had not swept as a whirlwind over the earth, uprooting and destroying all who opposed them. The Church, the King, the Noblesse, were talked of as though they were living entities, instead of defunct states, never, apparently, to be resuscitated. The costumes were as antique as the manners, and belonged to all three reigns preceding the Revolution; the headdress of a Montespan or a Maintenon was to be seen side by side with the *bonnets à papillon pointés* of Dudeffant or Geoffrin, and the *fichu de soufflet* and *négligé* of Polignac or Lamballe.



THE PARISIAN SALONS OF THE REPUBLIC AND THE RESTORATION.—THE CHAMBER OF MADAME RÉCAMIER.

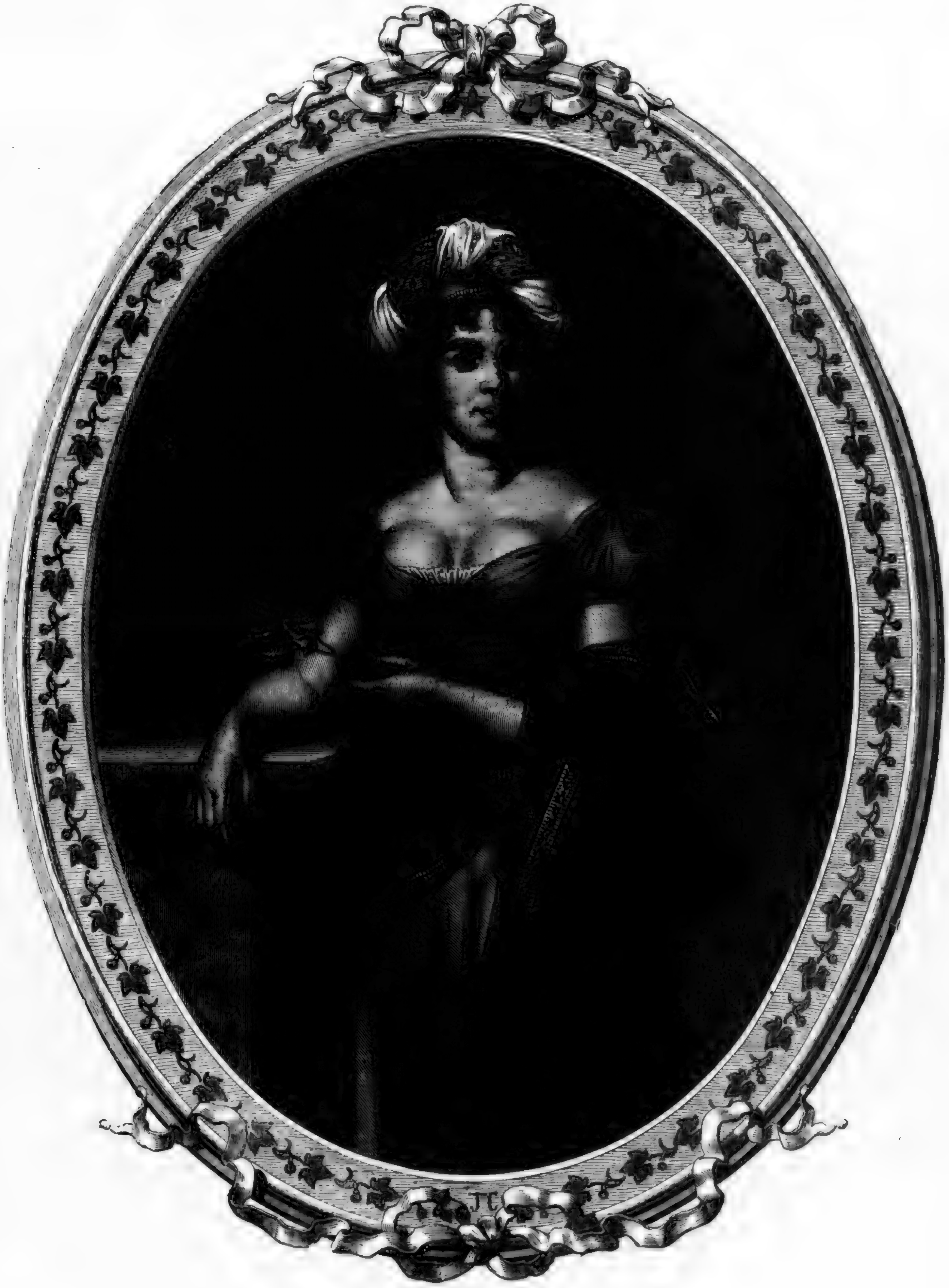
Yet the *parvenu* Napoleon would have done much to win over to his side those poor old ghosts, whose submission would have given him something of the prestige of tradition, and there was no opinion to which he was so sensitive as to theirs. After a great victory he would write to Talleyrand, "What do they think of me in the Faubourg St. Germain now?"

Lady Morgan gives us in her book some graphic sketches of this society: "The circles of the ancient nobility are formal and precise to a degree that imposes perfect restraint; the ladies are all seated *à la ronde*, the gentlemen either leaning on the backs of chairs or separated into small, compact groups. Everybody rises at the entrance of a new guest and immediately resumes his seat, which is never finally quitted until the moment of departure. There is no bustling, no gliding, no shifting of places for purposes of flirtation; all is repose and quietude among the most animated people in the world." "But," she adds, "at the same time, in the mixed assemblies there is plenty of freedom, the women move hither and thither, the men lounge and sit with their elbows on the table, and even their feet upon the fender."

"It is high birth," said the Comtesse de Pastoret, "rather than high rank, that is in estimation in France; but neither are marked in private society by those minute forms of precedence to which you free-born republican English pay such minute observance. At Court our dukes have their place, and our duchesses their tabourets; but in the salon, if any distinction is made, it is in favor of genius, celebrity, or age, while to be a stranger is to be an *état* in itself. . . . I have seen Denon and Humboldt received with delight when princes and ministers were treated with indifference."

Ere passing on to the society of the Restoration, let us take a backward glance at the fortunes of one of its queens. To fill the measure of his revenge, Napoleon prohibited Madame Récamier's return to France, for having dared to visit Madame de Staël in her exile, and for a little while she took up her abode at Coppet.

It was there she met Prince Augustus of Prussia, a handsome, chivalrous young gentleman, who, like every other man who came beneath the influence of her fascinations, fell desperately in love with her; and for the first time her own heart was touched. He begged her to have her formal marriage annulled, and pleaded so eloquently that she wrote to M. Récamier, who was still in France, to have his consent. His answer was that he would reply if she desired it, but reminded her of the affection he had felt for her, of his misfortunes, etc., which pleading more effectually bound her than would his refusal.



MADAME DE STAEL.

Sure of success, the prince was preparing for their nuptials, when the news came that all was broken off between them. In vain, then and thereafter, did he implore her to change her decision; she remained firm to it. Through the remainder of his life her image was his most cherished memory, her picture was the principal ornament of his palace, and a ring she had given him was buried with him.

The selfishness of the man who could not even plead the deprivation of her society, since he was not, nor was he likely to be, in the enjoyment of it, need not be commented upon. But the story gives us a suspicion that Madame's immaculateness throughout so many temptations must have been greatly due to coldness of heart.

After remaining with Madame de Staël a short time, Madame Récamier took up her abode at Chalons-sur-Marne; she afterward traveled to Rome and Naples, and was everywhere received, by Pope and king, by noble and artists, with the most profound respect and admiration. During her travels she visited England—crowds, attracted by her beauty and elegance, used to follow her when she promenaded in Kensington Gardens, and the Prince Regent thought himself honored by being permitted to carry her shawl.

Madame Récamier, with Madame de Staël, was among the first who flocked back to Paris at the Restoration; her husband's fortunes had been restored, and she had inherited a considerable property from her mother; thus upon her return her salons were as brilliant and as magnificent as ever. But society had undergone another metamorphosis, and the *réunions* under Louis XVIII. scarcely more resembled those of the Directory and the Empire than they did the assemblies of the Voltaire and Rousseau times.

Lady Morgan, who visited Paris in 1816, gives an admirable description, in the book I have before twice quoted, of the heterogeneous condition of French society in the first years of the Restoration. "The agitated surface, still heaving with recent commotion, was strewn with relics of remote times thrown up from the bosom of oblivion, and it was covered with specimens of all the recent political systems which had reigned in France since the great social irruption. Characters belonging to different ages, opinions supported in distant eras, dogmas the most novel, prejudices the most antiquated, philosophy the most sceptical, bigotry the most inveterate, opposition the most violent, submission the most abject—all appeared mingling on the scene of daily intercourse, as if the discomfiture of some powerful enchanter had suddenly released the multifarious victims of magic influence, who, resuming their peculiar forms, presented an assembly at once the most singular and contradictory."

Voltairianism had been the fashion of the *salons* of the last century; Christianity was the fashion of those of the Restoration. The Nihilism of the Revolution had produced reaction, and the man who first gave form and voice to the movement was Chateaubriand. "Le Génie du Christianisme" was received with as much enthusiasm by the new generation as had been Rousseau's "Contrat Social," Helvetius's "De l'Esprit," or Holbach's "Système de la Nature," by the past. After the arid cynicism of the *philosophes*, the glowing rhetoric and poetic devotion of the noble writer came upon the world like a fountain of sparkling waters to wanderers in the desert, and French society was now nothing if not Christian.

In literature, André Chénier and his coterie alone fought against the new spirit that was abroad. The darlings of the *salons* were the noble Alfred de Vigny, sweetest of poets; Alphonse de Lamartine, the Byron, Christianized, of France; Victor Hugo, then as ardent a royalist, and as implacable against the revolutionists as he is now uncompromising as a communist and hater of kings.

Then there were Alfred de Musset, Lamennais, De Maistre. These men, the voices of the new ideas, were received everywhere with homage and delight; equally by the exclusives of the Faubourg St. Germain as in the purely literary circle over which presided the brilliant authoress of "Corinne."

But this revival, both of religion and of the literary *salon*, was but evanescent. *Les bohêmes* were born, were growing to manhood in their miserable garrets, were preparing to flood France with a new literature of scepticism and revolution; scepticism as different from the polished cynicism of Voltaire & Co. as fire is from ice. This time it was the utterance of hearts withered by misery, of experiences gained in the *mansarde*, the *morgue*, the *cul-de-sac*, the *bordel*, the streets; not the speculations of fine gentlemen in silks and velvets, and gilded drawing-rooms. Balzac was meditating his "Comédie Humaine," Jules Janin his "L'Ane Mort et la Femme Guillotinée," Mürger his "Vie de Bohême," and Hugo was soon to pass over to their ranks and become their chief. Christianity was again menaced, this time by a dreamy pantheism, which is still developing; literature, ideas, scepticism were no longer the monopolies of a class; they were universal; and the *salon*, as a power, ceased to exist.

Ere closing this article, we must take a parting glance at her who was the last representative of the old society, Madame Récamier. Born under Louis XVI., she lived beyond the third Revolution, surviving until 1849. Three generations of the Montmorencies had sighed at her feet. "Ils n'en mouraient pas tous, mais tous étaient frappés," said one. M. de Chateaubriand held the first place in her regards for many years; that their friendship was purely platonic cannot be doubted. After his wife's death he made madame, long since a widow, the offer of his hand.

"Why should we marry?" she said. "If solitude is sad to you, I am ready to live in the same house with you. The world, I am certain, is just to the purity of our connection, and would approve of everything I could do to give repose, happiness and tenderness to your old age. If we were younger, I would not hesitate; I would joyfully accept the right of consecrating my life to you."

In her last days she became blind; but, although her features were withered and her form was bent, she retained the old fascinating smile and elegance of manner. She had long since quitted Paris for the solitude of the Abbaye-aux-Bois. "There," says a writer in the "Biographie Universelle," "each day, with the exactness of a clock, the inhabitants of the Rue de Sèvres saw him (Chateaubriand) pass, elegantly dressed in a short riding coat, toward the Abbaye. But as old age advanced upon him he came in a coach, and found the aid of a stick necessary to ascend the stairs. At length, when his limbs became utterly decrepit, he was carried up in a chair by a couple of servants."

There is something infinitely pathetic in this picture of the two old lovers growing old together. He went first; and she survived but a few months—dying of cholera.

HATRED.—No man will hate a good man so much as he who has ill-treated him. Let a man whom you have injured hate you, and there is an end to his enmity. Reparation, frank and full, puts an end to his hard feelings toward you, and even lays the foundation to a protracted friendship. But let a man hate you without a cause, save such as his envy or bigotry or vanity supplies, and his hate is endless.

DON'T judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

IN LOVE WITH AN AUTOMATON.

EVERYBODY has heard of that famous automaton, the "Chess-player of Kempelin," by means of which the little Russian officer escaped from his enemies, and beat them at chess at the same time. At any rate, Mr. Oliver Conway had heard of it; and, naturally thinking that what a benighted foreigner could do, a free and enlightened American citizen ought to do as well or better, he set to work on a chess-playing automaton that was intended to portray "the father of his country" engrossed in the noble game.

After two years of patient experimenting, the inventor's hopes were crowned with complete success.

At once the wonderful automaton, George Washington, began his travels, appearing successively in all the great cities of the Union, and receiving the most patriotic welcome everywhere.

Indeed, George, as his friends affectionately termed him, performed his part in a way to do honor to his name; winning, as a rule, and losing, when he did lose, with true Washingtonian dignity.

Of course the first question with every visitor was, who furnished George with the needful brains? All who chose were invited to examine the figure and the chest of drawers upon which it leaned; but the peering, poking, thumping that ensued, led to no discovery.

On a certain December morning, the *Gazette*, *Commercial Inquirer*, *Times*, etc., announced to the dwellers of a certain Western city that the well-known chess-playing automaton, George Washington, was now on exhibition at No. 54 Race Street. Doors open from one to five, P.M. Admission 10 cents. Games 25 cents.

Everybody who took an interest in chess resolved to go to No. 54, and quite a number went. Among others, went Mr. Francis Pinkerton, an ardent lover of the game.

The exhibition proved entirely satisfactory—the automatic George winning all the games but one, and so stoutly contesting that one, that the victor, young Pinkerton, resolved to come next day. In point of fact, he not only came next day, but every day for two weeks.

The best time for play, he soon discovered, was the first hour of the exhibition, when, as a rule, but few persons were present. Indeed, he was often left entirely alone with the automaton; when even the exhibitor, after winding up the machine, withdrew to chat with the doorkeeper in the outer passage.

By degrees, what may be called a chess-friendship grew up between the man and the machine. The two were very equally matched, and the games were often warmly contested.

After an unlucky move, or the defeat of some deep-laid scheme, Pinkerton would look up with an involuntary grimace, almost expecting to see the rather blank features of his opponent expand into a smile of triumph. But the Father of his Country stared solemnly at the wall opposite, and gave no sign.

But one day, when a severe snowstorm kept other visitors away, and Mr. Conway had gone out in quest of a cigar, Pinkerton and his silent opponent were engaged in a game that had been exciting from the start, and at last reached one of those dead-locks in which a move may mean victory or defeat.

It was Pinkerton's move; and, after a deliberate survey of the field, he made a move which he regarded as decisive, but which, by an unparalleled oversight, left his queen exposed. His chagrin at this puerile blunder may be imagined. He looked up, confident that even an automaton must be hugely amused; and on meeting the usual blankly benevolent stare, he was provoked into the indecorum of shaking his fist at the unresponsive image.

George did not relax a jot of his wonted dignity. There was no twinkle of the eye, no twitching of the lips, to indicate merriment; yet out of the broad chest came a ripple of half-suppressed, musical laughter, as of a person who had forgotten the impropriety of mirth till too late to control it.

Frank Pinkerton sprang to his feet in utter amazement. It was a young girl's laugh; there was no mistaking the irrepressible, fun-loving intonation. And when the laughter had ceased, as it quickly did, it was a young girl's voice, of almost childlike sweetness, that began, in rueful, pleading tones:

"Oh, what have I done! Do, pray, promise me, sir, you will not tell. We shall be ruined, else. I forgot where I was; you looked so droll, I could not help laughing. But please promise not to tell any one, not even my father. Quick! I hear him coming now."

"I promise with all my heart, but——"

The door opened to Mr. Conway and a visitor before the young man could finish his sentence; and, it being two o'clock, he was obliged to go at once to the bank, in which he held the position of assistant cashier.

For a whole week thereafter, though he went every day to the Race Street rooms, Pinkerton was never left alone with the automaton for an instant. There was, therefore, no opportunity to open communication with the mysterious tenant of the figure.

Meanwhile, his imagination was by no means idle. What young man with an unfettered heart in his bosom could have sat opposite an invisible female, known to possess a sweet voice, a musical laugh and a good brain for chess, and yet felt no romantic stirrings in his blood?

That cunning elf, imagination, was ready with charming forms and faces to suit the dulcet tones of the voice. Ladies in Venetian masks or black dominos have always exerted a remarkable fascination over mankind, as witness the novels of all nations. But a sweet-voiced lady inspiring an automaton—what a field for romantic speculation!

In short, thanks to a lively fancy, within a week our hero found himself positively in love with a lady he had never seen.

He fell into the habit of strolling down Race Street about the time the day's performance came to an end, scrutinizing with flattering attention all the women who issued from that particular block.

But the whole upper part of the building seemed given over to various sorts of feminine industry, so that women, buyers and workers alike, were continually coming and going. Amid such a crowd, it was not easy to recognize a lady one had never seen.

Pinkerton hazarded several guesses, however. He was particularly struck, for example, with a daintily poised figure, distractingly muffled up in wraps, whom he never saw leave the building, but twice saw enter it shortly before 1 P.M.

He could not, of course, rush across the street and follow the figure up-stairs, as we shall do, to the second floor, and into a room two doors beyond that in which the automaton was exhibited.

Mr. Conway stood in the middle of this room, and greeted the figure's entrance with:

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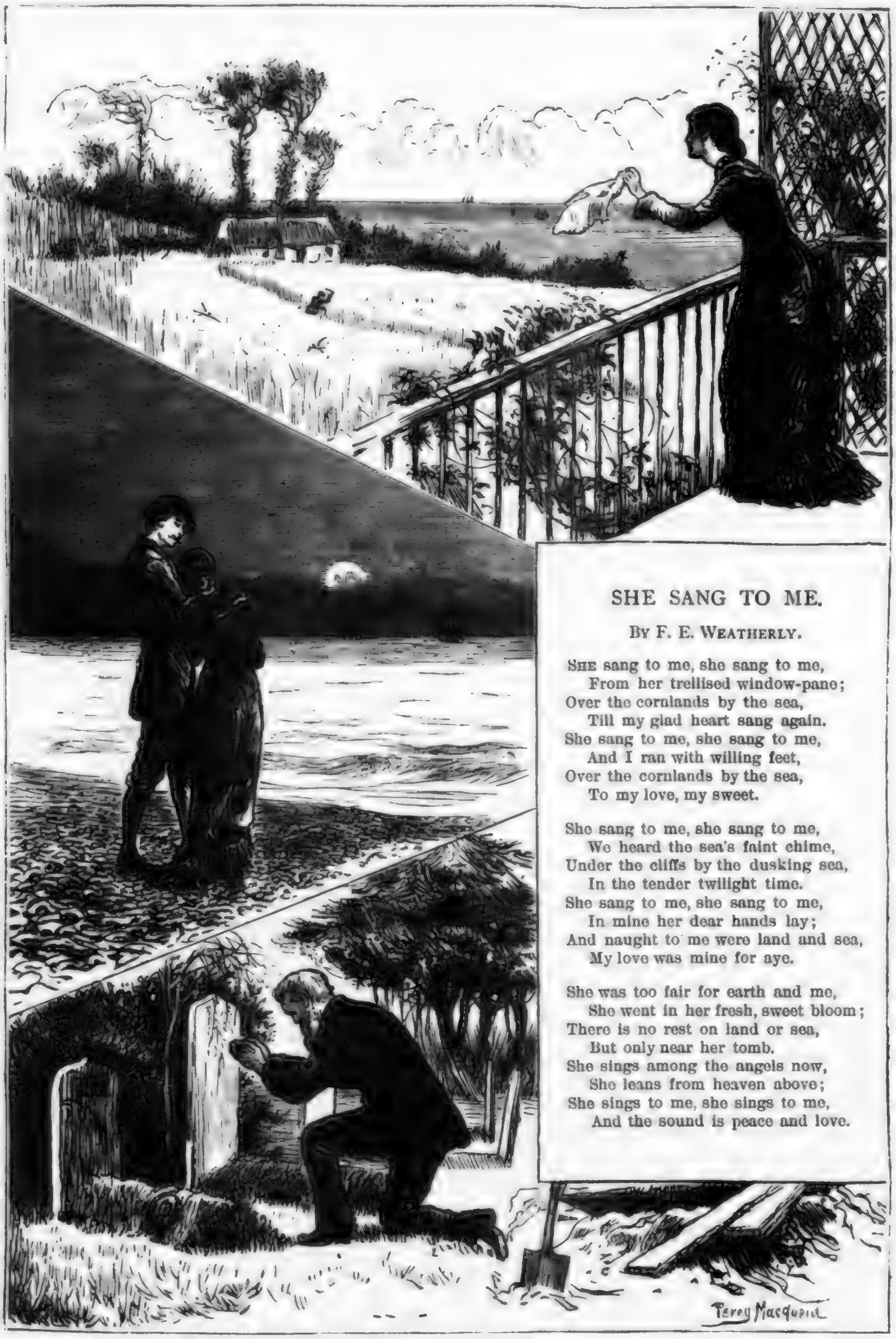


SHE SANG TO ME.

By F. E. Weatherly.

She sang to me, she sang to me,
From her trellised window-pane;
Over the cornlands by the sea,
Till my glad heart sang again.
She sang to me, she sang to me,
And I ran with willing feet,
Over the cornlands by the sea,
To my love, my sweet.

She sang to me, she sang to me,
We heard the sea's faint chime,
Under the cliffs by the dusking sea,
In the tender twilight time.
She sang to me, she sang to me,
In mine her dear hands lay;
And naught to me were land and sea,
My love was mine for aye.

She was too fair for earth and me,
She went in her fresh, sweet bloom;
There is no rest on land or sea,
But only near her tomb.
She sings among the angels now,
She leans from heaven above;
She sings to me, she sings to me,
And the sound is peace and love.

"You are a little late to-day, Ollie."

"Yes; I waited to avoid some one who was watching me, I thought."

And the young lady bit her lip to keep back the blush and half-smile that would come.

"That's right, my dear; be very cautious. A discovery would ruin us. But it is time you were dressing. I will get the machine ready directly."

Mr. Conway bustled away through an intervening room, leaving his daughter to make certain needful changes in her apparel.

When she presently appeared before her father, who, after carefully locking the outer door, had mysteriously cleft the imposing frame of George Washington in twain, Ollie was arranged to suit the economic requirements of the automaton, which abhorred the redundancy of skirts and other draperies.

My clumsy masculine vocabulary could not do justice to the resulting toilet; suffice it to say that, "from tiny slipper to the mass of dark tresses unconfined" that fell in prodigal luxuriance over the close-fitting jacket, Miss Ollie looked just the model, both in form and costume, for an ideal divinity of uncertain sex.

Unluckily, there was no one to appreciate the effect. A man's daughter being merely his daughter in any garb, Mr. Conway looked upon the outfit from a business point of view solely.

"Come!" he said, consulting his watch. "It's ten minutes after one."

Ollie took her place in the comfortably padded interior of George Washington, and his movable half was swung round and locked. Putting the key in his pocket, the father started for the outer door, but stopped half-way to say, a little anxiously:

"You don't think that young fellow who comes every day suspects anything, do you?"

The faint "Oh, no!" in reply did not seem altogether reassuring; for, as he threw open the door to the public, the exhibitor muttered:

"If he hasn't any other game in his eye, he must be chess-crazy."

As usual, Pinkerton was the first person to enter; and he presently had the good fortune to be left alone with the automaton for a few moments.

The game was at a crisis; but no sooner had the door closed behind Mr. Conway and a departing visitor than the supposed chess-lunatic began, in a low, hurried voice, directing an imploring gaze upon the impassive visage before him:

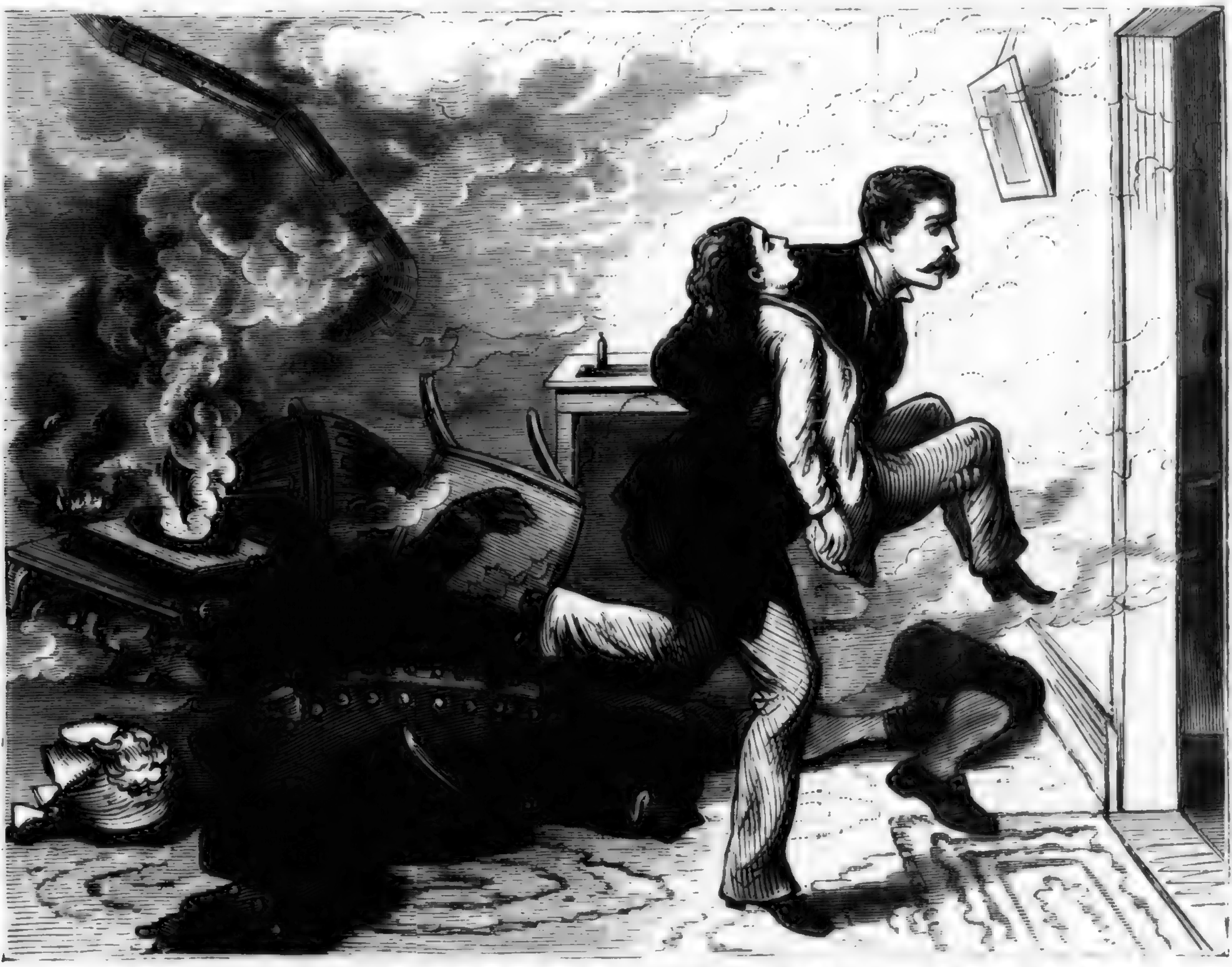
"I have kept your secret inviolate; may I not ask a favor in return? Will you not allow me the pleasure of becoming better acquainted with one who has given me so many pleasant hours to be grateful for?"

Ollie felt sure, from the respectful tone of the request, that no ungenerous motive had prompted it; but a not unnatural reserve made her shrink from meeting anywhere else one who knew the secret of her vocation.

There was a long pause before the same musical voice that had formerly thrilled the young man made answer.

"Please do not ask anything but my gratitude, which you have manfully deserved. Could I even give my own consent to what you ask, my father would then have to know all, and he would be very much displeased with my imprudence."

Pinkerton was rather nettled at the evident reluctance of his mysterious *vis-à-vis* to a further acquaintance. Had he been better acquainted with the devious policy of an enigmatical sex, he might have complacently hugged himself instead; for an unwonted timidity is a sure sign of a woman's interest. Yet he would have pressed his claim still further, no doubt—possibly to a successful termination, for they are soft-hearted, obliging creatures, all of



IN LOVE WITH AN AUTOMATON.—"THROUGH THE STIFLING CLOUD OF BITUMINOUS SMOKE, HE SCARCELY PERCEIVED WHAT MANNER OF BEING IT WAS. HE CAUGHT IT UP IN HIS ARMS, AND BORE IT THROUGH THE PASSAGE, AND DOWN THE STAIRS."

them—had not the entrance of an inopportune visitor cut short the colloquy. The rest of that game was wretchedly played.

Next day, Pinkerton did not come at one o'clock, as usual. Whether his absence was remarked or not, the placid visage of George Washington gave no sign. To be sure, he was a little absent-minded, losing two games to an unskilled opponent.

When two o'clock of the next day came, however, without bringing the usual visitor, George showed signs of an unheroic impatience, rapping sharply on the board to quicken the movements of tardy opponents, and dashing into hazardous positions with unexampled recklessness.

At four the delinquent put in an appearance; but not alone. A fashionably dressed, rather handsome young lady accompanied him. At his solicitation she took her place at the board, and he not only watched her play with great apparent sympathy, but assisted her, now and then, with timely suggestions.

"He has told her," thought Ollie.

Her eyes flashed, and she summoned up all her energies for a supreme effort.

Without the gentleman's assistance the lady would have been no match for her; as it was, Ollie splendidly vanquished both of them. They went away, he complimenting her on the skill she had not shown.

A rough-looking countryman next stepped forward for a game; but the automaton refused to move. Mr. Conway bustled up, pretended to examine something, announced the machinery out of order, and the exhibition closed for the day.

"What was the matter, my dear," he said, anxiously, as his daughter stepped forth from her concealment with white, weary face.

"I was tired."

"Well, well," he said, apologetically, "we've only three days more to stay here, and then we'll take a vacation."

Ollie looked relieved at the prospect of getting away so soon, and went to exchange her unique garb for the ordinary street costume.

The third day after this was announced as the last of the automaton exhibition. An unusual number of persons were therefore present on the opening of the doors—so many, in fact, that Frank Pinkerton, who had resumed his regular attendance, experienced some difficulty in getting the board for a last game. All his attempts to fathom the mystery had failed, and he despaired of ever knowing more of the tantalizing unknown who was so near and yet so far off.

The game was languidly conducted on both sides. Perhaps each player was more occupied with the other than either dreamed. But in one respect, at least, that game was remarkable—it never came to an end.

The room was heated by a coal-stove that had been for some time depending for support upon three legs. A large man, setting his foot upon its decrepit side with some emphasis, gave it a start that resulted, first, in the loss of a second leg, and, finally, in the toppling over of the whole thing, bursting off the top, and scattering the fiery contents in every direction.

With that unlimited confidence in the fire department common to us all, everybody in the room ran out to give the alarm. Mr. Conway had before gone out to get change, and no one thought of the automaton but Pinkerton.

Instead of following the general rush, he sprang to the side of the figure, crying: "How can I help you?"

The room was fast filling with suffocating vapor. A half-stifled voice answered:

"The key! My father!"

The key was not to be had—the automaton was immovable. Pinkerton seized hold of an arm, and wrenched it off from the shoulder, and, inserting both hands into the gap thus made, he, by a single vigorous effort, literally halved the figure.

Through the stifling cloud of bituminous smoke, he scarcely perceived what manner of being it was. He caught it up in his arms, and bore it through the passage and down the stairs. The street safely gained, he became dimly conscious of a very pretty boy, whose long, silky hair massed itself on his, Pinkerton's, shoulder. He felt, however, none of the disgust that the sight of a long-haired youth rarely fails to awaken in every well-regulated masculine mind.

Indeed, to use a mild phrase, he protected that boy unnecessarily, not permitting him to touch the ground for an instant. Though so far from being unconscious, the boy kept continually reiterating: "Do call a carriage! Pray, take me to a carriage!"

The omnipresent hackman soon appeared, and whisked away the pair before even the *Times* reporter, who was on the ground, had learned the boy's name and occupation.

Number 54 Race Street was saved, though the fragments of George Washington were found blazing. Mr. Conway was inconsolable for a while; but what man has done man can do, and a year after a new and portlier George Washington was delighting the chess-loving citizens of New Orleans by his performances. The world-renowned chess-player, Paul Morphy, granted him the honor of two defeats, and graciously allowed that, for a wooden man, he played very well.

Ollie heard, with interest, of these proceedings through the columns of the *Picayune*, copies of which her father sent.

She has given up chess-playing for housekeeping, has exchanged the society of kings, knights and bishops for the society of a single plebeian bank-clerk; in short, she has become the wife of Mr. Francis Pinkerton.

What need to detail the steps by which this happy consummation was reached? The rescue of a young lady with whom he is already more than half in love rarely fails to finish a man of average sensibility; and as for the young lady, her attitude admits of no alternative.

And so they were married, and the automaton mystery remained unsolved, for nobody but our friend Frank ever got at "the bottom facts," and he has none of a certain celebrated namesake's appetite for making statements.

THE SEAGULL.

This bird, so numerous on our coast, is a bold creature, caring little for man, and being never hunted by sportsmen, seems not to decrease measurably in numbers, while other classes of birds have been nearly extirpated.

It follows steamers closely, to profit by anything thrown over by the steward or passengers, and in our bays and harbors is constantly seen sailing around, seeking stray morsels, although it depends mainly on fish, which it takes with great dexterity. It also consumes various marine creatures thrown up on the shore.

The gull is easily tamed, and can be taken far into the interior without seeming to miss the ocean air. In a garden it is a useful bird, as it destroys vermin of all kinds, and will even kill small birds that come trespassing in the place.

A friend of a naturalist had a couple of sea-gulls, which ranged the garden freely, one wing of each being clipped to prevent them from flying away. He had also a fine young cat, which struck up an oddly assorted friendship with the gulls. After a while she evidently compassionated their crippled condition, and thought that it prevented them from hunting. So she set to work at hunting for them, and was in the habit of bringing them little birds and mice, which they ate with the solemn satisfaction of a gull at meals.

It is astonishing, by-the-way, what a large morsel a gull can swallow. I have often seen a gull take a large slice of bread and butter by the middle, and, in spite of the narrowness of its beak, the bird contrived to swallow the slice without putting it down or breaking it.

AY LEE; OR, WHY HE NEVER MARRIED.

By Lieutenant H. D. Smith, U.S.R.M.

SOME years ago a distant relative, a very eccentric man and a retired shipmaster, died, leaving his property to charitable institutions, and bequeathing to me his old sea-kit, simply, I suppose, because I am unfortunate enough to follow the same profession as himself.

Among a mass of papers which I found at the bottom of an old Dutch teakwood chest, was a manuscript, carefully tied up, and written in the bold hand of the captain. I had often wondered why my eccentric relative had never married, for he was really a fine-looking man, as well as very wealthy. The story explains all; and, although I call it a tough yarn, there may be sufficient marines in the world to accept as truth what an old sailor would reject as fiction. One thing I will say—my relative was the soul of honor when in the flesh, and would have scorned an untruth. But here is the story, copied word for word from the manuscript, yellow and faded with age:

Do the dead ever revisit this earth? Even the profound and unsentimental Dr. Johnson was of opinion that to maintain they did not was to oppose the testimony of all ages and nations. I assert solemnly that the following leaf from my private log is a simple, truthful narrative of what actually occurred, with no exaggeration such as men of my profession love to indulge in.

The last vessel I had the honor to command was engaged in the coasting trade between Foo Chow and the Canton River. I had been on the coast so long that I could easily speak their language, feeling perfectly at home with the Celestials.

On the last voyage between the two ports, while bound to the southward, the *Scud*, my pretty little clipper craft, was overtaken by a typhoon. I had made up my mind, as it was during the change of the monsoons, that I should have a brush, and it did not take me unawares.

Any mariner who has ever been in the China Sea knows the dangers attending navigation there. The numerous unknown rocks, shoals and sand-bars, together with strong currents, no mention of which is made upon the charts, increase the dangers and perplexities of the navigator.

Enveloped in darkness and gloom, the *Scud* drifted on, hove-to, while I remained on deck, too anxious even to eat. The wind howled and shrieked as it lashed the sea into a seething foam; the native crew sought the shelter of the lee-bulwarks, while I, on the point of peering into the binnacle, felt a sudden shock, then was hurled with violence across the deck.

For a moment I lay insensible; but the terrible grinding of the timbers on the rocks, and the cries of the drowning men, roused and brought into action every faculty I possessed.

Snatching up a plank that happened to be floating by, I leaped over the lee-rail into the boiling surges. I passed through the breakers, the thick spray from which, mingled with the high, toppling waves, flew over me with such force and fury that I was well-nigh exhausted.

Suddenly my plank struck violently against some object looming up above me until lost in the murky atmosphere. The next gleam of lightning revealed a high, stupendous cliff, around the base of which the seas were thundering, with clouds of vapor and spray filling the air.

Another instant, and I expected to be crushed to atoms against the sharp-pointed rocks; but, with a force I could not resist, I felt myself drawn irresistibly forward—sucked, as it were, into unknown depths.

The boom of the breakers had more of a muffled roar as I reached the surface, and as the vivid sheen of the lightning glared about me I saw that I was in a cavern.

Drawing myself up beyond the reach of the agitated waters, I clung to the rocky ledge circling the bottom of the subterranean room, waiting as patiently as possible for daylight to appear.

The roar of the waves thundering outside, the rattle of thunder and the howl of the wind, continued until a faint ray of light penetrated the slight opening of the cavern, almost on a level with the ocean. By the merest chance in the world had I escaped death, and I shuddered as I thought of the fate of the poor fellows who, but a few hours before, had manned the ill-fated *Scud*.

Cold and hungry, I glanced about my quarters, as the daylight increased, in hopes to find something that would satisfy the pangs of hunger and thirst. I was not disappointed. Oysters and crawfish existed in abundance, while streams of pure water trickled down the sides of the cave, affording me a hearty meal.

My next step was to explore the strange harbor into which I had been thrown. I had no other resource to occupy my mind, save watching the foam and boiling waters as they surged and poured through the narrow orifice.

The cavern extended back gradually, contracting in dimensions until I paused before a species of tunnel hewn from the solid rock. Where it might terminate was a question I was determined to solve, despite the gloom and impenetrable darkness into which I resolutely plunged.

I had no weapons—not even a knife, in case I should run foul of some reptile, which was the only danger I feared; but I must confess my heart gave a great leap as I heard the patter of footsteps echoing rapidly along the hollow tunnel.

Nearer and nearer they came, while I shrank to the wall, striving in vain to pierce the horrible darkness, as deep and intense as the shades of Erebus. A cold, soft hand grasped mine; a low laugh grated on my ear; we moved forward, the silence no longer broken save by the clatter of my own feet.

I am not a man who is easily excited or alarmed, I have faced death too many times for that; but, although my conscience was clear, I breathed a silent prayer as I followed my unknown guide.

A small globule of vivid light, floating apparently in mid-air, appeared before me; at the same instant I felt the cold fingers relax from my hand.

A cold breath fanned my cheek, while the light expanded, increased into a moving mass of transparent vapor,

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shapeless and unsubstantial; still, there were moments when I imagined I could trace slight resemblances to the human figure in the luminous mist which slowly receded as I advanced.

A strange power impelled me forward, in a great measure controlling my mind and will; for I doubt if my own powers of endurance could have withstood such a startling manifestation of spiritual phenomena.

Gradually, the contracted dimensions of the mysterious passage widened, until it merged into a large apartment, not unlike in shape to the cave I had just left. Huge masses of rock, rough and unhewn, jutted out from the frowning sides, from which the moisture dropped in trickling streams, forming pools of stagnant water below, amid which writhed the hideous brown death-adder, the most dreaded of all deadly reptiles infesting China.

Cobwebs and dust, possibly the accumulation of years, were apparent in the dryer portions of the subterranean room, and a rude flight of stairs, hewn from the solid rock, ascended gradually to a broad platform, all of which was revealed to me by the strange light that had guided me thither.

A faint odor, unnoticed before, suddenly transfused itself about me; a mist, not unlike a fog, ascended from the floor. My eyes, fastened on the shadowy mass, became fixed and composed as it gradually faded, concentrating all its brilliancy into one small but vivid atom of light, which quivered to and fro for a moment, then disappeared.

I no longer appeared to have the slightest power over myself, all sensation or thought of fear had departed. A sort of languor swept over me, a tremor shot through my veins, the awful gloom of the apartment rolled suddenly away, revealing shadowy, fantastic forms floating through space.

Strange murmurs and sighs, so soft and subdued, as if coming from immeasurable depths, mingled with a rustling and moving to and fro, next attracted my attention.

I strove to speak, to reassure myself, but the power of utterance failed me. Was it all an illusion, and I the sport of some horrible nightmare? Could it be possible that I, a mortal, could gaze without fear upon the horrible things flitting about me? No; I was conscious that a power, a will, far superior to mine, supported me, and that I had not yet filled or accomplished its purpose.

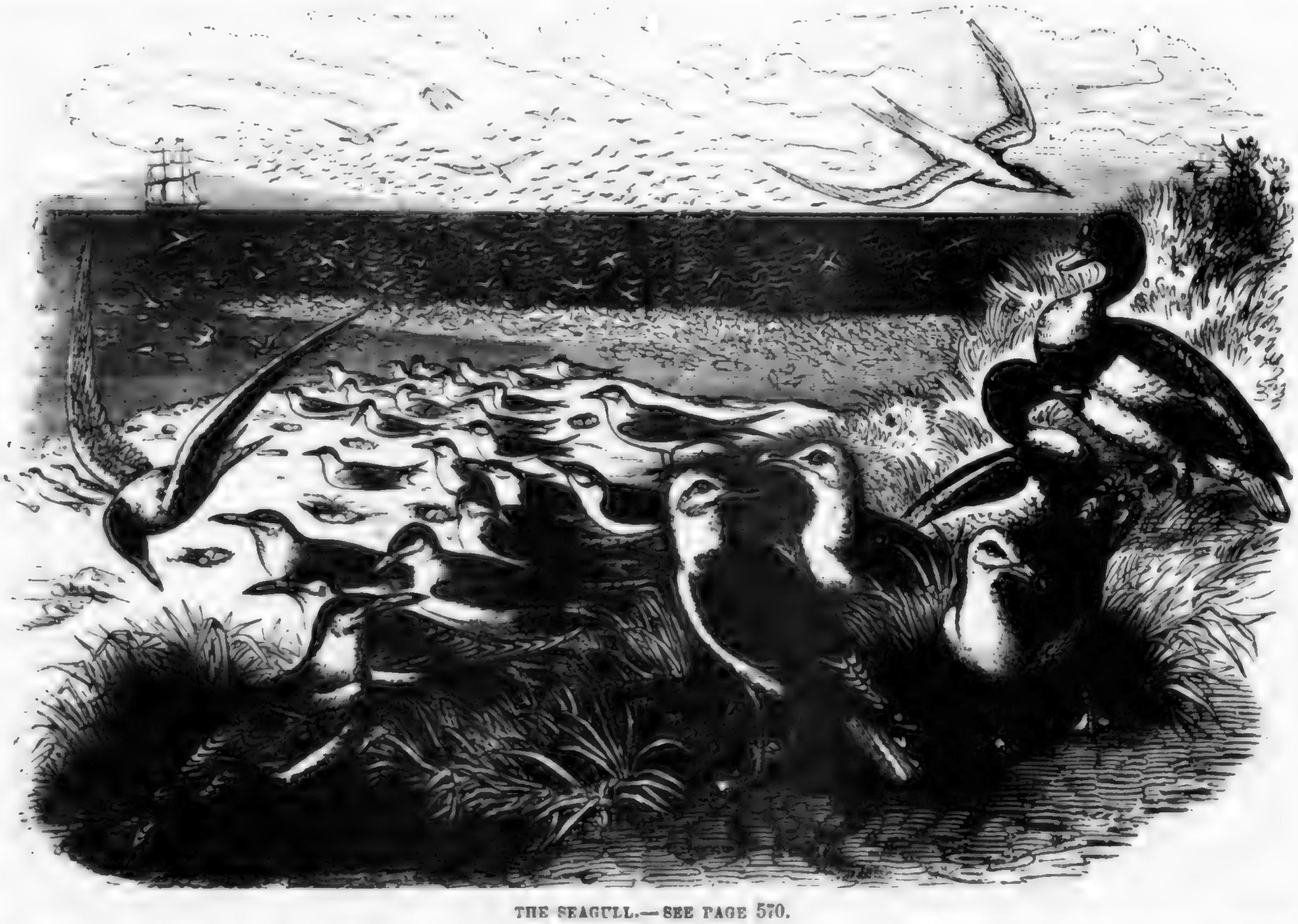
Falling athwart the floor of the cave a few yards from me was a dark shadow, which, as my eyes became fixed upon it, began to wave tremulously to and fro, gradually increasing, expanding, until from out of the shadowy depths there stood revealed the figure of a man.

Bent with age, his silvery beard all but sweeping the floor; the eyes, mild but luminous, burned with strange fires as he turned his pallid, wrinkled visage toward mine; while the loose robe, covered with strange characters and hieroglyphics, fell in numerous folds from the attenuated frame, the entire figure or apparition being transparent.

Stretching forth the fleshless hand, he instantly fixed my attention, while a sensation of intense cold, not unlike the breath from an iceberg, chilled me to the very marrow.

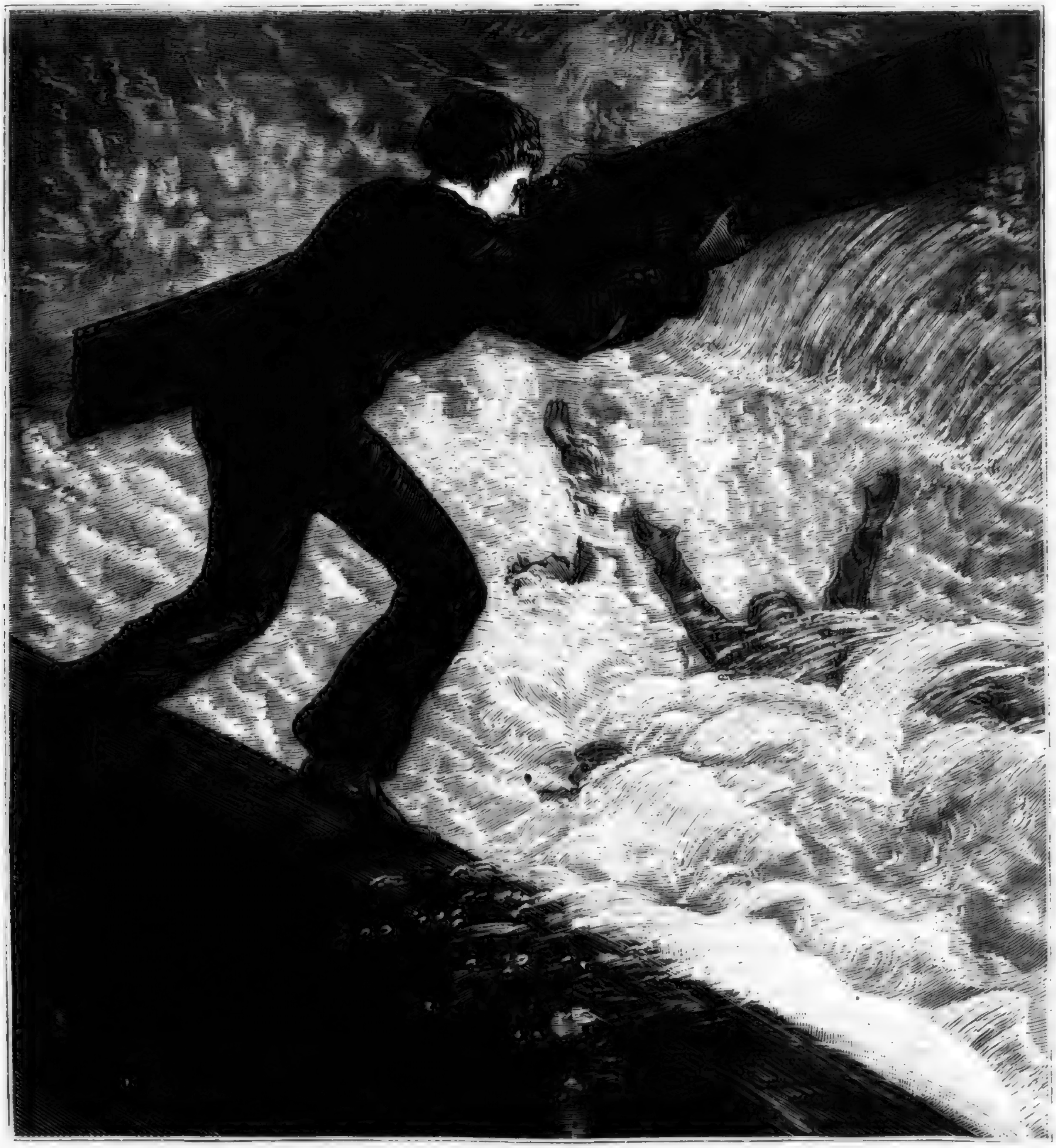
I heard no voice, but my soul comprehended the message which was intrusted to me.

"Mortal, you have penetrated to depths hitherto unknown to man for countless ages. I am Laou Keun, the founder of the magical sect known as Taou-tse, or the Brethren of Reason. Four hundred and fifty years before the birth of Confucius, I founded the temple above us, and established the sacred fire of Kalu. I had this secret chamber constructed wherein to secrete the jewels and wealth of my Order. Through treachery, I, with a number of



THE SEAGULL.—SEE PAGE 570.

followers, were entrapped and died, inclosed by these solid walls. Our bones, denied the right of burial, lie heaped in yonder corner, where lurk venomous reptiles. Our souls, doomed to wander restlessly about for thousands of years, can now be freed by your efforts. A grave must be dug, the bones interred, the temple above destroyed; then all will have been fulfilled. Hitherto you have been supported by my will; hereafter you will have naught to rely upon but your own courage and fortitude. Waver not, and all will be well. Falter, let fright gain the mastery of your brain, and you will be crushed, while your spirit, with ours, will haunt these depths till chance again throws some mortal within the cave of Taou-tse. Farewell; but before I fade for ever from your mortal view, behold, the treasures of the secret temple are revealed!" and, touching a projecting rock in the wall, it turned aside, disclosing a gleaming mass of gold and silver, with handfuls of precious stones that sparkled with unnatural brilliancy.



AT LEE; OR, WHY HE NEVER MARRIED.—"THE CRIES OF THE DROWNING MEN ROUSED AND BROUGHT INTO ACTION EVERY FACULTY I POSSESSED. SNATCHING UP A PLANK, I LEAPED OVER THE LEE RAIL INTO THE BOILING SURGES."—SEE PAGE 571.

Another instant, and all had faded from view. Darkness again enveloped me, my brain became clouded, and when I became conscious, the soft sea-breeze from the entrance of the cavern was fanning my cheek.

I started to my feet, rubbed my eyes, gazed fearfully around, and could scarcely convince myself that I had been dreaming. Was it possible that the narrow passage leading to the silent, mysterious cave devoted to Taout-tse was a creation of fancy, the thread of an idle dream?

Clambering over the rocks, I searched for an opening. Yes, there it was, the dark mouth yawning sombre and silent before me. The sight was sufficient; no power on earth would have tempted me to trust myself in that horrible outlet again.

The typhoon passed away; the sea had resumed its wonted placid aspect, the gentle waters lapped up with a tinkle against the rocks worn smooth by the action of the element. The sun shone joyously forth, imparting fresh courage and confidence in my breast, for, I must confess, the dream or vision, call it what you will, had made a strong impression upon me.

How many hours had elapsed since the wreck of the *Sewl* I was unable to form any opinion, but I was determined that night should not come on and find me an inmate of the cavern.

I swam to the entrance, passed the low arch in safety, skirted the base of the cliff until I found an opportunity to obtain a foothold; then by dint of hard work, aided by a strong nerve, a steady eye, and a pair of strong arms, I scaled the rough sea-front of the precipice, and in the last rays of the setting sun saw the tall pinnacles of a pagoda or temple devoted to Buddha, a religion established in China five hundred years before the birth of Christ.

It gave promise of a shelter for the night. The only danger to be feared in case of detection was outrage—possibly death—if caught by the keepers of the edifice within the limits of the temple.

Caution was therefore necessary as I stole from tree to tree, keeping well in the shadows, until I glided through the rough, narrow door. There was but one apartment, in the centre of which stood a thin-formed idol of hideous aspect and proportions, which I at once recognized as the god Fo. Before the idol gleamed the bright embers of a fire, the perfume from the sandalwood penetrating to every corner of the edifice.

This, then, was the temple I had been commanded to destroy! It all seemed like a dream—an illusion of a brain overtasked and excited by the dangers it had encountered.

The priestess, always selected for superior attainments, beauty and purity, I knew could not be far distant, for to their charge is given the care of the sacred fire. Should it be neglected or suffered to become extinguished, the wrath of the god is supposed to be only appeased by the blood of the recreant attendant. The keeper of the fire could not be far distant—I was certain of that.

A light footstep suddenly fell upon my ear—so light, indeed, that I had no opportunity to secrete myself. Standing in the shadow of the idol towering above my head, the uncertain light but partially revealing my entire figure, I stood motionless, my arms folded on my breast, no doubt appearing like an evil spirit to the startled gaze of the priestess as she beheld the pale countenance, disordered hair and wild eyes peering out from amid the gloom.

She was robed in a white, gauzy dress, her long, luxuriant hair, black as midnight, streaming down her back. The low forehead, expressive eyes, fringed with lashes in deep contrast to the carnation mantling her cheek, teeth white as Oriental pearls, lips of the hue of coral, a form lithe and graceful as a willow—such was the maid who stood before me, her hands clasped, as she sank slowly to the floor, kotowing nine times.

In low, faltering tones her voice reached my ear. She looked upon me as a spirit—a superior being sent from unknown regions to destroy the temple; a tradition, it appears, that had been handed down from generation to generation.

I could easily have made my escape, as the priestess bowed before me without venturing to raise her eyes; and such was my first impulse. But the sweet face of the Chinese girl had a fascination that thrilled me to the heart.

I stepped from out the shadow, and raised the trembling girl, assuring her that I was only a poor shipwrecked mariner, a mortal like herself. It was long before I could convince Ay Lee. She had never before seen a white man, or, indeed, any male save the leathery, wrinkled visage of the old priest, who, to my satisfaction, I found to be the only male guardian of the temple. He was at the time absent collecting herbs, but would soon return. It would never do for him to discover me; and Ay Lee, whose gentle heart pitied my misfortunes, led me to an alcove shaded by a curtain, where she assured me I would be safe.

Days and weeks passed by unheeded, and I lingered in the company of the priestess, who, to my delight, had learned to blush, and her eye to sparkle, when I approached. The spirit of Laou Keun and his grim exhortation was forgotten in my dream of love. That Ay Lee, in her purity and innocence, loved me in return, I was assured. Every pulse of her heart beat for me.

I determined to escape, and take Ay Lee with me, who would give up all and follow me wherever I bade her. My greatest drawback was the uncertainty of the island—for such it was—the location of which I was unable to form the least conjecture.

A large sampan, with sails, lay moored in a little cove to leeward, by which I could reach the main land. Justice to myself and owners demanded action on my part, and that very night I resolved to fly.

The priest, as was his wont, was absent in the evening, roaming about the island; giving me an opportunity to issue forth from my hiding-place for recreation and air.

The sun had set. Deep shadows stole tremulously across the rough floor of the temple, through which a deep, unbroken silence reigned.

I was leaning against the central figure of the idol, when it trembled, moved, revolving upon its pedestal, disclosing to my astonished gaze a small opening leading to depths below. I glanced over the edge of the dark opening, and, dimly perceptible, the rude stone steps met my gaze.

Then with renewed force the solemn words of Laou Keun, all but forgotten, so long unheeded, came back to my heart with crushing force. Great drops of perspiration started out on my brow. A terrible feeling of dread, mingled with horror, swept over me as I stood spellbound on the brink, while strange odors ascended to my nostrils.

I had yet a duty to perform before leaving the island for ever. The bones of Laou Keun and his followers must be gathered; and the treasure which had been disclosed to my startled vision—that, too, floated through my brain.

Calling Ay Lee, I pointed out to her the discovery I had made by accident. She turned a shade paler; for I had related the details of that singular dream, which I was about to test beyond all doubt.

A torch was procured, and, assisting Ay Lee to descend—she insisted upon accompanying me—we slowly descended the slimy steps, dripping with moisture.

The bottom of the cave was strewn with a fine dust, in which I distinctly saw the imprint of a huge foot suddenly form; and as I advanced, another and another followed in rapid succession.

I said nothing to Ay Lee, who clung to my arm, but pressed firmly on to the gloomy spot where the bones of the ancient followers of Taou-tse had already more than half crumbled into dust. A huge, bloated adder raised his head to strike, but I ground the loathsome reptile under my heel; at the same time a low, hollow laugh rang through the vault.

From the dark recesses of a distant corner, I beheld a pair of fierce, luminous eyes glaring into mine with a malignancy that sent an involuntary shudder through my frame. Ay Lee trembled violently, without venturing to look up; and concentrating all my faculties, I resolutely set about my task. Gathering the bones and dust together, I conveyed them up the stairs, digging a hasty grave beneath a tree selected by Ay Lee, and carefully depositing the remains in their last resting-place.

Together we returned to the dismal chasm. The terrible viper had disappeared, and nothing bordering on the supernatural troubled us. The projecting stone covering the hidden treasure jutted out from the wall, seemingly inviting me to advance and claim the glittering mass.

For the first time I trembled, hesitated, until the low, soft voice of my beloved bade me hurry. For some time I was baffled; the hidden spring refused to work, until by mere accident I pressed against it. Slowly the massive, cunningly contrived door swung back, revealing a mass of wealth such as mortal never dreamed of or conceived in the wildest dreams of ambitious gain.

My eyes feasted on the fascinating display. I waved the torch to and fro, watching the myriad reflections flashed back from piles of brilliants. I ran my hands through the precious accumulations, gloating over the power I had acquired, and the happiness in store for Ay Lee and myself.

Bidding her ascend for the purpose of obtaining a basket by which we could remove the priceless wealth, I watched her as she ran lightly up the steps, disappearing through the opening.

The minutes passed quickly by. I toyed and played with the gems mechanically, placing some of them in my pockets. She did not return. I grew first impatient, then alarmed. I shouted aloud, my voice echoing dismally through the vault.

Nervous, and imagining all sorts of dire misfortunes, I was far from realizing the extent of the terrible calamity that, at one fell swoop, wrecked my life, my hopes, my love.

Bounding up the stairway, I leaped into the temple, coming suddenly upon the old priest, who, with a bloody knife in his hand, recoiled in terror before me.

On the floor of the temple, before the bronze urn which had contained the sacred fire, lay Ay Lee, bathed in blood, which was flowing from a ghastly wound in her side. Her eyes, over which the film of death had gathered, were upturned to mine in a last passionate glance. A sigh, a gentle heave of the bosom, and the pure spirit departed from its earthly covering to the God who gave it.

The sacred fire, during our absence below, had become extinguished for want of attention. The old priest had discovered the sacrilege just as Ay Lee appeared in search of the basket, and in a moment was stricken down, a victim to the old fanatic's wrath.

Scarcely conscious of what I was doing, I seized the shriveled carcass of Ay Lee's destroyer as he kotowed before me, hurling him headlong down the abyss.

Applying the torch to a dozen different points of the temple, the light woodwork was soon enveloped in a blaze.

Bearing the body of my lost love to the grove of fragrant pepul-trees, I covered her white robe with sweet-scented flowers, kissed her lips for the last time, and turned my face toward the cave wherein lay the sampan, a broken-hearted, despairing man.

Long into the weary hours of the night did I watch the reflection of the flames from the burning temple, as I drifted, aimless and helpless, over the broad ocean. A sudden pillar of flame, shooting up into the dark heavens, the smothered report of an explosion, and darkness reigned unbroken on every side.

I sank into the bottom of the boat, and knew no more until weeks afterward, when convalescent from an attack of brain fever.

I had been rescued far to leeward of the Ladrones by an American ship, bound to San Francisco. Luckily there was on board a doctor—a passenger—and to his care I owe my life.

The few stones I had placed in my pockets were more than sufficient to make me independent of the world and my profession. I had lost all ambition. I no longer cared to mingle in the busy, bustling world, which had lost its charms for me.

Amid every comfort and luxury, every pleasure, hope and aspiration, the memory of my lost love, the sweet face and flower-bedecked robe of Ay Lee rise constantly before me as I left her amid the pepul-trees in the lone, seagirt island, and I look forward for the hour to come when I shall be summoned aloft, hoping, praying that my first and only love may be the first messenger to guide, and bid me welcome on the silent, echoless shore from which no traveler returns!

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

What a simple, beautiful, powerful institution it is! The nursery and preparatory school of the affections and moral sentiments of our nature, what an incalculable influence it brings to bear upon the development of our best capabilities!

Take, for example, the relation of children to parents; submission to right authority; trust in a higher wisdom and a stronger power than their own—love answering to love; meeting it sometimes as a monitor, sometimes as a playmate, and unconsciously becoming assimilated to it;—is it possible to conceive an atmosphere more exquisitely adapted to quickening in young souls the innate germs of that moral and spiritual life which is destined to find its highest object in the disclosures to it of the fatherhood of heaven?

We often speak of the sanctities of home. Literally, as well as figuratively, our characterization of it is true; for it is there that those affections are first elicited, exercised and expanded, which, in due time and unless perverted by evil, will be filled with the fulness that flows from the uncreated source, and that will constitute our sublimer life when the present initiatory one has passed away.

The family circle is a scenic representation to young hearts of that higher world of relationships wherein humanity is to reach its perfection; and the unquestioning obedience we yield to earthly parents, our implicit trust in them, our unreserved love of them, are, in their first exercise, just those susceptibilities of our nature which in their last will unite us for ever.

Our training for immortality begins with our first recognition of the right to command which the tones of a father's voice express, with the first appreciation of the love which plays in a mother's smile. True, we may frustrate but too effectually these simplest preparations for what we should be hereafter; but it is not the less true that it is in the family circle that we acquire those primary sentiments which constitute the very substratum of subjective religion.

Success.—The way for a man to truly succeed is to do what he thinks best worth his doing, in the way he thinks it ought to be done. Let him never step aside from this path, either for profit or praise, and he will have all the success that it is possible to have, and all that is worth having.

Seek not so much to know thine enemies as thy friends; for where one man has fallen by foes, a hundred have been ruined by acquaintances.

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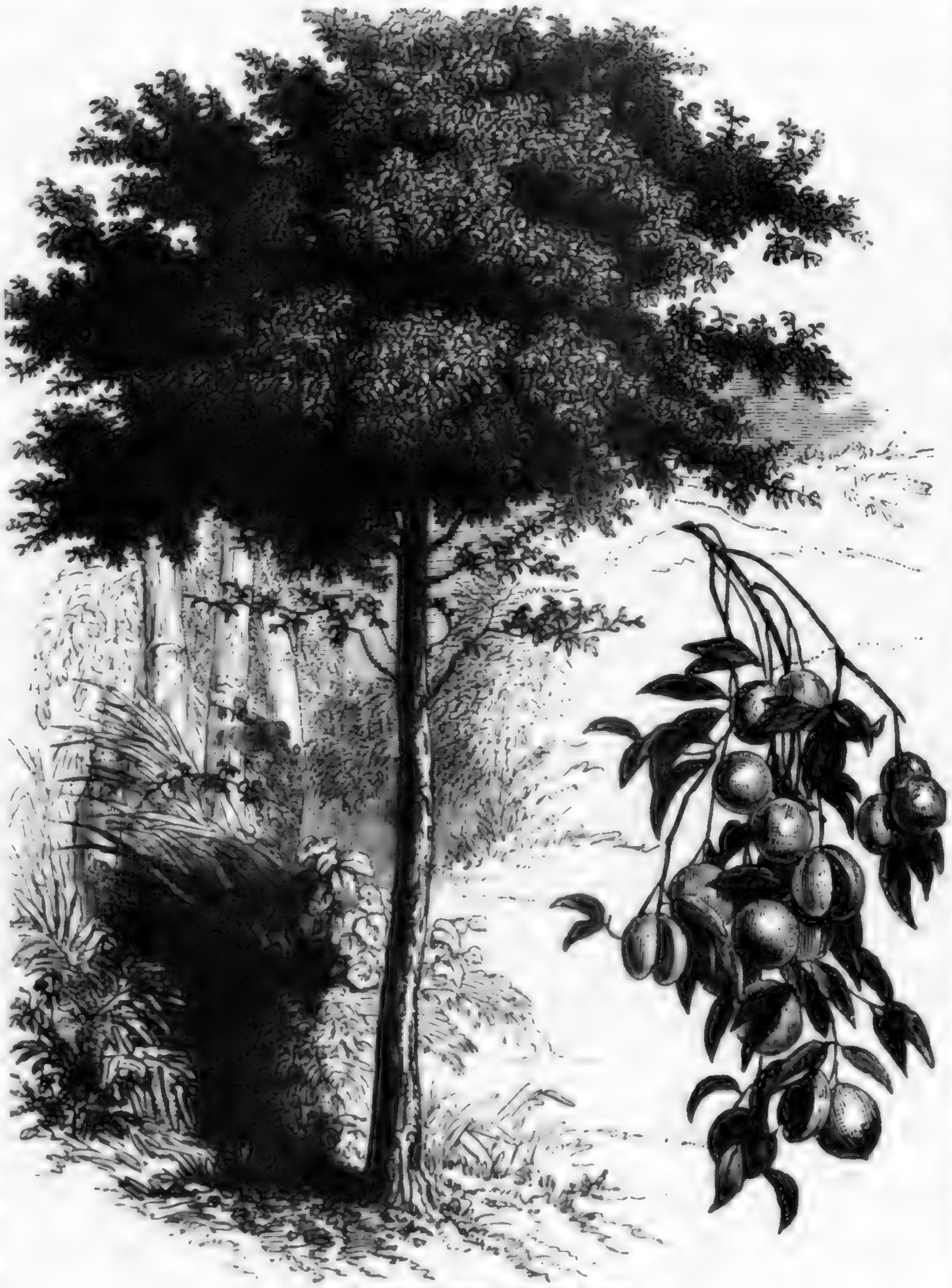
THE NUTMEG TREE AND ITS FRUIT.

In spite of the endeavors of the Dutch to confine the nutmeg tree to the narrow precincts of Banda, it has likewise extended its range, not only over Sumatra, Mauritius, Bourbon and Ceylon, but even over the Western hemisphere.

It is of a more majestic growth than the clove, as it attains a height of fifty feet, and the leaves, of a fine green on the upper surface and gray beneath, are more handsome in the outline, and broader in proportion to the length.

When the trees are about nine years old, they begin to bear. They are diœcious, having male or barren flowers upon one tree, and female or fertile upon another. The flowers of both are small, white, bell-shaped, without any calyx, the embryo fruit appearing at the bottom of the female flowers in the form of a little reddish knob.



THE NUTMEG TREE AND ITS FRUIT.

When ripe, it resembles in appearance and size a small peach, and then the outer rind, which is about half an inch thick, bursts at the side, and discloses a shining black nut, which seems the darker from the contrast of leafy network of a fine red color with which it is enveloped. The latter forms the mace of commerce, and having been laid to dry in the shade for a short time, is packed in bags and pressed together very tightly.

The shell of the nut is larger and harder than that of the filbert, and could not, in the state in which it is gathered, be broken without injuring the nut. On that account the nuts are successively dried in the sun and then by fire-heat, till the kernel shrinks so much as to rattle in the shell, which is then easily broken.

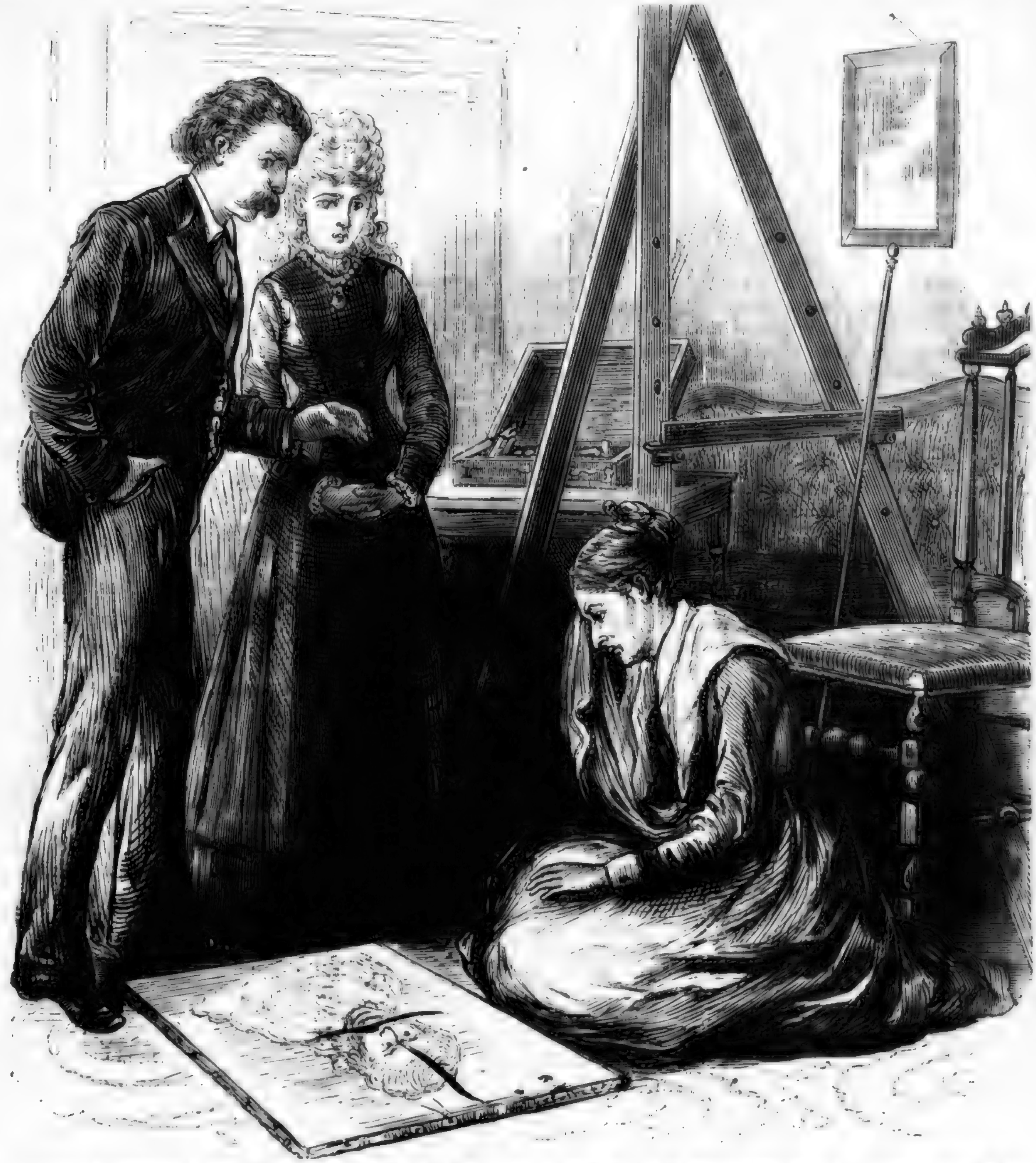
After this the nuts are three times soaked in sea-water and lime; they are then laid in a heap, where they heat and get rid of their superfluous moisture by evaporation. This process is pursued to preserve the substance and flavor of the nut, as well as to destroy its vegetative power.

The kernel contains both a fixed oil, which is obtained by pressure, a pound generally yielding three ounces, and a transparent, volatile oil, which may be obtained by distillation in the proportion of one thirty-second part of the weight of nutmeg used.

Banda still furnishes the most and the best nutmegs, though the tree is now cultivated in many other tropical countries. The yearly produce is estimated at about 500,000 pounds of nutmegs, and some 150,000 pounds of mace.

The outer rinds are likewise not without a use to the natives. They are laid in large heaps, and allowed to rot, when they get covered with a blackish mushroom, which is esteemed as a great delicacy.

Delays.—Fortune is like the market; many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and, again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price; for occasion (as it is in the common verse) turneth a bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken; or at least turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of all things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them; nay, it were better to meet some dangers half-way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall fast asleep.



NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.—"DOWN SAMANTHA SAT ON THE FLOOR, CRYING AS IF HER HEART WOULD BREAK. 'NEVER MIND, NEVER MIND,' SAID RALPH, EXAMINING THE CANVAS. 'I CAN EASILY PAINT ANOTHER—I'VE PLENTY OF TIME."

NORMAN DESBOROUGH'S SON.

By Frank Lee Benedict.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

On the morning of that Thursday a certain subdued excitement was very perceptible among the rows of children seated in Mabel Jordan's schoolroom, in the village perched amid the hills between Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks.

The little people showed a virtuous desire to attend to their duties which was truly praiseworthy; but, like so many of the efforts of older people in that line, the carrying out of the design was coupled with great difficulties. The apple-cheeked boys positively could not keep still in their seats, and were forced to work off a portion of their enthusiasm by kicking each other's shins and indulging in extraordinary grimaces; and every now and then from the benches where the girls were clustered, looking like a collection of rosebuds, an occasional titter would break forth; and when the teacher's voice checked it, a sort of flutter went through the ranks, which reminded one of the sounds in a dove-cote.

A half-holiday was to be accorded the school, all the more delightful because it was not usual to have such relaxation in the middle of the week. Festivities of some sort were taking place in a neighboring village, and, with the approval of parents and guardians, Mabel had consented to dismiss her charges at noon, in order that they might have an opportunity to witness and share in the gayeties—though

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I fear the major portion of the small folk termed the affair "doin's and high jinks," in spite of their teacher's numerous lessons as to the use of words and their pronunciation.

I must confess that the anticipated release from duties was as enjoyable to Mabel as to the children. Not that she was given to seeking such, or considering that the monotony of her life called for sympathy, either from herself or others; only she was just eighteen. At eighteen, holidays are still boons to grow enthusiastic over, and freedom and change are magical phrases, the mere mention of which can quicken the pulse and rouse the fancy of a dweller in the elf-land of youth.

The lessons and the hours went on, the children vaguely wondering how it was possible to make three hours so long as those between nine and twelve of that particular morning—certain that the clock must have stopped; and, when ocular demonstration convinced them this was not the case, inclined to believe that it was in league with Time to go slower than ever clock did before.

However, the small imps did their best in the matter of behavior, and Mabel was very patient with them—the more so, perhaps, because she felt a little conscience-stricken in regard to her own shortcomings. It was so difficult to fix her attention upon the work in hand! While she listened to the children read, vague fancies kept making music in her soul; and when asking questions of the class in geography, she suddenly discovered that instead of being occupied with an inspection of the rivers of Europe, she was off in some enchanted world not set down upon any school-map whatever.

When the clock struck eleven, a murmur went through the whole room like the noise of a beehive; but Mabel checked that. The grammar-class came up to torture prosody and parsing—no, to be tortured by those grim tyrants—and the rest of the scholars fastened their eyes upon their books with such unnatural steadiness that it was evident they were gazing straight through the dog-eared volumes upon the delights in store for the afternoon.

Half past eleven! A shout positively went up from the boys—an unheard of breach of discipline in Mabel's well-regulated domain; out a quick-witted youngster saved himself and his fellow-culprits by making the mistress laugh.

"We didn't go to do it," he said, "but we thought old half-past 'leven had forgot to come in. He's ben a-hangin' round the corner these two hours, as if he'd done sumpthing he was ashamed of."

Mabel got back the gravity befitting her position, and said:

"Now, if you will all see how quietly you can put away your books, we will have our singing-lesson, instead of waiting till Saturday."

This was a blissful idea; and presently the chorus of childish voices rose in unison with their mistress's clear, sweet tones, and the concert was a pleasant thing to hear—so interesting to the children, also, that the minutes flew almost as fast as ordinary moments do.

It was nearly upon the stroke of twelve, fortunately, when a small daughter of Eve made a discovery. She had been obliged to stop singing in order to repress an inopportune sneeze, and as she raised her head from the desk, where she had hidden it—a good deal flushed, but triumphant over the weakness of the flesh—she happened to glance toward an open window near her seat, and, before she knew what she was doing, called aloud:

"There's Mr. Desborough a-peekin' in! He's ducked now, but he was there, and he shook his finger at me!"

All eyes turned toward the casement, so there was nobody to notice that the sedate young schoolmistress blushed to an excess, as undignified as it was bewitching.

And now the boys set up another shout. Ralph Desborough had appeared again at the casement. Such a wonderfully handsome young fellow, as he stood there with an expression of mingled fun and impatience on his countenance. His hat was off, and the light breeze stirred his auburn curls; his eyes looked out from under a forehead which betokened a high order of intellect; his mouth was sweet as a woman's beneath the curve of his slight mustache, yet full of pride and strength; and, to add to all his other advantages, he was barely three-and-twenty.

Ah, to us older, tired men, there is something at once irritating and pathetic in the sight of such extreme youth; we feel ready to be envious, yet to cry God help him, for we know what inevitably lies beyond!

Desborough waved his hand to the children, then glanced toward the teacher with a bow of mock contrition.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Jordan," he said; "but it is just ready to strike twelve—I want to say something to the children before they go."

Mabel accorded the permission, though she tried a look disapproval of such breach of discipline—such a breaking, too, of his compact; because, weeks before, she had made him promise not to approach the schoolroom during lesson hours.

Ralph vaulted easily over the low window-sill, patted the heads of two or three of his favorites as he passed up toward the little sort of dais on which stood Mabel's desk and chair. He bent over the young girl's hand, answered some hesitating remonstrance by a gay laugh, then turned toward the expectant pupils.

"School is dismissed," said he. "You have worried your teacher until she has no voice left even to send you away."

Then a whoop and a shout, from boys and girls, and they began to crowd about the platform.

"We've been pretty good, haven't we, Teacher?" called little Nettie Graves, Ralph's special pet. "Tell Mr. Desborough how we said our g'ography lesson."

"Then there hasn't been anybody naughty?" Ralph asked.

"No—no!" chorused the flock.

"I'm sorry for that," said Ralph; "I brought a present for all the bad children, just to console them; but since there are none here——"

The eager little creatures began to coo and flutter, and Nettie, with the assurance of a conscious favorite, pressed close to Ralph, and called out:

"Maybe not to say real good, you know; but you see we didn't know what you wanted. I guess most of us have earned the present, anyhow."

"Oh, Nettie, what an admission!" said the mistress, laughing.

"Yes, but you see—you see!" faltered Nettie.

"The little wretch is ready to sacrifice her character, and that of her friends, for the sake of a gift!" said Ralph.

"No, indeed!" pronounced Nettie, primly; then her dignity gave way, and she tried to climb up his legs, whispering, "Tell me what you are going to give us—oh, do, now!"

The present proved most acceptable, considering the occasion—twenty-five cents for each child to spend at the fair. And now thanks were hastily spoken, farewells to the teacher uttered, and away rushed the score of happy creatures as fast as their small legs would carry them.

Mabel was in readiness, and followed to the door in the wake of her pupils.

"I hope you were not vexed with me," Ralph said, as they stood watching the children scamper down the hill toward the village. “I knew the young imps were dying to get out, and it was so near twelve.”

“I hear the church-bell striking now,” Mabel said. “Are you not going over to the celebration, Mr. Desborough?”

“I? No, indeed! You told me several days since that you did not mean to go,” he replied, quickly.

Mabel both blushed and smiled at the apparently unconscious fashion in which he admitted that his movements depended upon hers; but he was shutting the schoolroom-door for her, and lost the sight of her face at that particular instant.

Close by was a gate which led into Mabel Jordan's small domain. The house stood some distance back from the road, so covered with running roses, Virginia creepers and trailing vines of divers sorts, that it looked more like a bower than a substantial habitation. In front of the dwelling a green lawn, dotted with flower-beds and shadowed by grand old forest trees, sloped down to the highway. It had been originally the property of a physician, from whom Mabel's stepfather had purchased it years ago, when he had removed to the village with the little girl and her mother.

Now that she was obliged to earn her own living, in these days of orphanage, the little tenement in the corner of the road, which had once served for the doctor's office, afforded her a convenient schoolhouse.

Ralph opened the gate and stood aside for her to pass. She turned as if expecting to receive his parting salutation; but he said, composedly:

“I want to get my books;” and accompanied her toward the house.

As they approached the porch, a woman came out of the passage and began violently shaking a bit of carpet—a tall, gaunt creature, on the wrong side of forty-five, with spinster written in every line of her stiff, angular figure; and a face, which, if plain, was kept from being commonplace by an expression of force and energy.

“This is one of Samantha's grand scouring days,” Mabel said.

“It seems to me that most days are devoted to those saturnalia on her part,” returned Desborough; “I never knew such a fearfully industrious creature in my life.”

By this time the female on the piazza noticed their approach, and stopped beating the carpet.

“Why, you don't mean to tell me it's twelve o'clock, Mabel Jordan,” she called, in an injured tone.

“Indeed it is, and some moments after,” returned Mabel.

“I want to know, if I didn't think it was about 'leven. I'm as behind hand as behind hand can be.”

“Have you been hunting about with a microscope to find some particles of dust in some corner, Miss Dawson?” asked Ralph.

“Laud's sake, Mr. Desborough, is that you? You're forever a-dodgin' round when a body's all at sixes and sevens!” cried Samantha, giving him a grim smile of welcome. “You're always pretendin' to have work of your own to do, but when you 'tend to it is more than I can tell.”

Mabel passed into the house, saying:

“I will get the books, Mr. Desborough.”

“A good deal more than I can tell,” added Samantha.

“I was off to my work before eight o'clock, Miss Dawson,” said Ralph; “and I've a sketch of Martin's Hollow that I think you will like.”

“Oh la, I don't call potterin' about with a paint-brush, work, unless it's on the side of a house,” retorted Samantha. “Not but what the way you draw the things off is pretty enough to look at.”

“Thanks for the compliment,” laughed Ralph.

“Well,” pursued Samantha, “if you've earned your dinner, you'd better go and eat it, and not keep Aunt Betsy Turner down at the tavern a-waitin' till all her good things are spiled. She says you're dreadful aggravatin' that way.”

“I thought you meant to ask me to dine with you,” said Ralph.

“Not a ask!” cried Semantha. “Mabel will only get bread and milk this noon. I've been too busy to cook. Where all the dust comes from is more'n I can guess, but I've been at it ever since I got out of bed, and I'm not near done yet.”

“I am very fond of bread and milk,” said Ralph, “so your invitation is exceedingly welcome.”

“Go along with you!” exclaimed Samantha, shaking the carpet at him. “But I'll tell you what—I'm going to have a meat-tea to make up; so if you're around then, why, I'll show you what a briled chicken is; for, though Aunt Betsy can bake and bile with a Heathen grandee, or a Mexican nabob, she can't brile. That I'll stand to—only you needn't tell her I said so.”

“I will, the first time you scold me,” Ralph declared.

“I'm a heap better to you than you deserve,” replied Samantha; “city sprigs ain't in my way, and so I've told you often!”

“Then, since I'm not in your way I can stop,” said the provoking Ralph, moving forward as if to mount the steps.

Samantha again shook the carpet fiercely at him, but retreated toward the door, conscious that the back breadths of her gown were pinned up in a way which would not bear inspection by the profane eyes of masculine humanity.

Mabel came out of the house with the books, and Samantha kept her stand. It was evident she meant to do so as long as he stayed.

“Will you have time to give me a sitting this afternoon, Miss Jordan?” he asked. “One more will finish the portrait.”

Mabel acquiesced, and Samantha looked more amiable. That picture had been the only means of making her relinquish certain prejudices against Ralph, founded partially on the fact of his being what she styled a “city sprig,” arising still more from an inordinate jealousy of any person who claimed much share of Mabel Jordan's affection.

She had lived in the house since Mabel was a child—had been, indeed, a distant connection of Mabel's step-father; and all the capacities of loving which the spinster possessed were lavished upon the young girl. Mabel's mother had died when her daughter was thirteen, and Samantha had better filled her place than one would have supposed possible in merely looking at her and listening to her barbarous pronunciation; though that must have been a matter of habit and early association, for she was not an illiterate woman. When Mr. Seymour — Mabel's stepfather — bought the house, there had been a farm attached, but he was a student, not a farmer. Matters went from bad to worse—field after field was sold, and when he died, some eighteen months before the time of which I am writing, he had nothing to bequeath his dearly beloved Mabel save the homestead and a few acres.

But Samantha Dawson had long since brought her little income to the aid of the household, and given the work of her hands into the bargain. She was a specimen of the old type of a New England housekeeper; and a moment's leisure was a sin in her eyes. From dawn to dewy eve, Samantha must work, and her only complaint was that she had not half enough to do.

Finding that the spinster had no intention of entering the house so long as he stood there, Ralph Desborough took his leave.

"May I come back at half-past one?" he asked.

"Mabel, you promised to look over the accounts," said Samantha, quickly.

"I want to begin early because of the light," said the artful Ralph, as if he had not heard Miss Dawson's parenthetical remark, inspired by a sudden distaste to the eager expression of admiration with which the young man was regarding Mabel. "It changes so often these Autumn days, that it is very troublesome."

"Oh!" said Samantha, before Mabel could speak—softened at once by a fear that the wonderful portrait might suffer if she persisted too far in her little humors. "Law, Mabel, you can easily have finished by two o'clock!"

Ralph caught Mabel's eyes, and she could not help smiling.

"Very well," she said, demurely; "two o'clock, Mr. Desborough."

"And remember, Miss Samantha, you promised to give me supper," cried Ralph, as he went down the steps.

"Depends on how much work you do," returned Samantha, bridling, though she laughed; "you've been an awful while over that picture—you'll never make your fortune if you can't reel off likenesses quicker."

Mabel retreated indoors before the sentence was fairly completed. Ralph made some merry response, and went his way.

"He's got too much money, that's what ails him," soliloquized Samantha, picking up the bit of carpet which she had dropped. "I like him—a body can't help it, he's that smooth and coaxing—but I don't trust no city sprig! Samantha Dawson ain't to be caught napping where that dear angel is concerned—but he saved her life—yes, he did; I can't go back of that—the Lord bless him! It gives me the shivers only to think! And he's handsome—why, the statiary in Boston Museum ain't handsomer; but only a fool would be took in by such stuff! The rascals are all handsome chaps—you've only to read the newspapers to find that out."

And Samantha gave the carpet a venomous shake, as if it had been somehow in fault; then turned back into the house, seized with a qualm of conscience to remember how long she had been idle.

Like a great many other notable housekeepers, Samantha had a vague idea that the mysterious sentence in Holy Writ which declares that we shall hereafter answer for each misspent instant, somehow referred especially to any neglect of dusting, beating carpets and the like; beautifully unconscious that, necessary as such duties are, much time, valuable to a human soul, may be wasted therein.

CHAPTER VI.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Naturally, the two young people's narrow escape from drowning had caused a good deal of excitement. The men who came to their aid were near enough to recognize Denis Challoner. He had lived once for more than a year at the village on the shore, and afterward in Hillside. He was considered moody and strange, though few people had ever really thought him insane, but Mabel Jordan had known that he was.

She had seen little of him till during the latter part of his stay in her neighborhood, when he occupied a position as bookkeeper in a large manufactory, but after he had succeeded in making her acquaintance, he persecuted her a great deal.

He conceived a crazy affection for her, and his conduct when he learned the hopelessness of his passion had convinced Mabel that his mind was seriously disordered. At length he disappeared, and it was currently reported that he had gone to South America.

The wretched man's body was recovered on the day following the accident, and buried in the village cemetery.

Desborough had managed to use influence enough to keep Mabel's name and his own out of the account given in the public prints—the fact of the two passengers having escaped unhurt being the only mention made.

Ralph lingered a few days at the the village by the lake, and then followed Mabel Jordan to Hillside.

Three weeks had fled with such rapidity that in their passing they only seemed like so many days to Ralph Desborough, though the time appeared very long to look back upon, as those periods in existence when we feel acutely always do, and Ralph could scarcely realize that he had not been living for months and months in the midst of his happy dream.

His stay in the village occasioned no remark, his acquaintance—the Burlington newspaper man—had given him an introduction to the most important personage in the neighborhood, the owner of a large manufactory; and this gentleman, knowing Gilbert Harrington well by reputation, was only too pleased to show every possible attention to his adopted son; and as for the inhabitants in general, of course, anybody received by their chief magnate must be a person worthy of esteem.

Then, too, Ralph Desborough possessed, to a remarkable degree, that most fortunate gift which nature can bestow upon any human being—the faculty of winning confidence and friendship. It was impossible to resist the fascination of his manner and conversation, his strong personal magnetism, his keen intuitions, his wide, active sympathies—carried him straight into the hearts of those he approached.

Before he had been a week in the village, he was on familiar terms with every creature in it, and from the parson down to the hostler at old Turner's tavern, "Young Desborough" was regarded as the model of mortal perfection. And as for his genius, well, probably few of the villagers were acquainted with the name of Raphael, but, in any case, they would have shaken their heads incredulously had any person ventured to suggest that his talents could have approached those of this wonderful fellow, "who beat photography hollow" with his liknesses, and "drawed off anything you could ask for as nat'ral as life."

The narrative of those weeks where Ralph Desborough and Mabel Jordan were concerned would be only a repetition of "the old, old story"—the old story which is always new to each human heart in turn.

There had been no process of making acquaintance—the incidents connected with their first meeting would, of themselves, have prevented such necessity. This bringing them suddenly face to face had been the work of destiny; neither would have doubted that. Ralph knew that he had loved her from the instant he set eyes on her photograph; that when he started forth to find the original, though he told himself it was because her portrait realized the loveliness he had dreamed of for the principal figure in a large picture which he contemplated, he had in reality gone because some power higher than his own intelligence bade him seek this girl; in her he was to find the earthly realization of that ideal which had haunted his fancy from boyhood.

As for Mabel, he came straight into her dreams as the prince came to the maiden in the sweet old fairy tale. There was this difference between the man and the girl—from the first, Ralph admitted to his soul, joyfully, proudly, that he loved her; but Mabel, with the reticence of her sex, kept aloof from any admissions in her secret thoughts—just drifted on and on through the bright, enchanted days, and never sought to discover what made their sudden glory.

The portrait which he began of her in the first days after his arrival was a charming excuse for spending a great deal of time at the house, and its excellence softened even Samantha Dawson's heart. She had given him an unused apartment off the dining-room, which he arranged as a studio, and once his easel set up, and he discovered that the light was good, she could not refuse to let him work there to finish any sketch he wanted to complete in oils.

Even when Mabel was absent at her school, he haunted the house, and so charmed Samantha against her will, that often when alone or troubled by some fear where Mabel was concerned, she used to vituperate her own folly in not being able to resist his fascinations.

Samantha was as little given to gossip as a stern sphinx—had no time for visiting or receiving visits; indeed, her neighbors stood rather in awe of her, and pitied their favorite Miss Mabel for having such an uncongenial companion.

"It's as onnat'ral as seein' a lily grafted on to a prickly pear!" old Aunt Betsy Turner declared, and everybody agreed with her.

But, at least, Samantha's solitary habits prevented the village from becoming aware how much Desborough was at the house, and it had no knowledge of the portrait; though, of course, the gossips had very soon decided that this rich, handsome newcomer was exactly the sort of man Miss Mabel ought to marry.

Mabel's beauty and Mabel's acquirements were the admiration of the neighborhood, and it was true that many a girl who graduates from a fashionable boarding-school would have fallen far below her either in accomplishments or solid knowledge.

Her stepfather had been a rare student, and after the exigencies of life drove him to seek the retirement of that mountain-village, he divided his time between the care of his invalid wife and the education of her daughter. When he died, the neighbors, knowing how little property he left, had feared that Mabel would go away to find a wider scope for her talents, in the necessity which devolved upon her of gaining a livelihood; so they were suitably delighted on discovering that she meant to open a school in their midst.

Samantha Dawson, fortunately, had a legacy left her about that time; she could not bear to leave the place where she had lived so long, and feared that any change might separate her from Mabel; and, therefore, persuaded the girl to try the present plan for at least a year. It had succeeded well enough, so that between Mabel's earnings in her school, and the translating work she received from a New York publisher, who had been a friend of her stepfather's, she earned sufficient money to equal Samantha's little income, and the pair lived in comfort.

Ralph Desborough was even too punctual in the matter of the appointment for that afternoon. The old-fashioned clock in the passage still lacked a quarter to two when he presented himself at the house on the hill. Samantha Dawson chanced to be crossing the hall as the young man appeared in the outer doorway.

"Humph!" said Samantha, glancing at the timepiece, and then looking grimly at Ralph. "Seems to me Aunt Betsy Turner's clocks must go at a gallop."

"You see the hill is so steep that the hours can't get here as quick as they do into the village," returned Ralph, and Samantha had to laugh in spite of herself, though she scowled portentously immediately afterward, in order to show that she was not to be wheedled by any such nonsense.

"Wal," said she, "that old clock there regulates the house, and I'd ruther trust it than a dozen gimcracks like that fine watch of yours!" For the deceitful young man was holding out his chronometer, and it is true that the hands pointed at two, but they had done so ever since that hour of the past night, careless Ralph having forgotten to wind up his watch, and was well aware of the fact. "It's like a good many young men—nice enough to look at, but not up to the mark for any use it is."

"I suppose you won't make me climb the hill again, even if I am a little ahead of your time," said Ralph, still laughing.

"Oh, you ain't ahead of my time—not a bit!" cried Samantha, with a meaning nod, half smiling, half glum.

"No, no! I might as well expect to accomplish the much-talked-of feat in regard to the weasel as hope for that," returned he. "But come now, let me sit down and rest—I'm out of breath."

"So you ought to be—flying up that hill like a teetotum gone crazy!" cried Samantha, vexed with herself for thinking how handsome the young fellow looked, his cheeks scarlet from exercise, his great brown eyes shining like stars, and a happy, confident smile on his parted lips.

"Handsome is that handsome does—remember that, and don't be a fool at your age, Samantha Dawson!" she muttered.

"What is this you are saying?" asked Desborough, carelessly sweeping the heavy mass of short, auburn curls back from his forehead. "I believe you're a witch, Miss Samantha, and trying to put a charm on me."

"Anyhow, I don't mean you to bewitch me," returned she, still muttering too low for her words to reach his ear. Then she added aloud, "I say, you must be a'most cracked, to go runnin' up-hill just after your dinner—turnin' your stomach topsy-turvy."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Ralph. "You see I am very anxious to begin the sitting—I am just in the mood to-day to finish that portrait as it ought to be done! To-morrow I mean to begin yours——"

"I'll bet you don't!" interrupted Samantha. "There, go along to your easel! Mabel's in the room—but don't you speak to her till she's finished those accounts, or you'll have me to deal with! I've spent a dollar and a half that I can't get track of, and the figgers has got to come out right if it takes a week to do it!"

"All serene—I'll remember!" returned Ralph, and hurried on through the dining-room into the apartment where Mabel sat. "I don't dare speak," he cried; "Miss Dawson forbade me."

Mabel looked up with a merry laugh.

"The embargo can be removed," she said; and seeing Miss Dawson's grim face peering in at the door, she called, "I have discovered your much-lamented dollar and a half, Samantha—you had added the figures wrong."

"Wal, that's good, anyhow! If there's a thing aggravates me, it's not to know where money has gone;" and Samantha returned in a greatly mollified state of mind.

But relieved as she felt, and occupied as she was, Miss Dawson found leisure every now and then to peer into the room, and was gratified to perceive that the artist kept busily at work, while Mabel read aloud—a favorite occupation of hers during these sittings—for very often when she remained idle, the revelations uttered by Ralph Desborough's eyes brought a blissful confusion which startled her, sweet as it was.

"I'll not touch the face again!" cried he, suddenly,

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laying down his palette. "I am not satisfied, but I can do nothing more. Satisfied? Good heavens! as if anybody could reproduce that coloring and the tint of that hair!"

"Please don't abuse my face, after all my patience," Mabel said, blushing and laughing; then rose hurriedly to look at the picture. "What a very sad expression you have given to the mouth—it wasn't there the other day."

"It is the expression you have when you are silent—pensive rather than sad," said Desborough. "The truth is, one ought to have two portraits of you—when you smile the face changes completely! This sketch might answer for Elaine, and another be taken which would serve for Titania."

"Painters and poets are allowed to be fanciful," Mabel answered, still speaking playfully, though his words and the glance which accompanied them sent a wave of rich color into her cheeks.

"The permission is worth remembering," he said.

"I must call Samantha to see what you have done," said Mabel, with an odd embarrassment for which she could not account—intuitively feeling (though without admitting the knowledge) that the conversation would drift into more serious channels if not ended then and there. "She has not so much as taken a peep at it for over a week. You asked her to wait till it was done, and she has kept her word."

Just then the spinster's step sounded in the next room, and Desborough called.

"Come in, Miss Dawson—I want your opinion.

"My opinion is that it's time to strike work," answered Samantha, with an accompaniment of rattling dishes. "I'm settin' the table, and the chicken is biled to a turn. You can't say *I* don't keep my promises, Mr. Desborough."

"And I want to show you that I keep mine, Miss Dawson. Come this way for a moment."

Ralph turned the easel round so that as Samantha entered the room the portrait was directly in face of her. She uttered a little cry of astonishment, stood still, then approached, studied the picture for a time in silence, and finally struck her hands together, exclaiming:

"I vum, you *have* done it! I never see the beat of that, and I don't expect to, though I was in Boston once. Why, if it ain't Mabel all over! You might a'most hear it speak. Jest the way she sets when she's a-thinkin'—with her head a sort of bending, so fashion."

"You have one satisfied critic, at all events, Mr. Desborough," said Mabel.

"He has—if you mean me," said Samantha; and she went up to the artist, seized his hand, and shook it heartily. "I don't believe but what you're a right honest, straightforward chap from top to bottom—there!"

"I hope the longer you know me the more firmly you will be convinced of that fact," returned Desborough, pleasantly. "I am glad you like it. I was in doubt whether to touch the hair——"

"Not a touch!" broke in Samantha. "Jest let it alone. It's perfection, and that's enough."

"I have not finished the background, but I can soon do so," Ralph said, seizing the first occasion to show her that she must still expect to see him occupying the painting-room.

"Nobody wants to hurry you," said Samantha, surprised into good nature which she might regret later. "We never use the room. You can paint here till all's blue, if you want to."

The portrait really was a wonderful effort for so young an artist. Desborough had reason to be proud, and to look upon it as an additional proof that he had not mistaken his vocation.

Presently Samantha called them out to the tea-table, looking flushed with the consciousness of success, as well she might, for every eatable was delicious, from the chicken to the crisp, tender, hot biscuits.

They had a merry meal; and after it was over, Ralph went out into the porch to smoke his cigar. Mabel lingered to offer some assistance to Samantha, but, as usual, it was sturdily refused.

"Nobody can have two trades and 'tend well to both," said the old maid. "You're a schoolma'am, and that's enough. I don't meddle with your part, don't you with mine. Let each fellow mind his own end of the schooner."

Mabel listened to the frequently uttered remark, and went laughing through the hall. She had reached the porch—Ralph was calling her to look at a brown thrush which had just lighted on a tree near the house. They were startled by a crash and a heavy fall, then a cry from Samantha.

They rushed back through the hall, and looked into the dining-room, thinking she must have hurt herself. She was not there.

"Samantha! Samantha!" called Mabel.

Dreadful groans sounded from the apartment where Desborough had arranged his studio. They ran thither. In the middle of the room stood Samantha. She turned a white, horrified face toward them, and pointed to the window.

The easel lay on the floor. The picture, in falling, had struck with such force against an old-fashioned chair, whose top was ornamented with a row of pointed knobs, that there were two slits in the canvas—one between the eyes, the other across the mouth. The portrait was ruined.

"Oh! oh! oh!" groaned Samantha. "You must ha' left the door open, Mr. Desborough. That plaguey big dog of old Turner's followed you up—he run out as I come in. Oh! oh! oh!"

And down she sat on the floor, crying as if her heart would break—an almost unheard-of proceeding on her part, and a very tumultuous performance indeed.

"Never mind, never mind," said Ralph, examining the canvas. "I can easily paint another—I've plenty of time."

"'Tain't that—though to lose the pretty thing is bad enough—but it's dreadful luck," moaned Samantha—"the worst of luck. Oh, something awful is going to happen! It's a—a—oh, what was that word, Mabel, in the story you read the other day?—an omen—an omen!"

"For heaven's sake, don't say or think such things," said Ralph, growing pale. "Nothing of the sort. Come, come! who would think of your being superstitious, Miss Dawson! I shall laugh at you well."

Samantha wrung her hands, and sobbed more loudly; but at last the young couple succeeded in quieting her.

"Wal," said she, "I never expected Samantha Dawson to go so near hysterics. Go 'way, both of you—go out and take a walk. Samantha and I will step into the pantry till she can stop making a fool of herself."

And up she rose and away she ran.

The young people left the room quickly, shutting the door behind them. Neither could bear to look again at the wreck, and besides, for the moment, Samantha's superstitious fears had startled them.

"Shall we go for a stroll? It will do you good," said Ralph.

So they went out through the garden, and past the meadows, to a grove on the top of the hill. The sun was setting. There was a beautiful view from where they stood; but, though they had both a keen appreciation of nature, I think neither paid much heed to the lovely scene. They tried to talk, but it was in a disconnected fashion, very unlike their ordinary animated conversations. At last both grew silent. Mabel sat with her eyes fixed on the great masses of gold and amber clouds gathered in the west, and Desborough sat with his eyes upon her.

Suddenly he called her name :

"Mabel—Mabel !"

She turned quickly, and her glance drooped beneath his gaze.

"I meant to wait," he said ; "I cannot—it is stronger than my will. Mabel, Mabel, I love you ! From the instant I saw you—oh, before that—I set out on my journey because I had found your picture—I came in search of you ! Then that dreadful accident seemed to bring us so close together—why, a whole life seems to have passed since we met ! Say I have not deceived myself. Oh, fate could not be so cruel ! You do care—you must care—Mabel, only say a word !"

He had dropped on one knee before her ; he caught her hands ; the eagerness of his voice grew full of anxious pain.

She could not endure that. The little hands, which had struggled like frightened birds, settled softly, confidingly into his, as tired doves that had found shelter. Her head was averted ; she had no voice wherewith to speak.

"Mabel, darling, just a word !"

She found courage to look at him now. Her lips framed no words, but her eyes spoke.

He was answered, and he caught her in his arms.

There they sat for a long, long hour, forgetting how time passed. They had talked themselves worlds away from the common earth. Confidences concerning the past neither had to make ; the simple record of their lives had been told in many former conversations during the past weeks. Mabel knew Desborough's home and his guardian as well as if she had seen both ; and Ralph had heard every particular connected with Mabel's early years, from the details of her childhood up to her first sorrow—her mother's death.

Just themselves and their love—that filled all the universe. For the time they could not even look forward or back. The bliss of the last hour's confession crowded existence too full for either past or future to have a place.

Does it sound overstrained—foolish ? Ah, my sneering critic of thirty-five, look back—look back, and see if there is not some season in your own life which gives the lie to your verdict !

Suddenly the moon flashed her glory into the sky, and her coming roused Mabel to say :

"We must go. I did not think it was so late."

So they turned homeward. When they reached the house they paused a moment in the shrubberies.

"Let me come in," pleaded Ralph. "It is early yet."

Just then they heard the front door open and close. Samantha's steps sounded in the passage. She had "run out" for awhile—a most unusual proceeding on her part ; but after her hysterical troubles had passed, she felt so ashamed of her senseless behavior that she longed to escape her own companionship.

She caught the sound of their voices, and called :

"Now, don't stop there like two crazy loons. It's damp, and you'll both get cold. I'll put a lamp in the parlor, for I'm going to bed. I've got such a headache I couldn't tell my own name. But you needn't be turned away yet, Mr. Desborough—and to-morrow I'll agree to let you laugh as much as you please at me for having behaved like such an idiot."

"Good-night," said Ralph ; and Mabel echoed his words.

They were too well-acquainted with the spinster to annoy her by intruding upon her while the recollection of her absurd conduct was still fresh in her mind. They stood still, saw her pass with the lamp and return.

"Good-night," she called. "Mabel, be sure you fasten the house when Mr. Desborough goes."

Then she went up-stairs.

So the pair went indoors and sat down in the old-fashioned room, which, to their sight, expanded and grew a royal palace ; for they were young, and their vision of happiness was brilliant enough to transform the commonest haunt into a gorgeous home fit to hold their dreams.

"No wonder the picture fell and got itself ruined," said Ralph, suddenly. "Fate knew that I was to have you, and so he granted plenty of time to improve upon that attempt. You are so beautiful to-night, I wonder I could ever think my sketch looked like you."

Living out the old, old story—the old story that is always new, and shall remain so while youth brightens this hard world with its presence.

The clock struck eleven—even in fairyland the clocks *will* strike when mortals venture there—and Mabel remembered that it was time for Ralph to go.

"I suppose so," he said. "I must not risk vexing the good Samantha. Well, you must not tell her until I hear from my dear old Gilbert Harrington. I shall write at once. He will be so pleased !"

"You think he will like me ?" Mabel asked.

"My darling, my beautiful ! As if he could help it ! He will be ready to adore you ; and he has always preached about my marrying young."

After all, the parting proved a lengthy affair. Ralph went away—as far as the outer door—and came back ; repeated the performance three separate times—finding, on each attempt, a last word which caused him to return.

"I can't bear to go !" he cried, at last. "It seems to me that I am too happy—as if destiny would not forgive me. But that is nonsense, since she gave the happiness. I am growing as superstitious as Samantha. How we will laugh at her, to-morrow !"

Then he held Mabel's hand anew, and made her whisper the precious words over and over—the words which told him how dear he was ; and twice again he hurried back, recollecting something he wished to say, but each time it resolved itself into :

"Good-night, my beautiful ! good-night, love !"

He was gone at last. She would willingly have called him back to hear one more sweet farewell, but that might not be.

He was gone ; and Mabel, after carefully fulfilling Samantha's directions in regard to the closing of the house, went up to her room. Such a pretty chamber !—the prettiest nook in the whole dwelling. On her sixteenth birthday her stepfather had furnished it anew, and, simple as all its decorations were, their perfect taste would have delighted an artist, and, like most artistic things, had cost a considerable sum of money—more, as Mabel had since learned, than the unsuccessful man who had loved her so fondly could afford.

It was very late before Mabel got far enough away from her heavenly dreams to recollect that she ought long since to have been in bed. She was partially undressed, and had taken up her mother's miniature to give it her usual good-night kiss, when she remembered the case which held her stepfather's portrait.

In the first sorrow for his loss, the sight of the picture had been a pain, so she had hidden it. Now, in her new happiness, she might bring it forth—who could rejoice with her as he would have done !

She went to the cabinet in which was set a bronze box that held certain precious relics. As she opened the casket, her hand touched a sealed package. She knew what it was. A chill shook her from head to foot, as if an icy wind had blown through the room.

Her stepfather's dying injunction flashed across her mind—came so suddenly, so like the whisper of some unseen watcher, that she fairly started back with a sensation of superstitious awe.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FATAL LEGACY.

DURING the closing days of Harvey Seymour's life, he had been occupied in writing a manuscript—writing with great difficulty, often obliged to pause in his task from weakness, from loss of breath; attacked by terrible spasms of nervous pain, which Mabel could not help fearing were partially mental, though she could imagine no reason therefor.

"Why don't you leave that tiresome writing alone?" she said, over and over again.

"It must be done! I have put it off too long—it must be done."

"Why not take me for your amanuensis?" she one day proposed, when, unable to rise as usual, he had insisted upon being propped up among his pillows and having his writing-desk placed upon the bed. "Dictate, and let me write, Harvey," she added, calling him by his Christian name, as had always been her habit.

"You, child—you!" he exclaimed, in a voice so strange, with such sorrowful emphasis on the words, that she looked at him in alarm. He tried to smile—to speak quietly.

"No, no; I must do it myself—I never could dictate. I am too impatient."

"As if you had ever been anything but the soul of patience!" cried Mabel. "At least don't attempt to write to-day—to-morrow you will be better again and able to sit up. You can finish it then."

"I have so few to-morrows left that I cannot afford to delay," he replied. "I have put off the work too long. It must be done—it must be done!"

So the task was finished that day. He insisted upon being left alone, though, as a rule, he could not bear Mabel out of his sight.

The work, whatever it might be, was finished—at a terrible cost of physical suffering, the girl knew; for when at last, terrified at the length of time which elapsed without his summoning her, as he had promised, she softly opened the door of his room, he lay back among his pillows, his eyes closed, his face so white and drawn that Mabel's first thought had been that he was dead, and she cried out in such pain and fright, that Samantha came running upstairs in dismay.

But Seymour had only fainted. They restored him to consciousness at length. Mabel had placed the writing-desk on a table, noticing, as she did so, that a sealed packet lay upon the velvet. As soon as her stepfather could look about, he began searching eagerly with feeble, uncertain hands, and demanded, brokenly:

"Where is it—what have you done with it?"

"He is out of his head," whispered Samantha.

He looked at her with a good-naturedly ironical smile.

"Samantha is always practical," he said; "she would send anybody to a lunatic asylum who ventured on a remark for which she could see no good reason."

"Land's sake, Harvey Seymour, how you talk!" returned the aggrieved Samantha.

"The letter! What have you done with the letter?" he demanded.

"Not a sign of a letter has come," persisted Samantha.

But Mabel motioned her to be silent—bent toward the sick man, and laid the packet in his hand. The nerveless fingers closed slowly over it, and an expression of relief crossed his features.

"Thanks. Samantha, I should like some beef-tea—will you go and warm me a little?"

"You bet!" said Samantha, and hurried away.

As soon as the door closed behind her, Mr. Seymour held out the packet to Mabel, saying:

"Take this—put it away carefully. Even after I am gone you are not to look at it until—are you listening, Mabel?"

"Yes, Harvey—yes."

"You will do exactly as I bid you?"

"You know I will."

"You will not even ask a question, no matter how strange what I am going to say may sound. You must try not to think about it! Put the letter away, and do your best to forget it, until the time comes when it will it be necessary for you to read what I have written."

"Yes! But I don't understand—you have not told me how I am to know when I ought to open it."

"Wait! Lift me up—so. Mabel, if the time comes that some man woos you for his wife—some man, mind you, to whom your heart has gone out, then, before you give him his answer, you must read that letter—never until then! Promise—promise!"

"I promise," she answered.

"Go and put it away now—now!" he continued, speaking still more faintly, as if exhausted by some repressed emotion. "Lock it up in the safest place you have—never to be looked at except under just those circumstances I told you of—never to be spoken about, even to Samantha—never to be thought about if you can help it."

"Yes, Harvey."

"Some women never marry—I think very often they are the happiest," he went on. "If that is your destiny, you will not open that envelope. If you were to die suddenly; ah! that must be thought of! Mabel, take a paper, and write on it these words: 'If this packet is found after my death, it is to be burned unopened. I leave that as a sacred duty to whomsoever shall be near me——"

"I am writing," she said, as he paused with his sentence unfinished. She began to think, as Samantha had done, that his mind was wandering. Probably, the paper only contained regulations for her conduct. Harvey always had odd ideas about marriage—no doubt something of that sort.

"That is not all," he continued, after a pause. "Have you written so far?"

"Yes; it is written."

"Then add, 'I warn that person that the curses of the dead will follow any infringement of this command!"

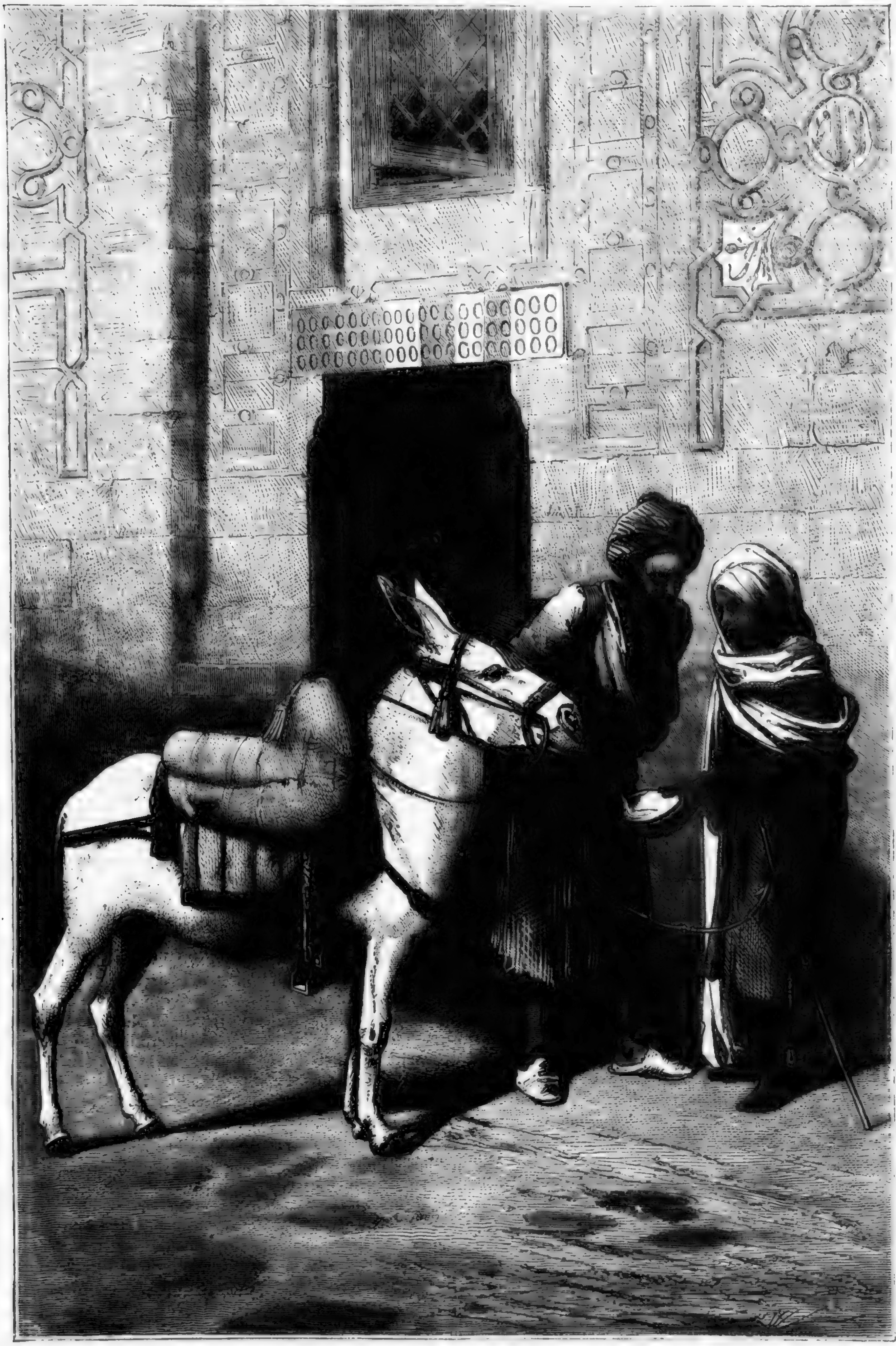
"Why, Harvey, surely I need not put that!"

"Write, write!" he exclaimed, in such sudden excitement, that she hurriedly traced the lines just to quiet him. "Is it done?" he asked. "Sign your name—show it to me!"

She held the paper up so that he could read it. His cheeks were crimson with fever, his eyes bright with pain. She felt certain that he was partially delirious.

"Now you can rest," she said.

"Put it away!" he ordered, and she went to her room and locked it in the little bronze box.



THE THOUGHTFUL DRIVER—A SCENE IN THE EAST.

XUM

When she returned to his chamber he had fallen into a doze. He slept uneasily until roused by Samantha's opening the door: then he started up, muttering:

"Rest in peace, dear—rest in peace. It is done—it is done!"

He died very quietly only a few days afterward; suddenly, one might almost say; although he had been ill for weeks from some active trouble connected with the arteries about the heart, the result of weakness, which had lain dormant for years; though he had known that, sooner or later, he must die from its effects. Mabel had known it too, since a journey they had made to Albany to consult a noted physician there.

He had been better that morning; had insisted on getting out of bed and dressing, with Samantha's assistance. Then Mabel came into his room and read to him. He was quite gay, and talked a good deal. He settled back in his chair as if going to sleep—lay for a few moments with his eyes closed. Suddenly he called:

"I promised her—remember that! Kiss me, Mabel!"

She bent over him—pressed her lips upon his forehead; his head sank on her arm—he was dead.

Mabel had grieved for Harvey Seymour as she might have done for an elder brother; he had seemed such to her as she grew up. He was still so young—only forty-two—he had been at once her guide, her counselor and her familiar friend. She had been only twelve when her mother died, but a child mentally developed beyond her years, adoring that beautiful invalid mother with the feeling which a devout Romanist bestows upon a favorite saint. Their mutual grief had brought the stepfather and child still closer together, and for five years they lived in a sweet harmony, such as too seldom exists between parent and child. His loss had been a terrible blow; it was only the necessity of exercising her abilities or remaining a charge upon Samantha Dawson, which roused Mabel from her stupor of grief. I can give you no plainer idea of the kind of suffering she underwent, than to tell you that even the sight of his miniature was like a knife in her heart. The day of the funeral she put the picture away in the box where the letter lay—put aside all the objects which had appertained to his personal use, thinking that, later, she might be able to bring them forth again.

So it was natural that on this night, when life had blossomed into such bewildering loveliness that she seemed suddenly to have been transplanted into a higher and more glorious sphere, she should have felt that the time had come to seek her stepfather's picture, and place it beside the miniature of her mother, which always stood upon her table.

It might seem strange to write that, for months and months, constantly as she had thought of Harvey Seymour, she had scarcely given a recollection to the sealed packet and his solemn injunction, only that so many of us could recall incidents connected with the death of our dear ones which would prove her conduct perfectly natural; especially as from the first she had rested completely satisfied with her earliest idea that the letter in reality contained only advice, and that it was merely the fact that his senses were wandering which made him that day so insist upon the literal carrying out of his wishes. Now she remembered his command—the time for its fulfillment had come.

As she opened the letter, Mabel Jordan turned at once to the inside page. The very first words which caught her eyes made the whole story clear. She dropped upon her knees—not to pray—not from any conscious volition; only bodily strength gave way, and her incoherent thought was that body and soul were parting under the awful blow—death meant to set her free!

She sank slowly forward till her head rested on the floor—not faint, even the relief of insensibility was denied her—physically so paralyzed by the shock that to move was out of her power. She lay thus for some time, still grasping the fatal letter in her hand—a mad whirl in her brain, whereon the words she had read seemed imprinting themselves in characters of fire—the very touch of the letter like a flame against her icy fingers, but she held it fast.

She rose at length, seated herself, unfolded the entire packet, and turned to the beginning. She would read it—she would—from the opening sentence to the close! Oh, it must be some awful nightmare—it was not real! She was not awake; the letter she grasped was nothing but a figment of her fancy! Oh, the face that stared at her from out the mirror! white, distorted in every lineament, lighted by two maddened eyes, was not her face—hers, Mabel's! But she would read—read to the end.

"Of my own will, Mabel," the letter began, "this revelation should die with me; but I swore an oath beside your mother's deathbed that it should be made. Twice when I have faltered, has she come back in my dreams to warn me that my vow must be fulfilled—so I write. Child, it would be easier for me to strike you dead when you come with your loving smile into my room, as you will come presently, than to pen this record; but I dare not attempt to evade my task. She would rise from her grave to utter the confession if I failed to keep my oath; she has warned me that she would; and my last hours would be haunted by the awful recollection that by my own act I had lost her for ever—so I write."

So he had written; so Mabel read—read to the very end. The first tangible thought which rose in her mind was, that her misery and her shame could not kill, since she had not died in the agony of that reading.

Religion tells us that in the existence beyond this, there shall be no mistakes—no vicarious suffering—no hell for the innocent; but I think Christ, in His infinite mercy, must forgive the blasphemous doubts which so often torture our souls when we see the innocent flung down into hell in this world, through the pitiless carrying out of that most mysterious and dread sentence in all the mysteries of Holy Writ—"*The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children.*"

Hours passed. She still sat there—thinking, thinking: The night wore on to its close; the dawn broke and stared in through the parted curtains. There she sat, gazing vacantly at the gathering light, looking like the ghost of the girl who had that evening left heaven behind her at the garden gate—ay, as if those brief hours had been countless years, and she dragging her anguish through their sweep!

Disgrace—that was her portion! Predestined to bear the weight of her mother's shame and her father's sin—that was her part in life! No help—no relief! Man might give a little scornful, careless pity; but since this would be harder to bear than contumely and ostracism, it had seemed better if humanity were as deaf as heaven and as dumb.

The dawn—the day—the sun rising, and she alive! That was the wonder—that she could be living still. Nothing else appeared strange. She was as familiar with her misery as if the hours from midnight till morning had filled up the whole count of her past life, from infancy to womanhood.

She was living, and she must live, and her mother and her mother's husband had thrust this awful secret out of their graves to stretch for ever between her and the light.

They had supposed that she would go to the man she loved with this degrading story on her lips instead of kisses. They had thought it wiser to break her heart at one blow; blight her youth, peril her soul, by putting the truth within her reach; because there might be a chance that, after she had been a happy wife for years, the knowledge should come to her or the man who had given her the shelter of his name, the refuge of his affection. Yet so far as the pair had known, when the wife laid that charge upon her husband to reveal the truth to her daughter, no human being then alive had cognizance of the tale. But such mortal might exist, and so, to guard against the possibility of her happiness being rudely destroyed after years of its enjoyment, they tore it from her with their own dead hands in the instant of its blossoming.

Long before she reached the possibility of coherent reflection, one resolve started up, fixed and unalterable, amid the chaos of Mabel's soul—to force her lover away from any further contact with her own present or future. She could endure her shame, but she could not share its secret with any human being. More than this, had her lover known the whole truth, and still been ready to take her to his heart, to call her wife, she would not have permitted such wrong—no, not if the refusal racked him with the woe which wrung her broken heart.

Accept such sacrifice from the man who loved her? Never! At least, now, she could remember that she was personally innocent of guilt; but she should not be if she let him join his life with hers—for she felt that he would—yes, he would—if she told him the whole tale, he would still claim her. Never! The story of her mother's shame—oh, God!

Now she comprehended many things in the lives of her mother and stepfather which had puzzled her—all clear now. She understood how it had come about that a man possessing such mental gifts had buried himself alive in that retired mountain village. It had been impossible to confront the world, to continue the course he had begun, with the possibility of exposure staring him in the face.

So far in her thoughts went Mabel; then she remembered that it was her mother of whom she was thinking—her angel mother! Ah, innocent, she knew! Harvey Seymour had believed it, too, and had persuaded her to become his wife. Why, that fact of itself, knowing the man, presented evidence convincing, if Mabel had needed such, of her mother's freedom from aught but wrong and suffering.

And the man—dearly as she had loved her stepfather, Mabel knew that until this hour she had underrated him. What heavenly patience, what superhuman depth of affection and self-abnegation, he had shown! And she had half thought him indolent, weak, in that he had deserted so young the busy fields of the world, where fame and profit were to be won, and immured himself in this mountain hamlet. Yet in so doing he had shown the grandest strength of all—the fullness of love. He took a task upon himself, and never faltered in its fulfillment—never even once allowed any regret for the future he had flung away to cross his mind. Mabel was sure of that—a thousand memories of their past lives came up to make her certain.

No wonder her mother had reverenced him like a god! No wonder she had taught her child to prize his smile like heaven's sunlight—to treasure his lightest words as the utterance of something beyond mere human wisdom! And not only had he been faithful to his love, but had the nameless child whom he took to his heart been his own flesh and blood, he could not have been more tender of her.

Ah, they were gone, those two—thank God for that! Both safe in heaven—safe in the existence beyond this mortal strife, where their souls must have bloomed into such fullness of perfection that the earthly past could not count, save as its privations and atonements helped them on toward bliss.

But for her, Mabel, in her turn, to condemn a man to such possibilities as had been realized in the case of Harvey Seymour, would be a sin so horrible that neither in this life nor the life beyond could she atone therefor. No; her lover was to be sent away—driven forth from any contact with her future—no word of explanation uttered which could bring a suspicion of the truth, because she knew him so well that she felt certain the truth would bind him faster to her side.

No matter at what sacrifice, no matter what wrong he believed of her, he must go—go at once and for ever. The old life had come to an end; her world had fallen in ruins and crushed her heart beneath; but her courage, her strength of will, remained. She must save him—save him! If he loathed and despised her as the falsest of her sex, so much the better—he might then cure of his hurt. As for her, personally, nothing mattered—nothing—the world had come to an end.

Was she going mad? She must not yet—she had work to do. Her task accomplished, then it was indifferent what might arrive. Oh, her head, how it throbbed and burned. Her heart was a living flame—every pulse a quivering fibre of heated steel!

The letter! She caught sight of the letter lying on the floor where she had dropped it. If she should go mad and Samantha enter and find her gibbering there, and bring aid, and human eyes should read the record! No! She had reason enough left to prevent that—enough to prevent that!

She sprang up—seized the scroll, and held it with such stern determination close to the lamp, that the blaze scorched and blistered her fingers—held it till every trace was obliterated, then, shuddering, hid her eyes from the ashes which blackened her hands like a visible reminder of her shame.

Relief came; without warning, she sank down—down—endless leagues through the dark it seemed to her; and for a blessed season she lay inert and lifeless, as if the tortured soul had fled for ever from its earthly tabernacle.

CHAPTER VIII.

AS THE DAY WORE ON.

MABEL'S fainting fit did not last long; when she recovered consciousness she dragged herself to her bed and lay there till long after the sounds from below-stairs warned her that Samantha was up, and busy with the never-finished round of duties which filled her days.

Mabel knew that if she did not appear, Samantha would presently come to summon her, then there would be endless questions and surmises to answer, and Mabel hoped by going down and conducting herself as usual to escape comment or notice; especially, as on Friday, it was Samantha's custom to hold a sort of witch's sabbat in the cellar, from which recreation she usually emerged scarred like an ancient Roman warrior, from the effects of prying into dark corners and bringing the bridge of her nose into sharp contact with evil-disposed beams and angles, which seemed possessed by the spirit of total depravity commonly supposed to be the special attribute of animate objects.

As a rule, on Friday morning, when Mabel went downstairs, she found her coffee and toast smoking on the hob of the kitchen fireplace, and when ready to go to her school, she would stand at the head of the cellar-stairs to bid Samantha good-by, while Samantha called up her salutations in a cavernous voice suited to the bowels of the earth where she had voluntarily imprisoned herself.

But on this particular morning Samantha, almost for the first time since Mabel's remembrance, had not entered upon her heathen rite—it really seemed to deserve that name, so mysterious was the performance, and so like some disheveled Pagan priestess did Samantha look when she consented to emerge from the cellar, having apparently attached all the week's accumulation of cobwebs to her dress and hair, not to mention sundry gray spiders which invariably caused her spasms of fright and rendered it necessary for Mabel to dust her with the kitchen broom from head to foot; Samantha the while performing an eccentric kind of slow, solemn dance, and uttering strangled squeaks of misery. When Mabel entered the dining-room, Samantha was standing by one of the windows looking out toward the hill. Mabel's first thought was that in the confusion of her mind she had mistaken the day.

"I hear you—good-morning," said Samantha, without turning round, and began to rub the window-panes with her apron, for to be caught idle was a positive crime in the spinster's eyes. Besides this, she had by no means recovered her spirits after her sobbing fit of the previous evening. She was heartily ashamed of the weakness she had shown, and would have been glad to escape seeing Mabel for a while yet, and still the superstitious feeling remained active in her mind. The most dreadful premonitions had haunted her slumbers and she woke with a grim determination to carry out a design which had greatly occupied her for days past.

She wanted to talk to Mabel about Ralph Desborough, but, though accustomed to express her opinions with the utmost freedom, she stood in awe of a certain dignity and pride the girl could show on such an occasion, and how she was to hint her fears that the young man was too familiar in the house—that after all he was a stranger—without risk of giving offense she did not see. But speak she would before the day ended! He had been one of the chief elements of trouble in her unquiet visions of the night, and she had gone back to her first prejudices against him, made the stronger by the recollection of how insensibly and completely she had yielded to the fascination of his manner and conversation.

So now, deeply absorbed in her reflections, at the same time irritated by the consciousness of having behaved adsurdly, she rubbed diligently on the glass, partly to be able to go on thinking, partly to be able to avoid Mabel's eyes where she dreaded to read an amused recollection of her insane conduct in presence of the accident of the portrait.

Mabel went in search of her coffee, and came back with the pot and plate of toast, and sat down at the table with her back to the window to make a pretense of eating and drinking.

"Have you had your breakfast, Samantha?" she asked, for Samantha, instead of sitting at her meals in a Christian fashion, was greatly given to snatching them in secret, behind the pantry door or with her head in a cupboard; as if the natural satisfying of her appetite was a weakness or crime which must be performed in a surreptitious manner if she desired to preserve a good repute among her fellow-mortals.

So now Samantha gave vent to a sort of gurgle which might mean anything or nothing. Mabel relapsed into silence; to eat was impossible, every mouthful choked her, though she drank the coffee eagerly, and the fragrant liquid was grateful to her parched, feverish throat.

She was dreading each instant that she should have to meet Samantha's inquisitorial gaze, and be subjected to a stern interrogatory as to what ailed her; afraid to be silent lest that should attract the spinster's attention—afraid to speak lest her voice should warn her friend there was something amiss.

She tried to think of some question to ask—some ordinary remark to make. Anybody who has been suddenly crushed under the earthquake shock of a great trouble knows how difficult it is to find such words; how unfamiliar the surroundings of years will look; how far off and new will appear the daily occupations which have hitherto been so much a matter of habit that they were performed without any conscious exertion of the mind.

"You are not in the cellar, Samantha," she heard herself say.

"Not that I know of," returned the old maid, dryly, polishing the glass till it creaked; "I hain't learned yet to be in two places at once; mebby I shall, bime-by."

The idiocy of her own speech, and Samantha's reply, struck Mabel. A hysterical inclination to laugh seized her. She knew if she did, her last remains of strength would go, and leave her unable to act her poor little part.

"There's that consarned yaller dog of old Turner's prowlin' about!" exclaimed Samantha, suddenly. "Jest let me get at him! I can tell Mr. Ralph Desborough if he don't cure the critter of coming up here, I'll——"

The remainder of the sentence was lost in the distance. Samantha rushed out of doors in pursuit of her enemy, and when she came back she was crosser than when she went, not unnaturally, either; for she had tripped herself up with the stick she had seized for the purpose of beating the dog, and as she regained her feet, she flung it with such ill-directed aim that it landed full in a bed of her favorite dahlias, and decapitated half a dozen of the finest flowers; while the yellow dog escaped scot-free, bounded over the fence and dashed off down the hill, uttering yelps and barks of triumphant delight and scornful derision—at least they sounded as such to the ears of the enraged Samantha.

Mabel had taken advantage of her absence to return to her room, from whence she did not emerge till toward the hour for opening her school. She could scarcely walk, or even stand; but she would not give way! The very sight of the face which looked at her out of the mirror was startling, but she must go to her school—anything was better than solitude and inaction. If only she could leave the house without encountering Samantha! She listened; there was no sound of the active woman's step or voice—for the spinster had an odd habit of keeping up a muttered monologue while she worked—so Mabel, hoping that she was occupied in the kitchen, went softly down-stairs. But just as she reached the foot of the stairs, Samantha appeared, broom in hand, from the front porch, and where Mabel stood, the light struck full on her worn, pallid countenance.

Samantha cried out in absolute terror, and dropped her broom to hold up her agitated hands.

"What on earth is the matter!" she exclaimed. "If I didn't a'most think you was your own ghost!"

"Nothing ails me but a headache; you know what bad ones I have sometimes," Mabel answered. "I must hurry, the clock is striking nine."

But Samantha barred her passage.

"I never see a headache make you look like that!" said she. "You're sick—that's what it is! You've caught a cold, or you're comin' down with a fever or sumthin'!"

"Nonsense, Samantha!" returned Mabel, trying to laugh. "You are getting fanciful in your old age."

"Fancysome or not," said Samantha, "you ain't a-goin' to that plaguy school, I can tell you! I'll jest run and tell the children to scat——"

"No, no!" Mabel interrupted, catching her arm.

"Then let me send one of the young ones to the tavern to ask Lizzie Turner to teach to-day—she's come to stop with Aunt Betsy a while, and she'll do it willing enough."

"I shall be much better occupied; I can't stop in the house and do nothing," said Mabel. "Oh, please don't tease me, Samantha—I must go!"

Samantha regarded her with wide-open eyes of troubled suspicion, and gave her head a toss, expressive of injured feelings.

"I don't want to tease you, mercy knows. I hope I ain't a blunderin' bumble-bee, if I am an old maid!" she exclaimed. Then her conscience smote her, and she cried, "I was a brute not to see you was sick when you first came down this mornin'! The truth was, I felt as cross as two sticks, and didn't look at you; and I wasn't cross neither—I never felt so worked up and queer in all my born days; I knew sumthing was going to happen."

"A headache is not very serious, my dear."

"I know better! And I had the awfulest dreams all night—I woke myself up a screamin' a dozen times; it was always about you, and sometimes it seemed to be about your mother, only it was you too; and that was what it meant—you're sick!" cried Samantha, incoherently.

"Indeed I am not," said Mabel, as well as her quivering lips would allow her to speak. She could not stand there and hear of Samantha's troubled dreams—her mother's name, too! Ah, the poor mother! Well, at least she was gone away from the disgrace, the misery—gone, and left it as a legacy to her child! Her head reeled; she had to put out her hand and grasp the banister to support herself; but still she pleaded:

"Don't keep me, Samantha—please don't! If I feel no better I can dismiss the children; but I shall—it will do me good to be occupied."

"Wal, I won't plague you—there!" And Samantha put both arms about her and kissed her—a most unusual demonstration of tenderness, for the spinster had an idea that any exhibition of affection was folly. "Go along, my pretty, since you will! But mind you don't stay if you feel any worse. I shall drop in myself after a while and see how you get on. I may be a nutmeg-grater kind of old creatur', but my heart ain't a brickbat, after all—no, nor a millstone neither!"

"You're the best soul in the world!" said Mabel, half choked by the sobs which she still had strength to repress. "Good-by now. I shall have forgotten my pain by noon."

"Well, I hope so," replied Samantha, dubiously; permitted her to pass, and went back to the kitchen. "I expect it's one of them plaguy sick-headaches, such as her mother used to have," was the reflection with which the old maid, whose cast-iron frame had never known an ache, tried to keep herself from feeling alarmed. "She was as sweet a body as ever lived, was Harvey's wife, and as pretty as a picture up to the last; but dreadfully weakly always. I do hope Mabel ain't a-goin' to take up the same trick."

For the life of her, Samantha could not help regarding delicate health as a kind of sin, and it was a favorite aphorism of hers, "That half the folks in the world die just because they haven't got vim enough to hold together! Vim and faculty are what a body needs to keep a stiff back while a-pilgrimagin' along this old footstool!"

She repeated this to herself as she went about her work; but all the same, consoling as she usually found the reflection in the presence of ills, it failed to quiet her anxiety in regard to Mabel's appearance, or remove the superstitious dread left by her evil dreams.

Mabel found her little charges in a state of intense excitement over the enjoyment of the previous day, and even with the best will in the world to be obedient and studious, it was very difficult for them to carry out their intentions.

But when Nettie Graves came in, she felt certain something was amiss with the young mistress, and speedily made an errand up to the dais to whisper:

"Oh, you ain't sick, Miss Mabel?"

"I have a headache," Mabel answered, aloud, "and I want all you children to see how good and quiet you can be."

"That we will!" chorused the jacketed and trowsered part of the flock, making so much noise about their praiseworthy determination that the little girls said, "Sh! sh!" in a warning manner, and Nettie Graves, as she left the platform, added to the reproof by regarding the offenders with a scornful glance.

"That's the way boys keep still!" said she, and walked back to her seat with such majesty that the urchins felt both frightened and guilty; for Nettie was the belle of the school, the recipient of more rosy-cheeked apples, in the Winter more rides on sleds, and at all seasons of the year the cause of more battles among the boys than all the other girls put together. To incur Nettie's displeasure was a serious matter, so a great stillness fell suddenly upon them all. Even the girls felt the influence of Nettie's grandeur, though one red-haired damsel did whisper to her neighbor:

"Ain't she stuck up! Who's she, I want to know! My pa's got twice'st more money than her old grandmother, I can tell her!"

But the neighbor was Nettie's stanch adherent, and whispered back:

"You'll set yourself afire if you toss them red stringlets of yours about in that way! Billy Johnson says your folks sets the griddle on it when they bake pancakes, and so save wood! And it's lucky they can, for your pa is as tight as the bark of a tree, if he is rich."

"You're tribe—your ma's tribe, and so's your big sister!" muttered the irate red-haired. "You ain't fit to be spoke to—your petticoat's got a hole in it! Oh, won't I pinch you when recess comes!"

But before recess arrived, even the red-haired had forgotten her own private wrongs in the general sympathy for the beloved schoolteacher.

Mabel managed to drag on through her duties, the pain in her head always increasing, the horrible weight pressing heavier and heavier down upon her heart, like some actual physical burden heavy beyond endurance; a thousand wild thoughts making a tempest in her brain; the awful words, shame, disgrace, sounding in her ears so loud that they drowned the voices of the class, seeming to print themselves in fiery characters before her eyes, and to blot out every actual sight! All the while Ralph Desborough's image haunting her—the thought of his woe growing a deeper agony even than her own; for he loved her—he loved her! And she must send him away—no explanation possible; but she must do it—at any cost—by any means! Oh, if she could fly!—hide herself without the loss of a moment in some place so secret and distant that even his love could not trace her! Ah, she was going mad—mad! And the lessons droning on—the children's tones sounding like hisses in her ears—their anxious eyes, watching her more and more attentively, seeming cold, scornful eyes of strangers cognizant of her shame—upbraiding her with it—and Ralph Desborough's voice cursing her as false!

Then a rush and a roar in her ears; she felt herself falling, down, down, and uttered a shriek which restored her to consciousness. She had sunk back in her chair; the scholars were all on their feet; Nettie Graves was supporting her head; an older pupil holding a glass of water to her lips; most of the little girls, and boys too, crying in terror, and she trying to raise herself—to speak—to bid them not be frightened; and all the time that sensation of falling—of sinking through immeasurable space growing stronger! Then Samantha's voice—Samantha beside her; Samantha's arms about her waist; and even in this strait Mabel found words which should help to guard her secret.

"Only my head, dear—only my head! I'll go home—I'll go home."

Samantha had already once come down to the schoolroom and peered in at the window; Mabel was seated at her desk, the grammar class in front; her head turned away so that Samantha could not see her face. Everything seemed going well, and Samantha retreated unperceived, except by Nettie Graves, to whom she made a sign to take no notice, and quick-witted little Nettie understood at once.

So Samantha had gone back to the house, trying to believe that she felt relieved in her mind—Mabel was better—her own dreams and warnings were just pure folly! She was idle, that was what ailed her! She would find some work. There was neither washing nor scrubbing to be done—she would look over the store of Winter blankets; maybe the moths had got in, despite her careful hiding them in a closet, well sprinkled with camphor and red cedar chips. Any way, it was time to get them out; the nights were growing chilly. Ten to one Mabel had taken cold from not having covering enough on her bed—all her fault, Samantha's; and if the dear girl should have a fever and die, that would be Samantha's fault too! And she had been cross lately, from morning to night, unable to hinder the ebullitions of feeling, yet not exactly conscious what caused them. She was a brute, was Samantha—a cantankerous old catamaran, not fit to live near Mabel, and if anything happened to the girl, Samantha ought to be hung—and worse! And the old maid vituperated Samantha as if the dreadful creature had possessed an identity completely separated from her own.

She flew first into the kitchen, where she had left her bread rising, and the bread had got too light and run all along the floor; and the tea-kettle had boiled over, and nearly put the fire out; and Samantha, before she knew what she was about, seized the kettle, burning her hand in the operation, and poured its contents into the bread-pans, and then sat down in a chair, hid her head in her checked apron, and, like Isaac, lifted up her voice and wept.

Then she remembered the blankets. Her last hope lay in them—a vigorous shaking out of their folds might shake a little common sense into herself. She, who had always been the very incarnation of that quality, equal to any and every emergency, from fire to small-pox; and now, when nothing was the matter but her own dreams and Mabel's headache, suddenly to lose every gleam of her chief faculty—it was too much!

She dashed into the dining-room. The closet which held the blankets was in the chamber beyond, a place for storing old lumber, until Ralph Desborough converted it into a studio to hold his portrait of Mabel—an enchanted palace to hold their dreams.

Samantha opened the door. The window-curtains were arranged so that the light was focused on the spot where the easel stood; the rest of the room remaining in shadow. As Samantha crossed the threshold, the first object which met her eyes was the mutilated picture, where Ralph had left it the previous evening, when they all hurried out from the presence of the disaster which had so strangely disturbed the strong-nerved spinster that for a few moments she had even troubled the youthful pair by her superstitions, till, looking in each other's eyes, they remembered that they stood there together. Fate itself would be powerless to harm them—they stood there together.

The light fell full on the ruined picture. Samantha gave one glance at the wound between the eyes, the rent below the mouth. Mouth and eyes seemed full of pain, as if the insensate canvas were Mabel herself—Mabel murdered, dying, appealing in mute anguish to Samantha for help.

The spinster uttered a cry of fright, shut the door and fled. She could not stop another instant in the house. She must go back to the schoolroom—must see with her own eyes that Mabel was still sitting quietly among her scholars. Only the sight could banish from Samantha's mind the horrible phantoms conjured up by that mutilated painting—that distorted mouth, those beseeching eyes.

"I wish he and his picture had been at the bottom of the Red Sea before ever he found his way here!" groaned Samantha. "Oh, if he is in fault—if he has been showing the cloven foot—I'll tear him into inch pieces with these nails—yes, I will! I will!"

Away she rushed down the path.

As she reached the open windows of the schoolhouse, she heard that chorus of the frightened children

"Teacher! teacher!"

On dashed Samantha, and flew into the room.

Mabel was just trying to raise herself in her chair. Nettie Graves was supporting her. Several of the older girls gathered about.

The spinster had done herself injustice when she declared that she had lost her talent of being equal to emergencies. She laid Mabel's head on her arm, sprinkled water in her face, forced a few drops between her lips, and called to the scholars:

"It's only a faint. She's got sick-headache. Take your things, like good children, and go home."

Then, with a sudden recollection that the small people would perhaps carry such doleful accounts to their families that Mabel would be troubled by an invasion of visitors, she added:

"Don't go making mountains out of mole-hills. It's nothin' serious. I'll put her straight in bed, and I don't want a creetur to come near the house to-day. What she needs is sleep. All your folks know how often her mother used to be just so. Now get off with you!"

So she scattered the flock. Only little Nettie Graves kept her stand.

Mabel had caught that one word, and was muttering it:

"Mother! mother!"

(To be continued.)

ARNAL, OF THE PALAIS ROYALE.

Arnal had a sovereign contempt for theatrical managers in general, and for his own in particular; his especial *bête noire* being Bouffé (not the actor), for some years lessee of the Vaudeville.

One day, during the rehearsal, Arnal came into the *foyer* in a towering passion, and when asked what was the matter, replied that, contrary to the terms of his engagement, he had been required to play in three pieces on the following evening.

"Am I a pack-horse," he indignantly exclaimed, "that he expects me to carry all the *répertoire* on my shoulders?" Then, suddenly reflecting, he added, smiling half compassionately, half ironically, "Au fait, ce pauvre Bouffé, c'est un âne; et il croit que tout le monde lui ressemble!"

But his bitterest foes were the *claqueurs*. Unlike most of his fellow-comedians, who consider the *chevaliers du lustre* as important and necessary auxiliaries, he cordially hated them, and resolved one night to play them a trick. Choosing for his purpose a word which they were in the habit of applauding, he pretended to say it as usual, but merely moved his lips without uttering a sound; whereupon the *claque* shouted and clapped in simulated ecstasy. When the noise had subsided, Arnal camly took up his cue where he had left it, and emphasizing the hitherto unspoken phrase with peculiar distinctness, looked significantly at the audience, who, heartily enjoying the joke, applauded him until the house rang again.

At the conclusion of the performance, the *chef* gravely contended, with the air of a deeply injured man, that he was in the right and the comedian in the wrong; for, said he, "we should not have been a second too soon if monsieur had not been a minute too late."

No one was more exact at rehearsals than Arnal, or more minutely particular as regarded the slightest deviation from established rules; a missing or mislaid "property," for instance, entirely upset him. One evening, while playing in "Le Sergent Mathieu," in which piece he had to seize a stick and put to flight three soldiers, the indispensable weapon had been unfortunately forgotten, and the effect of the scene was consequently spoiled. Boiling with rage, and utterly indifferent to the *qu'en dira-t-on*, he abruptly left the stage; and in spite of the threats and entreaties of the manager, and the loudly muttered discontent of the public, stubbornly refused to continue his part.

Since then, whenever (which was frequently the case) a similar mishap occurred, and the comedian's voice was heard in angry remonstrance, the habitués of the *coulisses* merely shrugged their shoulders, and whispered to each other, "Tiens, voilà Arnal qui a perdu son bâton."

During one of his provincial excursions, he happened to play "Une Passion" in a certain country town. Unluckily for him, the audience were already familiar with the piece, having seen it performed by a strolling actor with an elastic wig, the effect of which, from its perpetually bobbing up and down, was extremely ludicrous. Arnal, to his surprise, found, almost for the first time, a public unable or unwilling to appreciate him. In vain he exerted himself to thaw the living icicles staring fixedly at him; nothing would do; they looked at one another with a disappointed air, listened coldly and with evident disapprobation to the *couplet final*, and it was not until after the curtain had fallen that he was told, in confidence (and in a very disconsolate tone) by the manager, *why* he had failed to satisfy these unreasonably difficult judges.

"Monsieur," said that functionary, "your talent is incontestible, but, pardon me, how could you possibly think of appearing before *real* connoisseurs without an elastic wig!"

In private life, Arnal was grave and taciturn, fond of solitude, and accustomed to devote his leisure hours to study. Judge, then, of his horror on discovering that the newly installed occupant of the adjoining apartment in the next house, separated only by a thin layer of brick from his own, was an enthusiastic pianist, who not only practiced during the entire day, but perseveringly continued his labors until three or four in the morning!

Certainly Rubenstein and Bulow are deservedly popular artists, but it is a question whether their next-door neighbors are as favorably disposed toward them as the public in general. However this may be, our hero, feeling nowise inclined to sacrifice his peace by day and his rest by night without a struggle, indited a polite note to his persecutor, requesting him at least to suspend his manual exertions between midnight and 7 A.M., and impatiently awaited the answer, which ran as follows: "If Monsieur Arnal fancies that he is invariably an amusing actor, he is mistaken; but this is his affair, not mine. I do not interfere with him, and demand reciprocity."

"Ah!" cried the irritated comedian, "you will have it, then. So be it; war to the knife!"

And before a couple of hours had elapsed, he had hired the most discordant barrel organ that the manufacturers of Batignolles could supply, and conveyed it triumphantly to his bedroom. The first note of a sonata of Beethoven was the signal for him to begin, and then ensued the most horrible cacophony imaginable; Arnal working away like a born Savoyard at the overture of "La Caravane." A few minutes settled the matter, the pianist closing his instrument in despair, and the battle ceasing "*faute de combattants*."

The truce, however, was not destined to last long. On the following morning, profiting by the actor's absence at rehearsal, his neighbor unsuspectingly resumed his sonata, only to be interrupted anew by the terrible "Caravane," for which purpose a *commissionnaire* had been especially retained at the rate of fifteen sous an hour, with strict injunctions to go on turning until ordered to stop. This finally brought the pianist to his senses; and on the same evening, terms of peace having been agreed upon by the contending parties, the barrel organ, henceforth unnecessary, was duly deposited in a *fiacre*, and transported to its native Batignolles.

AN INDIAN JUGGLER.

MR. E. STANLEY ROBERTSON, late of the Bengal Civil Service, contributes to the capitally conducted *University Magazine* (Hurst and Blackett) an interesting article on the above subject. He says:

"Early in January, 1877, I was stationed at Moradabad, in Rohilkund. My wife was in England, invalided; so, instead of living alone, I had adopted a common and convenient Indian fashion, and was 'chumming' with a friend. My chum was Mr. Carmichael Smyth, acting superintendent of police for the district.

"One day Mr. Smyth told me that he expected to receive a visit from a native, an amateur conjuror, who would perform some amusing tricks. It so happened that on the same day we were waited on by a Parsee pedlar, who wanted to sell us ivory and sandal-wood carvings, and such like knick-knacks, which are the usual stock-in-trade of the Parsee traveling merchants. While we were chaffering with this man the conjuror was announced, and was shown into the common sitting-room. He was followed by a crowd of our servants; for the native of every rank loves a conjuror, and gazes on a conjuring performance with the simple admiration of a child.

"There was nothing very remarkable in the appearance or dress of our conjuror. An elderly man, short and sparely made, dressed in dingy white cotton, with very tight sleeves to his robes and very tight legs to his drawers. He might have been a respectable servant out of place, but actually was a small landowner, who had taken to conjuring for his amusement.

"When he entered the room he spread a white cloth upon the floor, and sat down upon it, with his back to the wall, the door of the room being on his right hand. His spectators were disposed in the following fashion: Mr. Smith sat on a chair nearly in the middle of the room; I was sitting on a sofa near the door; the Parsee merchant stood in the doorway, about arm's length from me. The servants stood about in groups, the largest group being between the door and the conjuror.

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"As soon as he had settled himself he turned to the Parsee and asked for the loan of a rupee. The pedlar at first demurred a little, but on being guaranteed against loss he produced the coin. He was going to put it into the conjurer's hand, but the latter refused, and told the Parsee to hand it to Mr. Smyth's bearer. The bearer took it, and, at the request of the conjurer, looked at it, and declared it to be really a rupee. The conjurer then told him to hand it to his master. Mr. Smyth took it, and then followed this dialogue:

"*Conjurer:* 'Are you sure that it is a rupee?'

"*Smyth:* 'Yes.'

"*Conjurer:* 'Close your hand on it, and hold it tight. Now think of some country in Europe, but do not tell me your thought.'

"Then the conjurer ran over the names of several countries, such as France, Germany, Russia, Turkey and *America*—for the native of India is under the impression that America is in Europe. After a moment's pause, Mr. Smyth said he had thought of a country.

"'Then open your hand,' said the juggler. 'See what you have got, and tell me if it is a coin of the country you thought of.'

"It was a five-franc piece, and Mr. Smyth had thought of France. He was going to hand the coin to the conjurer, but the latter said: 'No; pass it to the other sahib.'

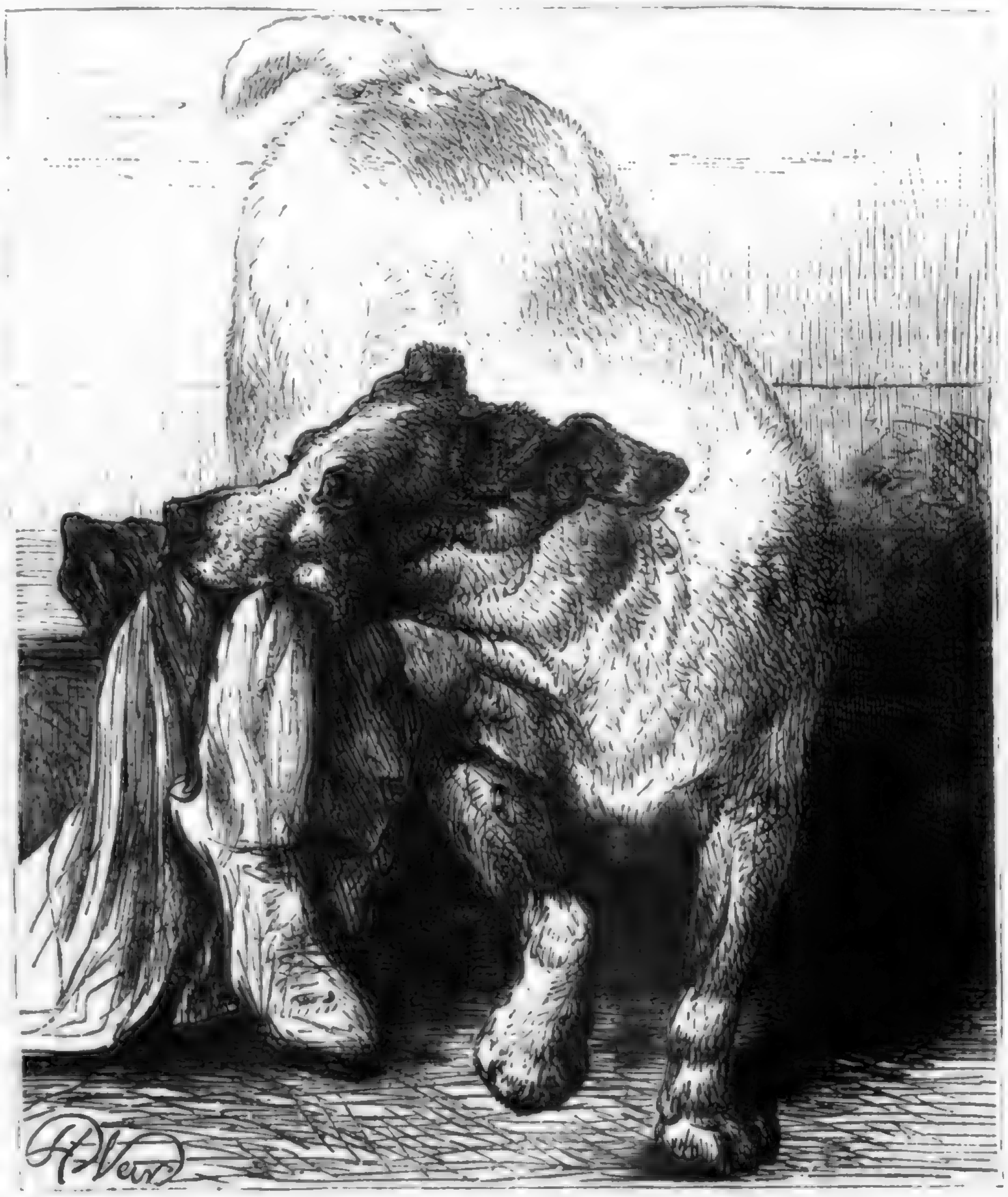
"Mr. Smyth accordingly put the five-franc piece into my hand. I looked closely at it, then shut my hand and thought of Russia. When I opened it I found, not a Russian, but a Turkish silver piece about the size of the five-franc, or of our own crown piece.

"This I handed to Mr. Smyth, and suggested that he should name America, which he did, and found a Mexican dollar in his hand. The coin, whatever it was, had never been in the conjurer's hand from the time the rupee was borrowed from the Parsee merchant. Mr. Smyth and his bearer had both of them closely examined the rupee, and Mr. Smyth and I turned over several times the five-franc piece, the Turkish coin and the dollar; so the trick did not depend on a reversible coin—indeed, it could not, for the coin underwent three changes, as has been said."

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

We hear such wonderful instances of the intelligence of dogs, that we can scarcely wonder at any fresh proof of their sagacity; but the following anecdote would appear almost too good to be true:

A certain Monsieur N——, going on foot from Leuze to Lessines, in Belgium, took with him his dog, which he was anxious to get rid of; but as he was unwilling either to drown him, to hang him or to shoot him, he resolved to lose him on the way. The dog, who, instead of kind words and caresses, received nothing but threats, seemingly understood his master's project; he kept quite close to his heels, and would not leave him for a moment. N——, obliged to sleep out for that night in order to finish his business, went to the inn, and said to his four-footed companion, instead of good-night: "To-morrow, you rascal, I shall take the train, and you will have to walk about here." He then went up to his room and went to bed.



AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

The next morning, great was N——'s surprise to perceive, when he got up, that one of his socks and his waistcoat were missing. The landlord, when questioned, maintained that no one could have taken these articles, as no other stranger had been lodged in the inn. They were all searching and wondering, when they found, in a corner of the house, the dog who had been so threatened the evening before, lying upon the stocking and the waistcoat of his master. The poor animal seemed to have wished in this way to prevent his master from starting without him. N——, admiring the sagacity of his dog, no longer tried to get rid of him.

BULLFIGHTING IN ANCIENT ROME AND MODERN SPAIN.

After a jingling, a jolting, a jostling, a bumping, a crunching, a crumpling and a scrooging, such as put me in and out of shape about as many times as there are Arabian Nights' entertainments, in the diligence that left Perpignan, in France, for its rickety passage across the Pyrenees to Gerona, in Spain, I found myself decanted at the dingy railway station, in an atmosphere of garlic, mixed half-and-half with the vilest of vile tobacco, together with the rankest compound of villainous smells that ever assailed human nostrils.

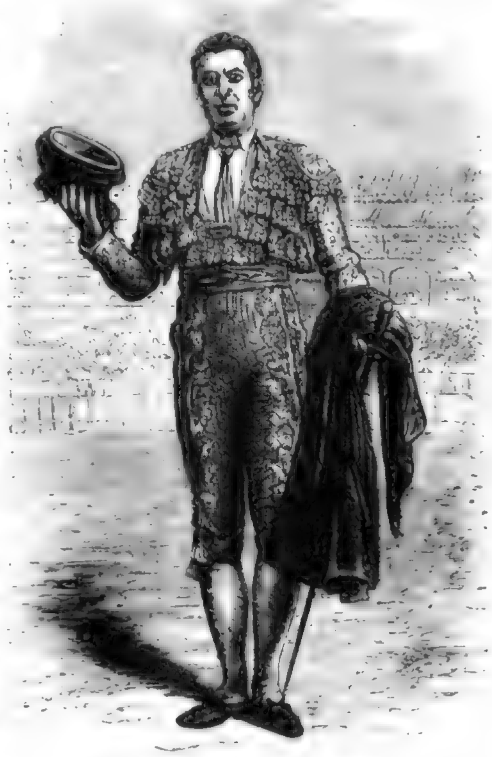
My *compagnons de voyage* were four cut-throat looking ruffians, who smoked the whole way through—we left Perpignan at 3.30 on Friday afternoon, reaching Gerona in thirteen hours—save when they lugged out a black leather bottle for the purpose of imbibing an abominable compound consisting of, heaven knows what, or flung away their cigarettos with a view to supplying their places by wedges of sausages made up of such unsavory rancids, as, to recall them even at this present writing, causes intense nausea.

Why had I subjected myself to this terrible inconvenience? Why had I flung myself into an express at the St. Lazare Station, at Paris, *en route* for Perpignan? Why did I travel day and night, never stopping save when the tired engine panted for water, to find myself at the gray dawn of the second day in this dingy and dismal primitive town of Spain?

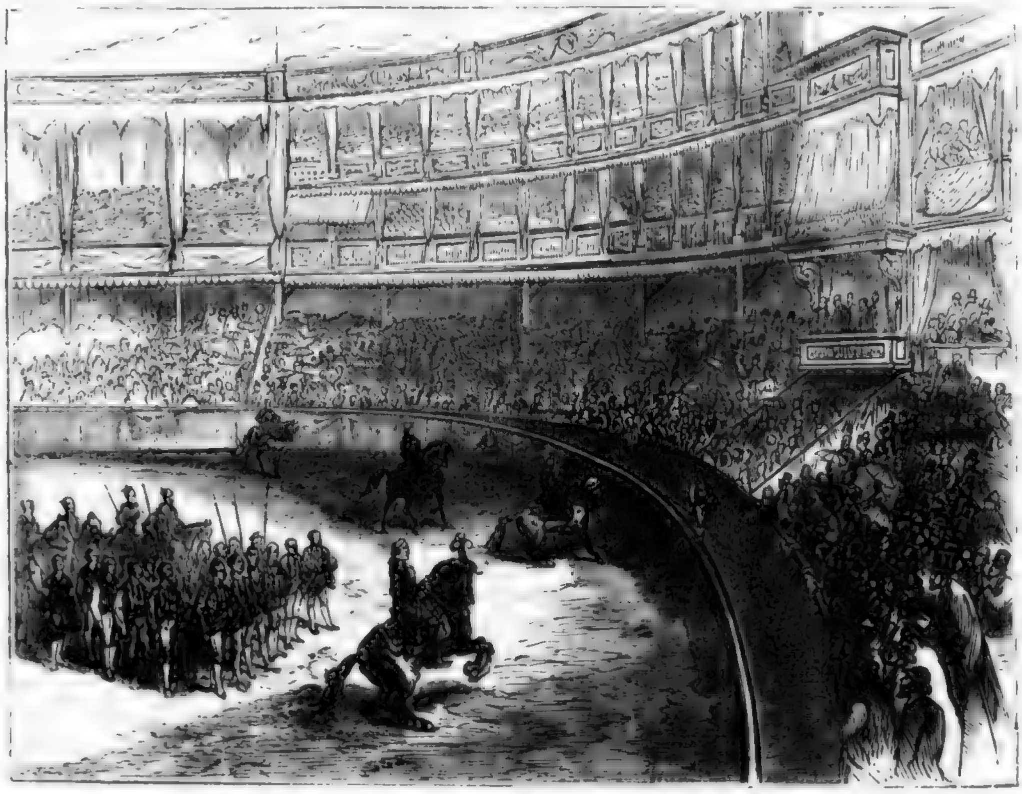
I was seated in the *vestiare* in the gorgeous Hotel du Louvre, glancing at a French daily paper. Suddenly my eye became riveted upon an advertisement of a forthcoming bull-fight, thirty-six hours from Paris. *Thirty-six hours!* I had longed to witness one of these semi-gladiatorial contests. The opportunity was within reach, for, upon the following Sunday, at four of the clock, one of the most magnificent fights, recalling the *corrida* in its palmiest days, was to be fought at Barcelona!

Thirty-six hours! All day long the refrain of thirty-six hours rang through me, along the Boulevards, beneath the shade of the trees in the Champs Elysées, in Tortoni's, whither I repaired for an ice; at Philippes, where I wandered to dine; at the Maison Doré, while I supped. "Thirty-six hours," "thirty-six hours," kept tick, ticking, like the old clock on the stairs. Go! Don't stay! Go! Don't stay! Go! Don't stay!

What slight circumstances lead to decisions! In passing along the brilliantly lighted Boulevard des Italiens, I stopped to gaze into a print shop. The first object that my eye alighted upon was a portrait of Manuel Garcia, the Prince of Picadors. I took one look at his counterfeit presentment as he stood in that shop window. His name was familiar—ha! it was set forth in the advertisement of the morning. I would see this Hercules in the flesh! Half an hour subsequently I was ensconced in a first-class carriage and on the road to my first bull-fight.


DOMINIQUE, THE ESPADA.

Upon arriving at Barcelona, I was captured by the commissionaire of the Fonda de Cuatros Naçiones, situated on the Passeo, and borne away to that hostelry by the exultant tout. A very substantial but exceedingly Frenchy *déjeuner à la fourchette*, tended to soothe me, while the copious draughts of Catalan wine I gulped down, eventually succeeded in restoring my wonted animation.


SALUTING THE AUDIENCE BEFORE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FIGHT.

So soon as the cravings of appetite had been appeased, I turned to my next neighbor, a Manchester bagman, who had been engaged in making frantic love, through the medium of the most diabolical Spanish, to a dark-eyed senorita seated opposite to him. The young lady, who was thoroughly Andalusian, enjoyed her Saxon admirer's blandishments from behind an enormous fan, over the laced edge of which, or through its elaborate carvings, she ever and anon flashed bewildering glances, to the utter subjugation and undoing of the man of cotton.

"Bull-fight, sir? I tell you there *will* be a bull-fight tomorrow. Have you got a ticket? They're selling at a

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premium. I doubt if you'll get a *sombra* that's on the shady side. Lord, how I was gulled last Monday week at Seville, for I got in the *sol* or sun. I say, ain't that a stunning fine girl opposite? You needn't be afraid—she doesn't understand one word of English. Between ourselves, she's spooney on yours truly. That's her father—that old chap who's bolting the cherries. Do you speak Spanish? What a pity—you could have given a fellow a lift. Ah, about the bull-fight! There's an office opened for the sale of tickets at the Opera House over the way, on the other side of the Passeo; but I'll give you a straight tip. Just tell Pedro—that's the Spanish for Peter—to get you a ticket. He's the commissionaire. Tell him you'll stand a couple of *pesetas* — that's about two shillin's British—for himself. See how she's grinning. What teeth, what eyes—so liquid, and all over the shop! I wonder is she going to the fight? I'll lay the odds she is. No Spanish girl could stay at home when there's a bull to be baited! Ain't they a rum lot—those Spaniards! Give 'em garlic, and *bolao*, and *vino tinto*, and bad cigars, and you can wind 'em round your fingers like tow, sir! Ah, you charmer! *Mucho calor!*—much hot!"

Thus did my loquacious neighbor carry on his flirtation, enlighten me, and dilate upon the peculiarities of the Spanish race. His name was Price, and although a vulgar, self-asserting, loud, and of the "'Arry" type of Englishman, not half bad, excessively obliging, and ready for anything, from assaulting the Alcalde, to eloping with the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

Preferring rather to purchase my own ticket than to trust to the good offices of Pedro, I crossed the Passeo—a magnificent promenade, stretching from the blue waters of the Mediterranean, to the great Post Office, about two miles, and planted with four lines of umbrageous trees, beneath which is held the flower market, and by the aid of Mr. Price, negotiated for a ticket, *sombra*, for which I paid ten *pesetas*, or about two dollars and a half.

The walls of the Opera House blazed with immense pictorial bills, announcing the coming *corrida*, the portraits of Manuel Garcia as *picador*, and Frascuella, the celebrated Bilboa *banderillero*, being eminently conspicuous. A vast crowd swayed and surged around the posters, evidently indulging in criticisms upon the performances of each bull-fighter, while some, as well as the pressure permitted, demonstrated this stroke of the sword, that dart of the *banderilla*, and this or that acrobatic feat of some bright particular star in the *torero* world.

Having spent my day in promenading the Passeo, admiring the glorious carnations in the flower market, in visiting fearfully gloomy but exquisitely cool churches, in staring at the picturesque dresses of the country folks, and in "lapping up"—I use the phrase advisedly—*granazao*, a sort of slushy ice very delectable and very refreshing, I got back to the Cuatros Naçiones, once again a hungry man.

At dinner, the conversation turned exclusively upon the coming *corrida*. An English lady asked me if it was my intention to witness it.

"I have run down expressly from Paris to see it, madame," was my reply.

"Expressly!" elevating her eyebrows, and pursing her mouth.

"For no other purpose."

"How shocking!"

I remembered her exclamation next day when I beheld her seated in front of a private box, and applauding *à deux mains* a well-executed movement by Frascuelo which added even more exquisite torture to the maddened bull

I was seated in my room enjoying a *copita*, or small glass of brandy, together with a mild cigaretto, when a knock came to the door.

"In," I said.

A tall, stately-looking man, entered with a bow such as Don Quixote de la Mancha might have made to the Duchess. He was spare to emaciation, slightly bald, but about his whole person the air of your true *hidalgo* seemed to evolve itself like a subtle perfume. He was plainly but richly attired, and wore the ribbon of a decoration in his button-hole.

"Pardon this intrusion; but, having heard you state at the dinner-table, just now, that you have come from Paris for the express purpose of witnessing our national pastime, I thought that perhaps a slight sketch of its history and surroundings might not prove disagreeable to you."

This in perfect English, with just the faintest long *o* in it.

Thanking him very heartily—for this was just the idea that haunted me—I begged of him to be seated.

"You will confer a favor upon me if you will visit me in my own apartment. I am lucky in having it larger, and with a more available balcony."

Having shifted our quarters:

"Pardon me if I ask if you are English?"

"I am American," was my proud reply; my heart beating stars and stripes.

"Then I shall offer you a bottle of port. You do not get the tawny and the bee's-wing in the United States."

Such a glass of port! I smack my lips to it, even as I write, in sorrowful *Vale! vale! vale!*

"Permit me to unburden myself. I am the Marquis de Casa Castajohn. My estates lie in Andalusia. The *ganaderia*—that is, the troop of bulls—that are to fight to-morrow, were, as you Americans say, 'raised' on my estates. English noblemen breed horses for the Derby and the Leger; Spanish nobles breed bulls for the bull-rings at Madrid and Seville. Take that wine—it belonged to our ex-Queen, and is a little better than her *Claret*—ha, ha!"—playfully alluding to the name of the Royal Chaplain.

"The two most renowned places where bulls for the *corrida*, or ring, are raised," continued mine host, "are Colmenar Viejo, situated a few miles from the Escurial, and the Vista Hermosa, in Andalusia. The bulls from these estates are fierce, brave, all of the same size and weight and agile as deer. Each breeder of bulls has his own colors, just as horse-breeders sport blue or red or yellow on their jockeys. My color is blood-red, as you will see to-morrow; for when the bull is about to plunge into the arena, the *divisa*, or knot of ribbons, is stuck into his neck as he flashes past the barrier. The bulls of each *casta*, or breed, have their perfections and their faults, their points being as closely looked into as those of a race-horse. Those of the Salvatierra are brave and agile, defending themselves well, but they have no staying qualities, and cannot fight very long; while those of the Gijon, very slow at the beginning of the course, fight to the bitter end, always dying game. My bulls have the special quality of fighting all through the piece, and a matador would prefer any bull but mine to kill: for he knows that his work is cut out for him until the animal's eyes are glazed in death."

The Marquis spoke gravely, but the fire of animation lighted his dark, soft eyes; and as he tossed off his glass of port, I saw he was preparing to continue the subject.

"My bulls—I speak of mine, not from any feeling of egotism, but simply because you may accept my 'stable,' if I may call it so, as a type—the bulls feed on vast prairies, detached from human habitation, and never see man, save the *vaqueros*, or herds, appointed to guard them. Their breeding is carefully looked to, and, though often magnificently bred, they are unfitted for fighting. When a bull is a year old, one of the *vaqueros,* whom they call *el conocedor*—the connoisseur—puts them through a sort of examination, by charging at them mounted on a powerful horse, and pricking them with a sharp goad called *garrocha,* in order to test their dispositions. Those who take to flight, or receive the goading quietly, are set aside as being unworthy of death by the sword, and are condemned to the yoke, or to die by the hand of the butcher; while those who display valor are branded with a hot iron—an operation known as *herradura.* After the lapse of some time the young bull becomes a *novillo,* and is subjected to a further proof, called *embolado.* As he has now gained strength enough to render him dangerous, this operation is conducted with considerable caution, and consists in flinging an apparatus composed of pieces of wood over the head of the animal, whose horns are then regulated with as much care as is taken in sharpening the point of a rapier. I wish," added the Marquis, "I had you down on my estate, that you might witness the process." I thought of that bin of port, and murmuringly acquiesced.

"The *noviliadas,* or fights with *novillos,* are gotten up in small country places that could not afford the expense of a course of *toros de muerte,* or bulls who fight to the death. The true lovers of the sport despise these displays, as the *novillo,* after receiving a few pricks of the pike and a few darts from the *banderillas,* trots quietly back to his stall, to serve upon another occasion."

"At what age do the real fighters come to the front, Marquis?" I asked.

"When they are five years of age they are deemed worthy of figuring in a *corrida.*"

"How do you bring them to the bull-ring, Marquis?—in closed carts, like lions or tigers?"

The hidalgo smiled a grim smile at my brutal ignorance, as he replied:

"You are thinking of your great Barnum. No, my dear sir; the wild bulls are led by tame bulls, called *cabestros.* The *cabestros* feed on the same pasturages, and are as quiet as lambs, despite their exceedingly formidable appearance. The fighting bulls, who are accustomed to them from a tender age, follow them with astonishing docility. The marching is done at the dead of night, in order to lessen the risk; but it is a movement full of danger. The *vaqueros,* or herds, bring up the rear, armed with long, steel-pointed pikes, by a prick of which, they control the motions of the tame bulls. You remember how Don Quixote gave battle to the *vaqueros* who were engaged in transporting bulls for a *corrida?*"

I endeavored to appear as though conversant with the passage, and smiled the smile of the knowing one.

"Before arriving at their destination, the bulls are rested at some quiet place not far from the city, from whence the *vaqueros* conduct them rapidly to the *plaza,* or bull-ring, upon the eve of the combat. This last move is not without danger, since the lower orders, fiercely interested in the bulls, press behind the herd, unmindful of consequences. Many terrible catastrophes occur on these occasions."

"What do you do with the bulls when you get them to the *plaza?*"

"The bulls are shut up in a *corral,* or stable, before the *vaquero* proceeds to execute the *apartado.*"

"What is the *apartado,* Marquis? You may perceive, American that I am, I avail myself of your kindness," I laughed.

"I am very pleased indeed," was his reply. "The *apartado* is the operation of passing the bulls one by one into a dark, straight cell, the *toril*—the last prison of the bull, since he only quits it for the combat, which means death."

"Are the animals long in the *toril?*"

"No; the *apartado* takes place a few hours only before the *corrida.* I shall bring you to witness it to-morrow. A *cabestro,* or tame bull, leads a single wild one into the *toril,* round which runs a gallery, to enable the *vaquero* to reach the fighter with his pike. The bulls are imprisoned in the order in which they are to fight."

"Where are the bull-fighters, the matadors and those fellows I saw swaggering about the Passeo to-day, in short jackets and pigtails? Why, our Heathen Chinese haven't a much better show of plaited hair than those."

"I had better touch on the men who meet the bulls," observed the marquis, refilling both glasses. "Bull-fighting, as you are probably aware, goes back into the dimmest pages of the history of this country. The Cid, our Achilles, was a superb *torero.* Our conquerors, the Moors, loved the *corrida* to distraction; but the sport became general toward the middle of the sixteenth century. A bull," laughed the marquis, "of Pius V., not a horned animal, but dangerous in its own way, thundered forth against bull-fighting. At Valladolid, in 1512, ten bull-fighters were killed. At that time between two and three hundred men were slain every year in the bull-ring. Under Charles II., bull-fighting reached its apogee; but during the eighteenth century, in the reign of Philip V., it rapidly waned."

"Did the Spanish nobility enter the ring?"

"Yes, until the end of the eighteenth century, when *picadores,* adroit *banderilleros,* agile *chulos,* and, lastly, the *espada,* who fought the bull on foot, face to face, without any means of defense save his sword and his *muleta,* a little piece of red cloth, came into fashion."

"I suppose there have been some tremendous fellows in the ring, marquis?"

"Magnificent. Pedro Romero is regarded as one of the most famous *espadas* that ever lived. He was of gigantic height and herculean strength. One day he was in the arena—he had just killed his second bull—when a shout of horror arose on all sides of, 'Save yourself, Romero!' He had scarcely sufficient time to turn his head, when he found himself almost on the horns of a bull which had escaped from the *toril* by the negligence of the attendant. The slightest hesitation would have been fatal. His only chance was to meet the bull as he stood. This he did, and his sword thrust was so effective that the terrible animal rolled dead at his feet."

The hidalgo went through the whole performance with a dramatic action worthy of Edwin Booth.

"What became of Romero?" I asked.

"He died in the arena, killed by a bull. I think it was in 1839."

"I suppose he slaughtered a good number in his day?"

The marquis spoke slowly and gravely:

"He is said to have slain, with his own hand, no less than *five thousand six hundred bulls!*"

I thought of the butchers in Washington Market, but said nothing.

"Pepe Illo was another remarkable bull-fighter. He received wounds innumerable in combat, amongst which were twenty-five *cornudas,* or rips from the horn."

"Did he die in his bed or his boots?" I laughingly inquired.

"In his boots, if you mean in the arena. In 1832, appeared the famous Francisco Montes, the Cæsar and Napoleon of tauromachy, whose coolness and adroitness in the arena were so great as to drive away every sense of fear of danger from the spectators. His nephew, José Redondo, was also a superb fighter. Manuel Dias was a bold fellow, for he used to wait for the bull with his arms crossed on his chest, and did so more than once upon his knees. Jaime

Casas, a medical student of Salamanca, quitting the scalpel for the straight sword, turned into a very remarkable fighter."

"Have you any swells just now?"

"Manuel Garcia and Frascuela. You'll see them both to-morrow."

"Will they do any of those daring tricks of the arena?"

"That will depend upon the Alcalde. If he is at all nervous, you'll see the course without any of those super-exciting spectacles; if he is in good tone, Frascuela will do the 'chair trick.'"

"What is that, pray?"

"I'll explain it when at the *corrida*."

"Are the bulls expensive?"

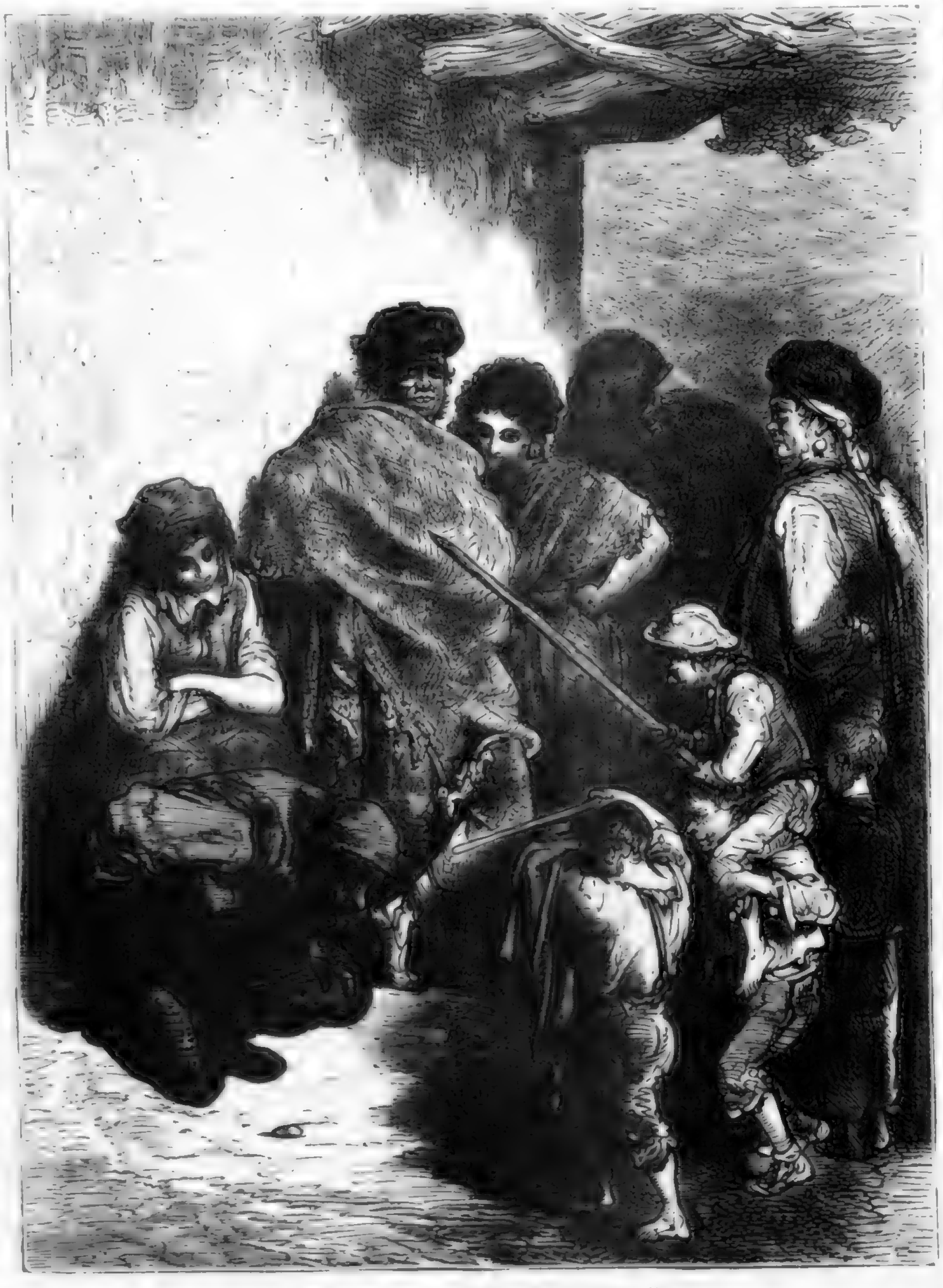
"Very. A good bull costs, in your money, say, from 200 to 250 dollars. The cost of a course is 3,000 dollars. Every town of any size in Spain has its *plaza de toros*. Some of these are owned by the municipality, who farm them out at high rents to *asentistas*, or speculators."

"How many bulls are killed at a course?"

"From six to eight; sometimes nine, when the spectators demand a *toro de gracia*. I have seen as many as ten bulls killed at a single course. At Madrid, the *corrida* is held every Sunday from Easter for seven months. The spectators sit under the canopy of heaven, but in the south, the winters are so mild, that I have sat out a course at Seville in the month of December."

The Don continued to dwell upon the points of his bulls, sometimes bursting into rapturous exclamations in Spanish, such as *Mi alma! Mi querida!* my soul; *Mi corazon!* my heart; which he would gravely translate to me with a ponderous apology for having used a language with which I was not on terms of familiarity.

It was late in the night when I took my leave of him.



SPANISH BOYS PLAYING "BULLFIGHT."

"You will honor me by accepting a seat in my *palcos*, or private box, for to-morrow's combat. It is next to that of the Alcalde's."

Thanking him feelingly for his superb courtesy, I left him, congratulating myself upon dropping in for so solid a slice of good luck.

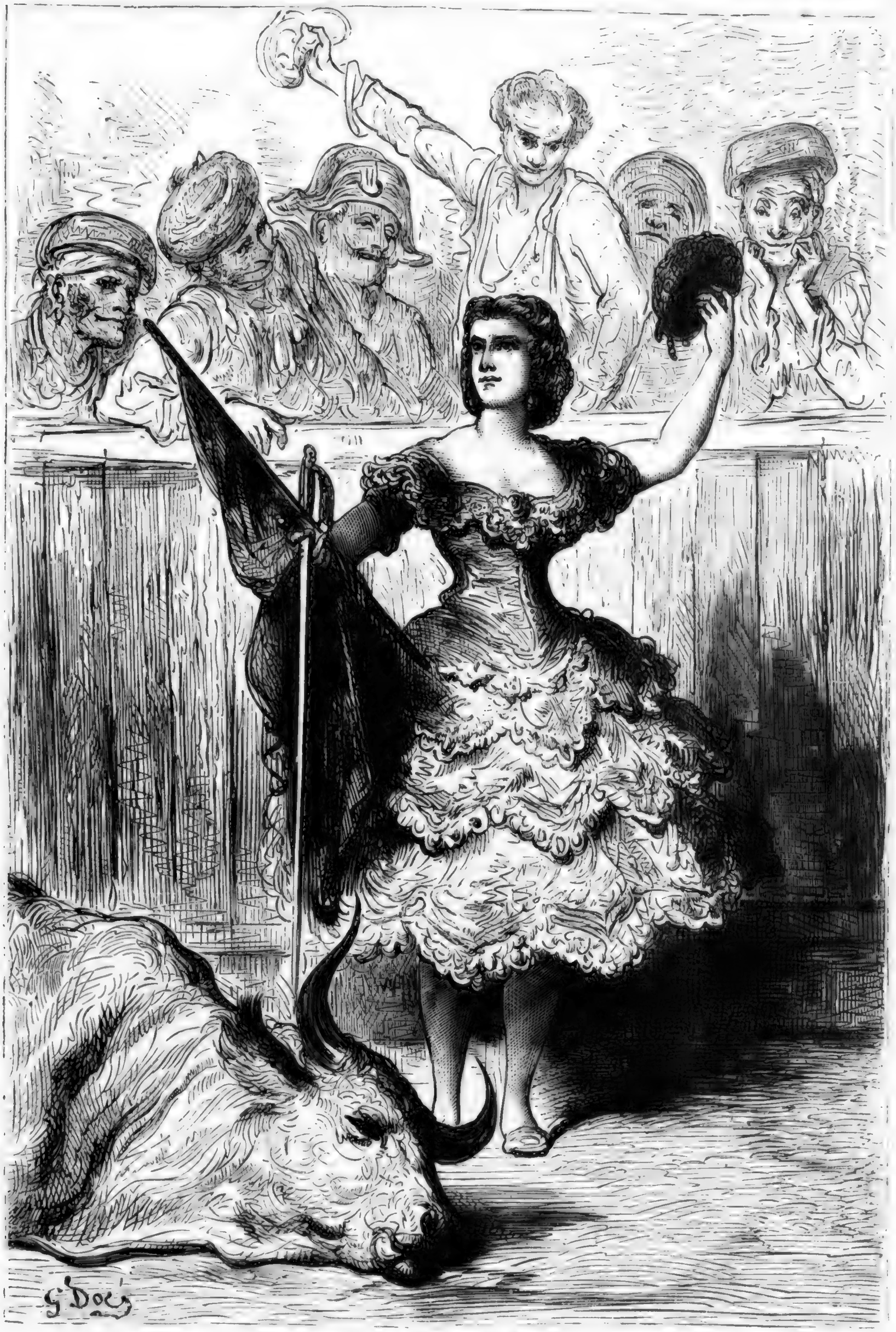
The Sunday sun rose upon Mount Monjuich—a lofty mountain standing sentry over Barcelona, and whose summit is strongly fortified, in a splendor superbly reflected by the blue waters of the Mediterranean; and as I took my swim in the rippling, gilded, and glancing wavelets, I cast my eyes toward the gloomy looking Colosseum in whose *torils* the ill-fated victims would so soon be imprisoned, ere let forth once again beneath the glorious dayshine to—die.

Noblesse oblige. The marquis was as good as his word, for upon my return to the *Fonda*, I found him awaiting me.

"Now for our *café noir*, and then a quiet stroll over to the *plaza*. I should like you to witness the *apartado*."

The streets of Barcelona were thronged with devotees, wending their way to the various places of worship, whose many and musical bells summoned to prayer. It grieved me to see so little of the Spanish costume and so much of a bastard French. Of course the predominant color with the ladies was black, with the lace mantilla. But garish hues were evidently regarded as the "correct thing," and flash bonnets supersede the high comb, so closely interwoven with one's ideas of Spanish womankind.

We reached the plaza, where my guide, philosopher, and friend, was received with immense respect—much as Lord Derby would have been welcomed at Epsom, and we were at once ushered to a coigne of espial attached to the *corral*, cr



THE LADY BULLFIGHTER.

XUM

inclosure wherein the bulls were imprisoned; fierce, terribly fierce-looking animals, with fiery eyes, expanded nostrils, and horns sharp as the tulwar of an Afghan.

The marquis was immediately the centre of a ring of the "knowing ones," who pointed out certain bulls, indicating the neck, the horns, the chest, the limbs, with a fierceness of gesture, and a fire of excitement, that at first caused me some apprehension on the score of the safety of my trusty don. The *vaqueros* had a busy time of it prodding some bulls, separating others who had closed in mortal combat, urging lazy *cabestros* to a lively sense of their duties, swearing (I'll *swear* it was swearing) like Vermont loafers, and by every saint in the calendar, while a privileged few, persons of distinction in Barcelona, gossiped in groups, to the fragrance of superb tobacco that lent its perfume to the clear morning air.

What bulls those were! Wild, savage, villainous. Dark as to coat, and shaggy, with great heads and massive necks morticed into their huge bodies! What catapults! A blow from a battering ram would be less destructive than a "crasher" from the tuft of black wool jauntily growing on the top of the cast-iron skulls of one of these ferocious-looking towers of strength.

A tame bull in a field, quietly browsing on the tender, green grass, is formidable-looking enough; but a fighting bull in a *corral—ay di mi!* I instinctively tested the strength of the palisade as I watched the movements of that doomed band of warriors.

Presently the *apartado* began to take place. Men with notebooks in hand pointed energetically in the direction of some particular brute; the *vaquero* at his post, and close to him a *cabestro*. When a bull was decided upon, the *vaquero* urged the *cabestro*, who tamely trotted into the *toril*, followed by the animal sentenced to die. Thus were nine cells consecutively filled, the most vicious-looking bull being led into cell No. 6.

The *apartado* lasted some little time, in consequence of the complications which inevitably arise. For example, when the *cabestro* leaves the *corral*, two bulls rush after him, and it becomes necessary to put back the one that has advanced out of its turn. It also happened that a bull got into the wrong cell, an animal that was not considered quite up to the mark, and to "draw" this warrior required some very vigorous action on the part of the *vaquero*.

"Now for breakfast and *siesta*," exclaimed the marquis, as the *apartado* had concluded.

It was half-past three o'clock when the coach that was to bear me to my much-coveted bull-fight—what I had heard, and what I had seen, but served to whet my appetite—drove up to the entrance of the Fonda de Cuatros Naciones. Mr. Price was in the hall, busily engaged in ogling the dark-eyed señorita.

"It's only an American could do the trick like that," I heard him exclaim, as I passed, the marquis ceremoniously bowing me in advance.

An immense concourse of people thronged the streets, all going toward the grand and bloody centre of attraction. Magnificent equipages, with armorial bearings on their panels, and drawn by horses that stepped as if walking on eggs; dingy old rattletraps, that might have been in the procession when Ferdinand and Isabella visited the grand old Cathedral; and crazy wagons, the bells on the heads of the horses making merry music, stopped the way. Immense omnibuses trundled along, laden from roof to step, while on foot were peasants in gala dresses, and citizens more soberly clad but still *en fête*—the men smoking, the women gesticulating and fanning themselves. Small boys rushed frantically through the crowd, bawling and shrieking the sale of programmes of the *corrida*, while others vended paper fans attached to cane handles, each fan being illuminated by a representation of some super-exciting episode in the bull-fight.

As we neared the *plaza* the crowd became so great as to slow all vehicles. On either side of the streets oranges, grapes, tomatoes, and *bolao* with *vino tinto*, *granazao*, and *arguadiente* were vended by *bizarre*-looking characters with whom Gustave Doré would have been madly in love. Shrieks, yells, vociferations and laughter filled the Summer air, mingled with the cracking of whips, and the shrill, discordant cries of the drivers of vehicles. The *plaza* looked grim and gaunt despite the gay festoonery of colored calico, and decorations of small flags stuck all around the top of it. Great wooden barricades prevented crushing, and broke the pressure, while soldiers of the Civil Guard, in cocked hats, fierce mustaches, and swords more terrible-looking than those of the *espadas*, kept order, with a stern and gloomy grandeur very imposing to witness. One great bit of color in the vast crowd was the parasols of its women—those sun-defiers being red, yellow, blue, green, and every tint in the rainbow.

We drove to the private entrance, where the marquis, being known, was received with every demonstration of respect.

"Now, my young friend," he observed, gently, laying his hand upon my arm, after we had ascended a carpeted staircase, "be prepared to witness one of the most marvelous sights of the world!"

Before entering the box, an attendant handed me two large cards. One of them bore the date of the *corrida* at the top, and underneath were several columns in blank. The other was engraved with the outlines of a bull. To my look of inquiry the Don observed:

"Those are programmes of the fight. This one with the blank columns is for the purpose of noting the number of strokes given by the *picador's* lance, the falls of the *picadores*, the horses killed and wounded, the sword-cuts, etc. This one with the effigy of a bull in blank is to enable you to keep an exact account of the different, what you would call 'hornings' given and received during the combat. You mark them with this pin, by making a little hole, just as the *rouge et noir* or *roulette* players mark the progress of the play at Monaco or Monte Carlo. The number of punctures made in your card should correspond with those in the hide of the dead bull."

"I promise you I'll not make much use of mine, Marquis," I observed, as an attendant, flinging aside a scarlet velvet curtain, admitted me into the private box, and to a complete view of the arena.

The sun shone down upon thirty thousand people seated in tiers, one above the other, around an enormous circular basin of yellow sand. The building had no roof, and, save for the highest tier, exclusively devoted to private boxes, the amphitheatre was in the open air. The arena is called *el redondel*, and surrounded by a wooden barrier five feet in height, painted blood-red. Upon each side of this barrier, and resting upon the ground, is a plank of wood forming a step, placed for the purpose of enabling the *toreros* by a single bound to vault across the barriers when too closely pressed by the goaded bull. The *tablas* is provided with four doors, which face each other and open in both directions. The principal door communicates with the *toril*, affording a passage into the arena to each bull; the others are for the many purposes of the place. All round the arena is a space of about six feet wide, called the *valla*, or *callijon*, bounded on one side by the *tablas*, a second barrier, behind which, at an elevation of eight feet from the ground, commence the seats of the spectators, rising to the private boxes. These seats were of stone; in smaller towns they are of wood. The genuine lovers of the sport secure the front and lowest seats, the *gradas*, as they can see every movement of man, horse and bull, and can even touch the ferocious animal when he leaps across the *tablas*. Next to the *gradas* come the *tendidos*, higher still the *tabloncillos*, and then the *palcos*, or private boxes. The prices vary according to the merits of the *cuadrilla*, or troupe ; going up to three dollars for ordinary seats, while those in the sunlight sell at half price.

I was perfectly dazzled by the brilliancy and novelty of the sight that met my eyes as I stood in front of the box. Thirty thousand people in brilliant costumes, twenty thousand parasols of every color under the sun, and fully twenty-five thousand fans going at the same moment, while the din of conversation rose like the hum of a million hives of bees. Every inch was occupied in this human mosaic, which stood in such picturesque relief against the blue and cloudless sky.

Peripatetic venders glided like lizards from tier to tier and seat to seat crying *clinfas*, *marangos*, and oranges daintily and temptingly cut, while some plied a brisk trade in the *asientos de Sol*, or "Sun Seats," by selling wine from great leathern pig skins, called *botas*, which they poured into a cup for their customers.

There was a great deal of *bromas de toros*, or skylarking, going on in the shape of flinging from the upper tiers a shower, consisting of small particles of paper, on the heads of those below, and in several instances I saw flour whitening hats, coats, and costumes ; but the most intense good humor prevailed, and a joke passed current all around, without let, hindrance or question.

The marquis, at my elbow, most courteously explained everything as it came to pass, going into detail and *technique* with a good will for which I thank him as I write.

A hum arose as the *despejo* took place. This consists of clearing the *valla* of loiterers—soldiers being employed for that purpose ; then burst forth the strains of a charming Spanish opera-bouffe, entitled "Il Barbarillo de Lavapiez" —I wonder it has not yet reached us—and then came the march past.

This march was headed by two *alguaciles*, attired in dark velvet costumes of the sixteenth century, and bestriding black Arabian horses, whose housings were of gold. After these came the *gente de á pié*, or foot men, consisting of *espadas*, *banderilleros*, and lastly the *chulos*. Their costumes were simply superb, consisting of colored silks and velvets, and satins, broidered in gold. Their heads were decorated with cocked hats—the *monterilla*, each side being fastened with a rich silken rosette. At the back of the head the *moña*, a sort of black silk chignon, was attached to the *coleta*, the little pigtail which every *torero* is entitled to wear, and of which he is so exceedingly proud. The short jacket and vest disappeared behind a rich fringe of bullion and silk tags. At either side appeared a cambric undershirt, usually embroidered by the *querida* or *torero*'s lady love. Over the breast fell a richly laced and dainty cravat. The short trowsers, revealing limbs molded in perfect symmetry, and indicating immense strength as well as the most acrobatic agility, were of blue or rose, or pink, or lilac, satin, and always of the most delicate shades. The waist was confined in the invariable *faja*, or silken sash of some brilliant color. Silk stockings and black shoes with huge rosettes complete the costume, which, although familiar to us in pictures, should be seen in the bull-ring to be fully appreciated.

The dress of the different classes of *toreros* is pretty much the same, save that the *espada* indulges in richer ornamentation, his costume sometimes costing between $250 and $300.

The *toreros* advanced with undulating grace, and a superb consciousness of their powers, their gold, and satin, and broidery, sheening in the dazzling sunlight ; each proudly draped in his *capa*, or silken cloak, by means of the bright color of which, the bull is attracted hither and thither, as the *capa* is destined to play a very important *rôle* in the forthcoming combat. Behind the *espadas* came the three *picadores*, solidly seated upon their horses, wearing gray felt hats with very wide leaves, surmounted by tufts of ribbons that rose like cones on the tops of their heads. Their embroidered coats and vests were cut away, and ornamented with silver buttons. A large, gaudy sash was wound round the waist. The pantaloons were of untanned leather, beneath which is hidden armor and padding, that render harmless the numerous stabs received during the combat from the horns of the bull. The saddle, after the Moorish fashion, was very much raised, both before and behind. The stirrups were of wood, causing the feet to disappear as if in boxes. The spurs, recalling the Middle Ages, were of unusual length, the rowels sharp enough to galvanize the unhappy horses into a miserable vitality.

After the *picadores* came the two *tiros*, or attelages, drawn by mules covered with scarlet housings, their heads being ornamented with three tufted feathers, their collars with pretty little banners bearing the national colors. These mules are harnessed three abreast to a rope and chain drag, and as they were exceedingly skittish, two gayly attired *muchacos* led each team by the bridle, while a third sustained the drag, used for the purpose of removing the dead bodies of bulls and horses. The march concluded by a number of retainers, dressed after a quaint, Old World fashion.

The cortége defiled round the arena, and proceeded to salute the *alcalde*, or mayor, whose entry into his *palcos* was the signal for the march past. One of the *alguaciles* rode up to the barrier, and doffing his hat, demanded the key of the *toril* from the *alcalde*. The *alcalde*, bowing, seized the key, which was lying on a cushion beside him, decorated with a bunch of ribbons, and flung it down to the *alguacil*. This functionary caught it gracefully in his hat, and, putting spurs to his satin-coated Arab, dashed once round the arena, and then disappeared like a flash through the door which stood open to receive him.

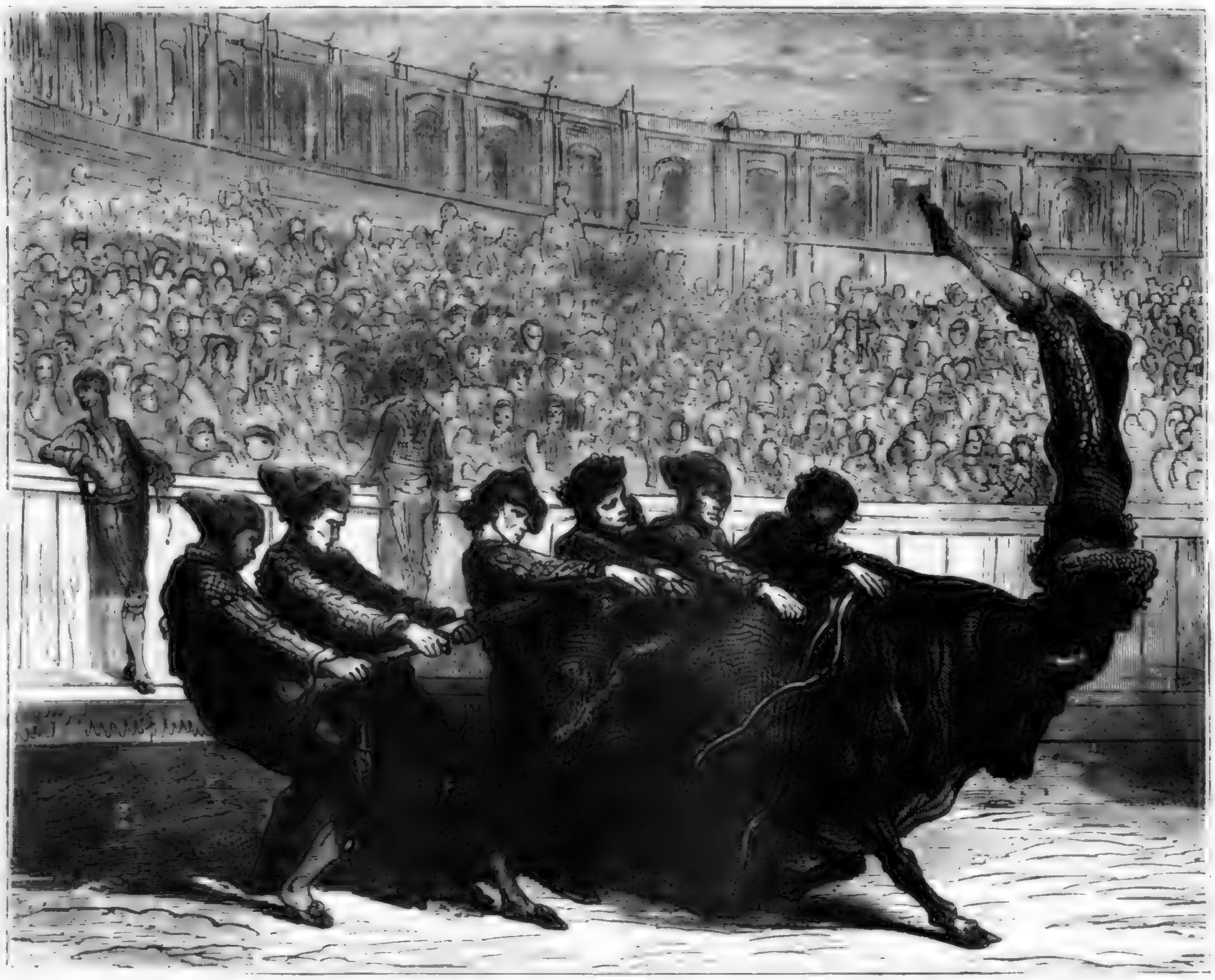
"Take your seat," cried the marquis ; "the combat is about to commence !"

I have been to the Derby, and have *felt* the hush that falls upon that mighty assemblage for the two or three seconds following the start for that celebrated race, but the hush that fell upon the thirty thousand people, as sixty thousand pairs of eyes turned toward the wooden gate leading to the *toril*, was simply appalling in its intensity. I could hear my own heart beat, while every nerve seemed to be strained to the very highest point of tension. The instant the *alguacil* disappeared from the arena, the *mazos*, or doorkeepers, flung open the double doors of the *toril*, one of them slapping the wood with his spread hand to attract the prisoner, the other prepared with a knot of ribbons, the colors of the marquis, attached to a small barb, to plant in the neck of the bull as he flashed fiercely past.

"Now !" exclaimed the don, in a whisper, hoarse from excitement.

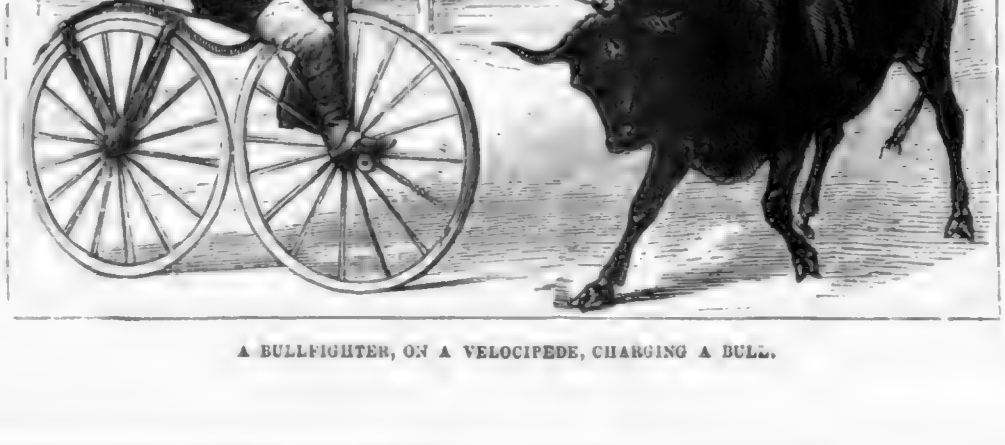
Like an arrow from a bow darted the bull from the *toril*, excited to madness by the prick of the *divisa* of blood-red ribbon dexterously plunged into his neck. He was a superb animal, of great size, black crest, and with long, sharp, formidable horns.

The *picador* was at his post—that is, eight or nine yards from the door, and about two from the barrier. He had blindfolded one eye of his horse, that the devoted animal might not see the bull, and had planted his thumb in the leather guard upon his lance, to prevent his grasp



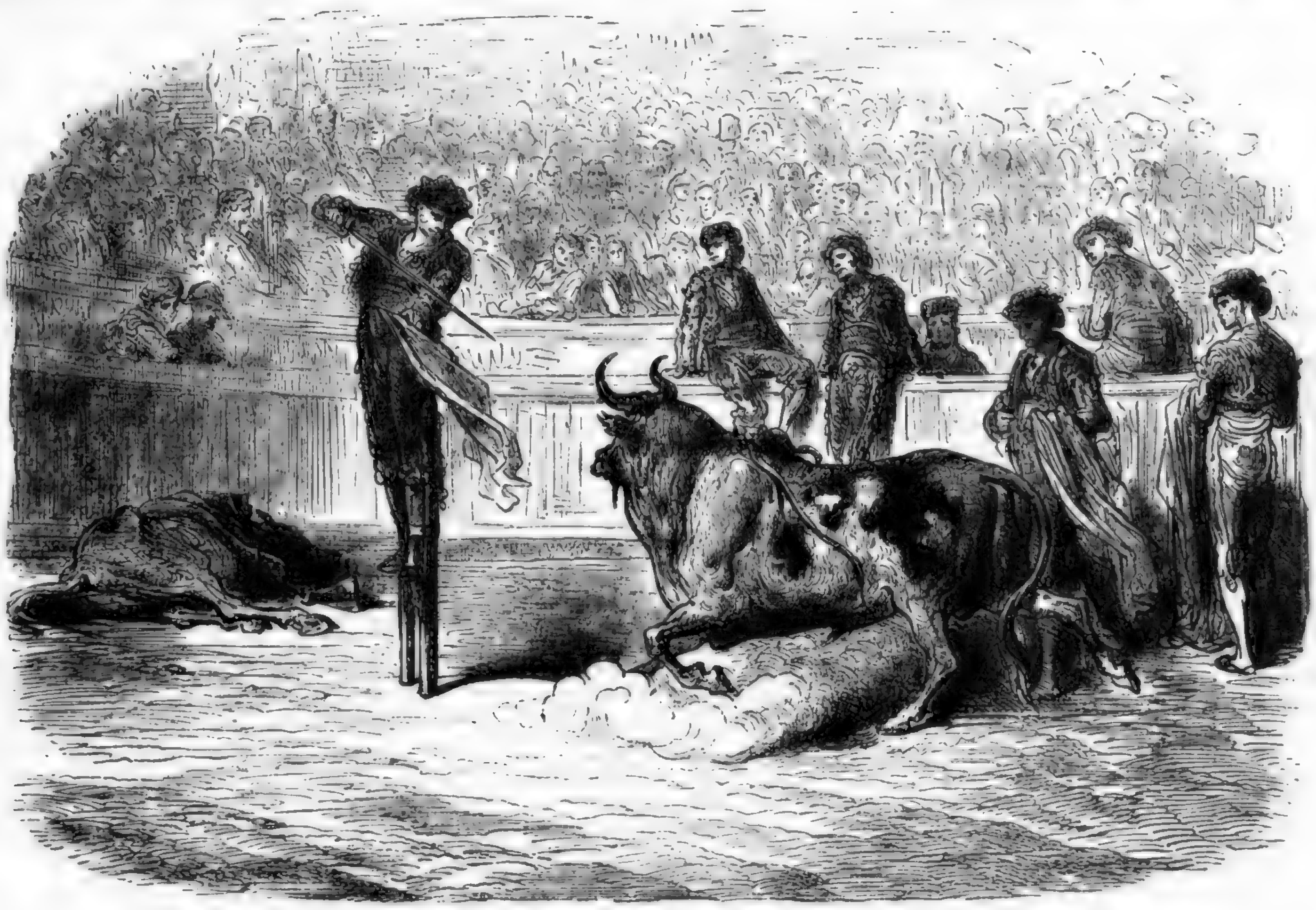
CURIOUS BULLFIGHTING.—ACROBATIC PERFORMANCES.

from slipping. The bull bounded right into the centre of the arena, where he stood with head and tail erect, blinded by the sudden glare of the sun, and bewildered by the sight of the thousands of spectators; then, perceiving the *picador*, he lowered his head and charged at him full tilt. The lance, passed beneath the iron arm of the *picador*, and mounted at the point by a steel prick with a guard that only permits an entry into the bull's body of half an inch, arrested the furious animal for a second, by striking him on the shoulder, from whence a stream of bright red blood trickled to his ebony flank; but the iron had only grazed his skin. The bull having made a movement to the right, the lance slipped upon him, and in an instant one of his long, sharp horns was deeply buried in the chest of the horse, from whence the blood commenced to gush in great, ghastly gouts.



A BULLFIGHTER, ON A VELOCIPEDE, CHARGING A BULL.

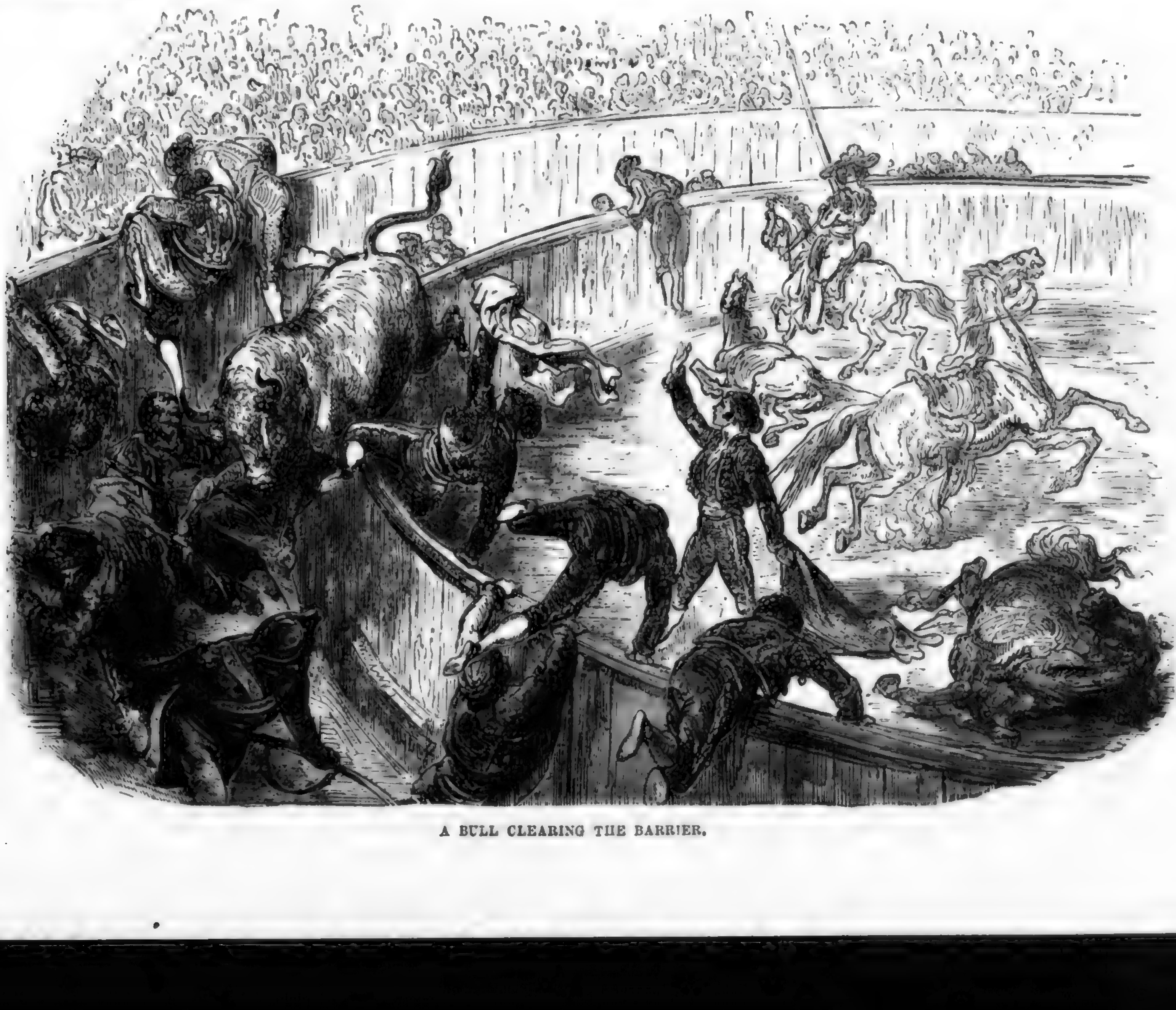
The sight of this blood made me feel a little giddy, but the sensation soon passed away. The horse staggered, then reeled from side to side, the *picador* driving the spurs into its quivering sides, endeavoring to utilize the few minutes of life left to it; but the animal sank beneath him, after making two or three ineffectual efforts to advance, and the cavalier, without paying the slightest attention to this incident, shouted to the *muchachos* to bring him another horse. Embarrassed by his armor, he moved heavily toward his new mount, whilst the



A BULLFIGHT ON STILTS.

other, lying upon the sand in the middle of a pool of blood, gave no signs of life save by a few convulsive quiverings of legs and tail.

"Horse number one, and well struck," was the exclamation of the Don, as he noted the transaction on his programme.



A BULL CLEARING THE BARRIER.

XUM

In the meantime the bull had rushed to the other side of the arena, and had charged upon the second *picador*, who received him with a great "fend-off" of the lance on the shoulder, so good, that it gained a great shouting of applause from the spectators.

Again did the bull return to the charge, to be received in the same skillful manner; but on the second rush, the wood of the lance seemed to bend, and the *picador* was hurled to the ground, the horse falling heavily upon him. A sort of sharp cry was uttered by the assemblage, particularly when the bull, unable, in the blindness of his rage, to distinguish its real enemy, commenced to plunge its horns time after time into the flanks of the dying horse. Two of the *chulos* rushed to the assistance of the *picador*, who lay as still as death, and, disengaging him from the prostrate horse, lifted him by the shoulders on to his feet, while the others fluttered their *capas* before the bull, in order to draw its attention from its mangled victim. The bull at length abandoned the horse, and set off in pursuit of one of the *chulos*, who ran like a deer, in a zig-zag course, trailing his *capa* after him, the bull pursuing hotly; but, finding himself too closely pursued, he dropped his *capa* and disappeared by a single bound across the *tablas*, when the bull stopped, like one intensely astonished; then, with incredible fury, he buried his horns in the blood-red wood of the barrier.

The performance of the bull was enthusiastically applauded, and cries of "Bravo, *toro!* bravo, *toro!*" were repeated by thousands of voices. The bull had acquitted himself admirably, having, in an incredibly short space of time, unhorsed two *picadors* and killed two horses. It was a sorry sight to behold the two dead animals lying stiff and stark upon the yellow sand, dyed, where they had fallen, with their lifeblood. But there were worse sights yet in store for me.

The spectators applauded vociferously each *suertas de pica* or feat on the part of the *torero*, as well as each *cogida*, or attack, of the bull, calling the *torero* by name as they would an actor on the stage, and yelling "Bravo, *toro!*" to signify their approval of the fighting qualities of the bull. This bull, as the marquis informed me, was a singularly courageous animal, *boyente—duro*, that is, quick of attack, and without hesitation.

"Now," exclaimed the Don, "you will see some good fighting; that *picador*, Estaban Murillo, will avenge his having been compelled to fall before his antagonist. See him now. He is preparing for a grand attack upon his terrible adversary!"

The *picador*, driving his spurs into the flanks of his *rocin*, took a short gallop, which brought him within five or six yards of the bull, who stood, pawing up the sand, and uttering a hideous bellowing. This act on the part of Estaban Murillo was one of extreme temerity. When a *picador* attacks a bull, he knows full well that the chances are ninety to one that both horse and rider will be hurled to the earth, consequently, he arranges as nearly as possible to fall between his steed and the wooden barrier, thus using a protection on two sides: for were he to bite the dust in the middle of the arena, he would be exposed "all round" to the horns of his adversary.

Murillo's action was received by the spectators with frantic applause, again and again renewed, and I am free to confess that I joined in the general shouting myself. Excited by this ovation, he called upon the bull to come on, "*cita*," as it is technically termed, provoking the animal by brandishing his lance; but the bull remained immovable. Murillo urged his trembling horse forward a couple of paces, and deliberately flung his large felt hat at the bull, who, doubtless astonished at such audacity, still maintained inactivity. This act of the *picador* is known as *obligar a la fiera*, or compelling the brute to fight.

Murillo now advanced still closer, till he actually touched the nostrils of the bull lightly with his lance. This affront proved too much, and the bull, lowering his head, literally shot at his enemy, with such swiftness and terrible force as to roll both man and horse over on the sand. A roar of applause arose from the spectators, mingled with a few feminine shrieks, as the *picador*, with his *rocin*, lay at the mercy of the infuriated animal.

In a second, however, the *chulos*, with Tato, their chief, at their head, were engaged in flashing their showy cloaks before the eyes of the bull in order to draw off his attention from the fallen *picador*. *Chulos* is a word signifying agility, combined with gracefulness, and from the manner in which these men performed their perilous work, the title is no misnomer. Much depends upon the judgment, courage and quickness of the *chulos*, and woe to the unhappy *picador* who, when fallen, has to trust to clumsy or insufficient help!

In the meantime the horse had regained its legs, kicking furiously, so that Murillo, stunned by his fall, was between the danger of being brained by the heels of his steed, or disemboweled by the horns of the bull. Tato, however, came gallantly to his rescue, and by a series of brilliant *suertes de capa*, or passes of his cloak, succeeded in turning the fury of the bull upon himself, who pursued him *à outrance*. At one moment I held my breath, imagining I saw the cruel horns penetrating his loins; but the *chulo*, by a swift movement, gracefully stepped aside, allowing the bull to shoot past him, and then, as the animal turned for another charge, commenced literally to play with the furious brute, by blinding him with his *capa*, the horns almost touching the man's body at every movement.

When Murillo fell, the spectators bounded to their feet, and as, in an insensible condition, he was borne out of the arena, the excitement became greater. His bearers paused immediately beneath our box—it was ludicrous to behold how anxiously these men regarded every movement of the bull, being played with by Tato at the other side of the ring—and I could perceive a wound upon the *picador's* forehead, from which the blood was freely flowing. The *alcalde* asked a question of one of the *chulos*, who immediately responded, "*No es nada*" ("It is nothing"), and the *picador* was borne to the infirmary.

"Murillo did a very silly thing," observed the marquis; "that bull was too fresh, and he ought to have known it. He was in luck that so good a performer as Tato was on hand; otherwise, he was a dead man."

One of the *reservas*, or *picadors* in reserve, now galloped into the arena to replace Murillo, rendered, in technical terms, *inutilizado*, or useless. This man was more cautious, but equally brave as his predecessor, and firmly fixing his lance under his right arm, beneath his shoulder, awaited the charge of his antagonist. He had not long to wait, for the very instant the bull perceived him, he went for him. The *picador* fended him off with a vigorous lance-thrust, but the bull's horn had penetrated the stomach of the horse, and through the aperture the luckless animal's intestines instantly protruded. The *picador*, fiercely using his spurs, endeavored to urge the horse forward, as the bull was preparing for another charge. The horse tried to obey, and the effort caused its intestines to issue from the new-made orifice, and to hang down in a bundle till they dangled against the unfortunate brute's legs. Presently they trailed along the sand, and, sickening to relate, in a few seconds they became entangled in one of its hind feet! The horse commenced to kick; the more it kicked the more the bleeding intestines twisted round its extremities, until at length, by one supreme effort, it finally succeeded in disemboweling itself! Ugh! I shudder when I recall that hideous, revolting, inhuman spectacle!

The *picador*, heedless of the condition of his *rocin*, redoubled his spur-plunging, while one of the attendants ran forward, and seizing the bridle, endeavored to force the animal into position by a shower of blows from a thick stick. The spectators, unmindful of the ghastly agony in which the horse was writhing, and merely considering its condition from a combative point of view, continued to yell, "*Fuera! fuera! Otro caballo!*" "Away with him! away with him! Another horse!" when the bull put the question beyond all dispute by charging at the miserable animal, and dispatching it at a single blow.

Two more horses shared the same fate, while the bull mortally wounded a third.

"The fight promises well," said the Marquis, offering me a pinch of snuff. "Five horses killed, and one wounded. That bull shows his breeding. I am proud of him. Let me see how we stand"—consulting his card, or programme. "Twenty-five strokes of the lance, and eight unhorsings of *picadors*, without counting Murillo, placed *hors de combat*—yes, a good bull."

When a horse falls, a *muchacho* runs forward as soon as he gets a chance, and strikes it on the nose, to ascertain if the animal can be still used in the fight. If too far gone, the *muchacho* instantly removes the saddle and bridle, together with the red handkerchief that covers the right eye; while another attendant pours handfuls of fine sand from a small basket over the pools of blood, in order to prevent the possibility of a *torero* slipping upon them.

The *alcalde* waved a handkerchief, and two trumpets sounded. This was a signal to announce that the task of the *picadors* had finished, and that the bull would now be handed over to the tender mercies of the *banderilleros*.

The *banderillas* are little pieces of wood about half an inch in diameter, and two feet long, ornamented for about two-thirds of their length by cut, gayly colored tissue-paper, till they resemble huge *bon-bons*. At one end is a steel dart, shaped like that on a harpoon. The *banderillero* must plunge this dart into the shoulders of the bull, which, when once inserted, remains fixed, with unendurable anguish to the maddened animal; the point being in its skin, and the handle dangling against its shoulders, adding terror to torture. The *banderillas* are used in pairs, one being planted into either shoulder of the bull. It is an operation of the greatest difficulty, exacting the utmost agility and coolness, since it becomes necessary, while plunging them, to lift the arms above the horns of the bull in such a manner as almost to touch. An instant's hesitation, the least false calculation, and the *banderillero* is exposed to the most ghastly peril.

The bull, provoked by Frascuelo, bounded upon him like lightning. I thought the man would be impaled to a certainty, as he calmly awaited his adversary, his arms high in air, the terrible "teasers" in his hands. Just as the bull was upon him, he leant lightly over, stepped but one step aside, and planted the *banderillas* in either shoulder; the bull, so horribly decorated, dashing madly around, frantically tossing its head, while the showy tortures were flung hither and thither over its body, their awful grip never relaxing. A second *banderillero* successfully added two more, which drove the animal into a paroxysm of fury; their maddening effect being so great as to give birth to a popular saying, *poner banderillas*—that is, to drive one mad by torture.

"Aha!" chuckled the Marquis. "I told you we'd have a good fight. Frascuelo is going to let the bull have *banderillas de a cuarta*."

And, upon perceiving my look of inquiry:

"These are less than half the length of the others; and to place them considerably increases the danger. Very few *toreros* try it. You'll see how cautiously Frascuelo will go to work."

As foretold by the marquis, the renowned *torero* awaited his opportunity; shifting his position on several occasions, and running away from the bull when he found himself sorely pressed. At length, however, he took his stand right in the very centre of the arena, and the bull, suddenly turning, went for him. Frascuelo, immovable as a statue, stood until the horns of the animal were about to toss him; then he stooped over and planted his *banderillas*, to such a thunder of applause as it has never been my lot to hear before or since, while cigars, canes, oranges, and even hats, were flung into the arena, in token of the delirious pleasure of the spectators at so admirable a *coup*, so gracefully and so gallantly done.

Frascuelo, bowing his acknowledgments, called for another pair of *banderillas*—three are the regulation number—when the trumpets rang out the death; the *alcalde* being opposed to further risk, as the bull was still full of fire.

The honor of dealing the first death-blow was bestowed upon Tato, who, vaulting across the barrier, advanced beneath the *alcalde's* box, his sword and *muleta* in his left hand, while with his right he removed his *montera*, or cocked hat, and then proceeded to utter *el brindis*, a short speech full of gesture, by which he craved permission to kill the bull or perish in the attempt.

Having concluded the harangue, the *alcalde* nodded his head in token of approval, and the *espada*, turning a pirouette, gayly flung his *montera* from behind his back, high into the air, then strode resolutely in the direction of the bull; his superb physique and gorgeous raiment showing to the utmost advantage as he proudly crossed the yellow sand in the glowing sunlight—perhaps to his death.

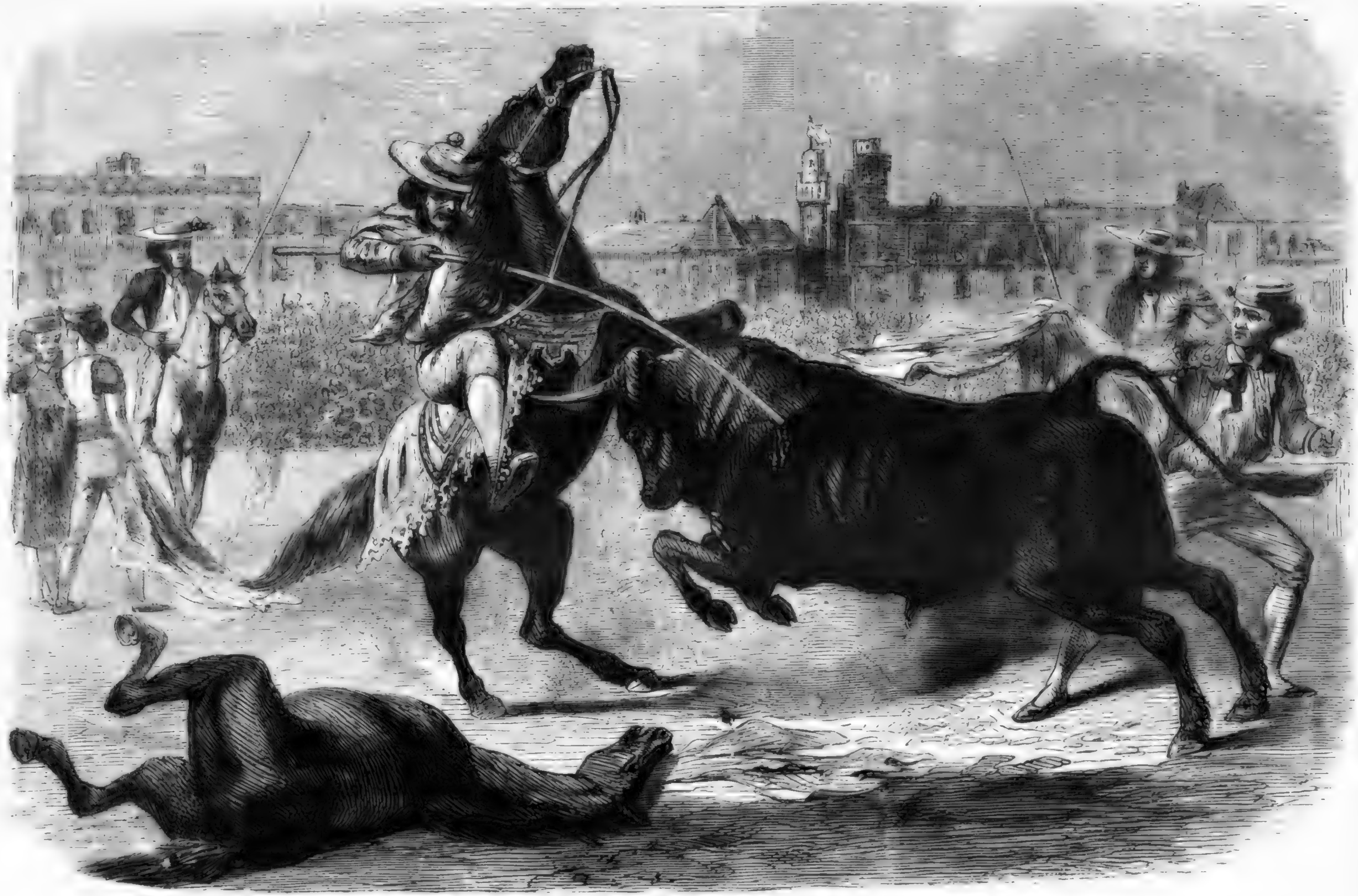
The *muleta*, as I have already stated, is a blood-red flag, used as a lure, *engagno*, to turn the attention of the bull. The sword is of the ordinary length, of polished and flexible blade, the hilt short and heavy, in order to give a better purchase to the hand. The *espada* leans upon the "heel" of the blade, and thrusts in, leaning upon the pummel with the palm of his hand.

To behold Tato place himself in front of the bull, draw the animal toward him with his *muleta*, and coolly receive its attacks, resembled a child playing with a dog. These evolutions, which the *espada* repeats, more or less, according to the nature of his antagonist, are called *pasas di muleta*. Tato multiplied his passes upon the bull until the animal lost its vigor, and became *aplomado*—that is to say, dull, heavy, and obstinately refusing to charge. The *torero* approached him, sometimes, after the fashion of the *banderillero*, his sword pointed downward to the neck; then he would place himself in position, his arm horizontal, his *muleta* inclined toward the sand. Tato was simply superb in this attitude, and one young lady in the box next to mine enthusiastically exclaimed, "Que bien plantado!" which the marquis translated as, "How magnificently posed!"

"Keep your gaze on the *espada*," cried the don; "the supreme moment is at hand!"

The *denouement* approached. Every eye was turned on the sword of the *torero*. Suddenly Tato plunged at the bull, leaping lightly on the left foot. I saw the horns brushing by his satin vest, but I also saw the point of the sword appearing beneath the chest of the bull at one astonishing stroke, piercing right through from the shoulder.

"Bravo, Tato!" cried the marquis; "a magnificent



A TERRIBLE CHARGE.

estocada à rolapié. That stroke was invented by one of our most celebrated *toreros*, Toaquin Rodriguez. It deserves the bull's ear, the highest honor an *espada* can achieve. They are his scalps. Ah, yes; the people have awarded it to him. Bravo, Tato! Bravo. Tato!"

This superb *estocada à volapié* won for the *matador* a whirlwind of applause. From all sides into the *redondel* came sticks, and cigars, and flowers, and fans. As for hats, the air was actually darkened by their flight—hats, from the *sombreros calañeses* of Andalusia, enormous Valentian hats, *bonitas* of the Basques, and pork pies of Catalonia, to the silken stovepipe. An avalanche of hats is the highest expression of enthusiasm, and one can judge the merit of the death-stroke by the pile of head-gear flung into the arena.

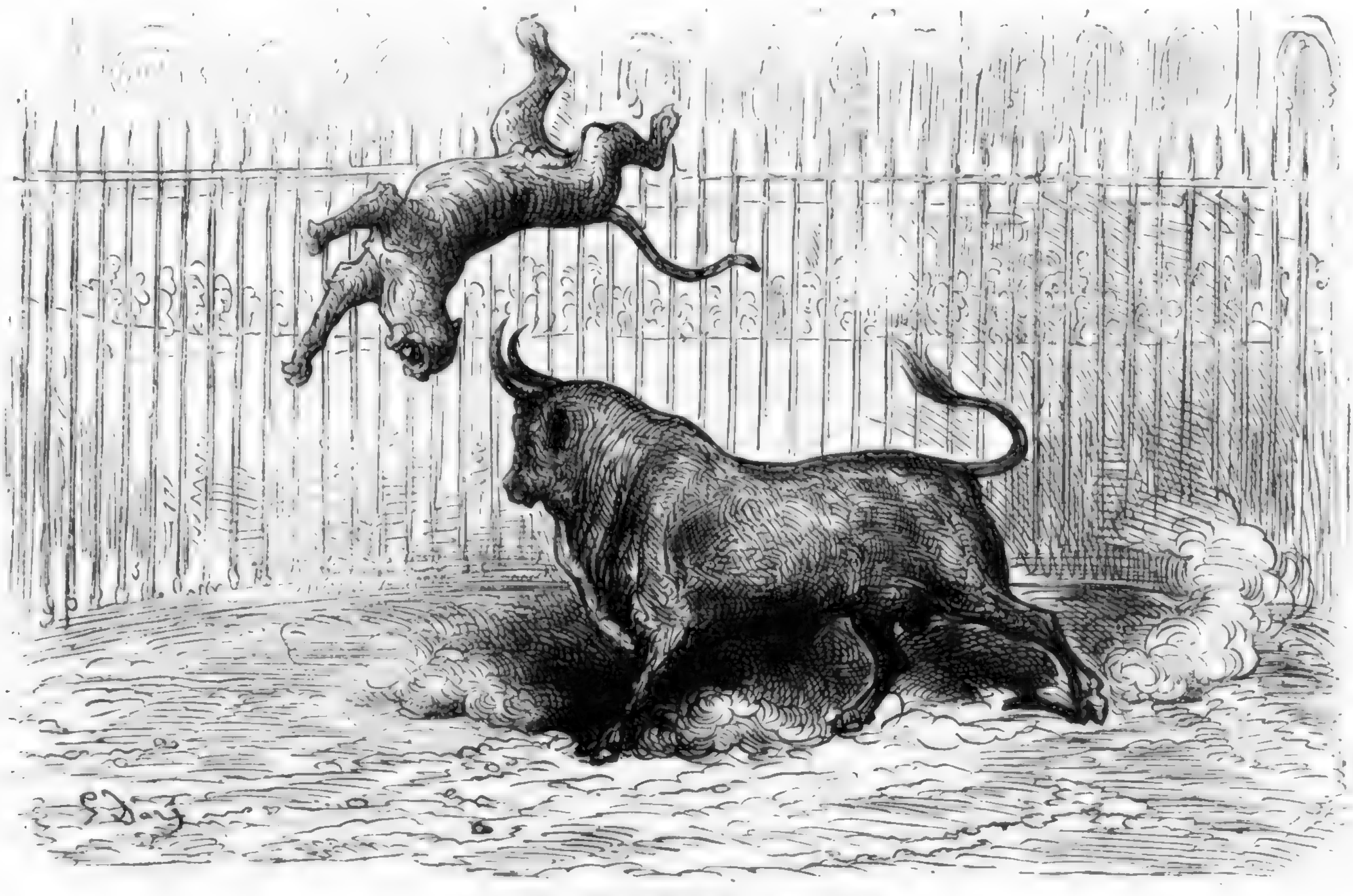
A dark-eyed señora in the next box to ours, handed her little girl of five years a scent bottle, which the joyously shrieking child hurled in the direction of Tato, who stood, draped in his cape, in his hand his *montera*, around him horses, some of them dead, others lifting their heads in a last effort, and falling back into pools of their life-blood; with here and there portions of still palpitating entrails—strange and revolting contrast, flowers and satin, blood and intestines!—a true illustration of a bull-fight.

While the transports of the spectators toned down, a number of attendants were employed in returning the hats to their proper owners; a duty discharged with considerable adroitness, since it extended from the *tendidos*, or lower seats, to the highest *gradas*, the owners receiving their damaged head-pieces with considerable satisfaction, but quite prepared to use them in a similar manner upon the next occasion that presented itself.

The bull had not as yet fallen, though he had received his death blow; and, although the sword blade had plunged straight through, from the shoulder to below the chest, the hilt appearing on top, the tip of the blade below. The baited animal commenced to sway from side to side, then to reel like a drunken man, the *toreros* languidly watching his movements, then to turn round and round, a sign that he was about to bite the dust.

"*Se marea, se marea!*" ("He's done for!") yelled the spectators, as with one voice. The *chulos*, forming a circle round him, commenced to flap their capes one after the other, in order to accelerate the movements of the expiring animal, who, with the blood pouring from his nostrils, and still presenting a courageous front to his tormentors, held them at bay. He lived still, and, though his eyes were glazed, and the tide of life ebbing from nostrils and mouth, he boldly held his head erect. He did not wish to die, and fought death inch by inch.

The *cachetero* now appeared, clad entirely in black, whose duty it is to terminate the sufferings of the vanquished bull, by means of a small poniard called a *cachete.* The blade of this death-dealing implement is partly rounded, while the top is enlarged, and finished off like an ink eraser.



BULL AND TIGER FIGHT AT ARANJUEZ.

The bull, who had sunk down by the side of the *tablas*, regarded his enemies with dull and uncertain gaze. The *cachetero*, cautiously creeping between the bull and the barrier, slipping along the beam which enables the *toreros* to bound from the arena, and, clinging on with his left hand, leant over the dying animal, and selecting a point between the horns, instantly plunged the poniard into the spot selected for that purpose. As if struck by a lightning bolt, the head of the bull fell heavily to the earth, and the goaded, tortured, maddened brute was dead.

The band now struck up a merry air. Two *tiros*, or equipages of iron netting, drawn by three mules, entered the arena at full gallop; to which the dead bull and dead horses were fastened by ropes—an operation conducted under considerable difficulties, owing to the intense desire of the mules to dart away. When their ghastly load was duly attached to the netting, they started at full gallop, to the cracking of whips and shrill cries of the *muchachos*, returning till every dead horse was removed from the arena.

XUM

During the interval between the fights, the attendants raked the sand in the ring, and carefully covered up the pools of blood marking where the horses had "gone down to their doom."

"You may perceive," said the Marquis, "that the bull-fight is divided into three distinct parts. In the first the *picadors* play the powerful *rôle*, in the second the *banderilleros*, and in the third the *diestro*, whose sword invariably concludes the course. Take your seat now—there goes the trumpet for the second bull."

The orchestra was suddenly silenced by the shrill blare of the trumpet; the same dead silence fell upon the spectators, as the doors of the *toril* flew open and the second bull darted into the arena, whose heavy movement [illegible] him [illegible], or intrepid. He justified his name by charging in quick succession the three *picadors*, all of whom tended him off with their lances. Then, as [illegible] with what he gave and what he received, [illegible] into a remote corner, to dislodge him from which almost exhausted the most daring and continued efforts of the *chulos*, who flaunted their gaudy *capas* beneath the animal's very nose.

After having received a certain number of *puyazos*, he suddenly aroused himself, and ended by killing two of the horses.

"*Fuego! fuego!*" (Fire!) yelled the spectators.

Banderillas de fuego were demanded of the *alcalde*, and granted. A *banderilla de fuego* differs from the ordinary *banderilla* in this way: that instead of the cut paper, the stick is provided with fireworks, placed in such a manner as to explode the moment the barb enters the flesh.

The wretched bull received the first *banderillas de fuego* from the hands of Manuel Garcia; and scarcely were they planted there than a train of fire burst forth along the animal's flanks, followed by a series of explosions, called *marrons*. A second pair of *banderillas* were placed beside the first, followed by a third. The tortured brute bellowed like thunder, darting off at a terrific pace, ever and anon stopping, as though to realize the ghastly sensation of being hacked by steel, scorched by fire, and stunned by explosions.

At length the trumpet sounded the death, and the *espada*, having pronounced his *brindis*, and hurled his *montera* in the air in front of the *alcalde's* box, prepared to dispatch the bull. After several *pases de muleta*, he made some *pinchazos*, or points, one of which, striking a bone, bent his sword. This maladroitness caused some signs of disapprobation amongst the spectators; but, nothing disconcerted, Garcia quietly flattened out his sword by pressing it with his foot, and, having watched a favorable opportunity, executed an *estocade* that placed the mangled brute *hors de combat*.

In a second the *cachetero* appeared again, to commence his office of assassination. Then came the mules, according to the laid down rules of the arena, to remove the bodies of the horses and that of the bull.

The third bull died as the first two, and showed good fighting all round. The fourth was looked forward to with eager interest; for, as the marquis informed me, Frascuelo had announced his intention of planting the *banderillas sentado*—that is to say, while seated upon a chair.

"It is not often done, and I wonder the *alcalde* permits it. Watch every movement like a lynx," were the Señor Don's words, as, after the usual horse-killing, the clarion sounded the critical moment, and I beheld an attendant carrying a straw-covered chair, which he placed in the middle of the arena.

Frascuelo seated himself upon the chair, and, his two darts in his hand, smilingly awaited the shock of the terrible animal's charge, directed toward him by the flaunting of the *capas* of the *chulos*.

Thousands of hearts palpitated, my own amongst them, as the *torero* calmly sat, facing what appeared to be instant death. The bull at length perceived the *banderillero*, and flinging up clouds of sand, dashed for man and chair. When within two paces of the chair, a cry of excited horror rang out. I could see Frascuelo lift his arms, let them fall, and skip lightly to one side; then the animal, doubly incensed at finding himself goaded with the barb, and by the escape of his tormentor, flung the chair high into the air, and madly galloped off, his flanks ornamented by a gaudy *banderilla*.

To describe the enthusiasm provoked by this display of daring would be impossible; the people rose at the *torero*, shouting till hoarseness precluded further effort, and waving their arms in frantic approbation. Again came pouring an avalanche of hats into the arena, together with a quantity of cigars, which the calmly gratified *banderillero* proceeded to share with his *confrères*.

Soon after, another incident that might have been followed by fatal consequences, moved the spectators to a pitch of the most frantic excitement. One of the *banderilleros*, at the moment that the death sounded, conceived the unhappy idea of plunging yet another pair of *banderillas* into the bull, but making a false step, his foot slipped, and he fell with his face to the earth, his arms flung out before him. Before he had time to rise, the *chulos* rushed to his rescue, one of them attracting the bull by flaunting his cape before its eyes, another by seizing the animal by the tail. The head of the animal, however, being lowered toward the unfortunate *banderillero*, he was lifted on the horns, his legs and arms hanging downward. The bull, shaking him furiously, trotted twice round the arena with his burden, and we all gave the man up as lost, while a shuddering murmur passed through the spectators. Suddenly the invincible wretch fell to the ground, apparently lifeless; the bull continuing his course, carrying on his horns some strips of gaudy satin.

I thought the man was killed, but this is what happened. The *banderillero* providentially had his sash and vest pierced by the horns of the bull, which, owing to the jerks of the animal's head, had gradually given way, dropping their wearer on the sand. Stunned by his fall, he was lifted to his feet by his *confrères*, one of whom subsequently assured the marquis that the man had not sustained the slightest injury whatsoever.

The fifth bull was dispatched without incident, and the sixth, which was a leaping bull, *de muchas Piernis*—of many legs, jumped with a single bound across the barrier, quickly clearing the *valla*, and causing a trepidation amongst the occupants of the lower seats. This bull remained alone in the passage for some time, saluted by numerous blows from the canes of the nearest spectators; but he did not hesitate to re-enter the arena when the door was thrown open for him.

The seventh bull showed no fight, and on the cry of the spectators "*Otro toro! Otro toro!*" ("Another bull") accompanied by a clapping of hands in time to the cry, the spiritless animal was led out between two *cabestros* or tame bulls, sent into the arena for that purpose. The eighth and last bull showed very fine sport, as did also the *toreros*, one of them executing over the back of the bull, the *salto de la garrocha*, a leap which he executed by the aid of a long pole, just as he would have cleared a ditch.

When the death sounded, the spectators, evidently desirous of having full value for their *pesetas* and more, called for the *descabello*. This consists in the *espada* plunging the sword into the head of the bull the instant the animal lowers it, when he will die as though struck by the poniard of the *cachetero*. Manuel Garcia undertook to achieve this difficult and dangerous feat, and the bull fell beneath his terrible sword as though struck by a bullet in the brain.

With this feat the course terminated. In a second the arena was invaded by the lower order of spectators, eager to touch the bull with their hands. Then the crowd filtered away by degrees, each one criticising the bloody and exciting episodes of the last three hours.

"And what are your impressions of a bull-fight?" demanded my courteous *cicerone*.

"Do not ask me," was my reply.

"I shall not press you; but when next I have the honor of meeting you you will tell me. Is it not so?"

"I shall tell you now, marquis."

"Not now, if *you* please."

As my noble friend refused to listen to me, I shall say here that a bull-fight is brutal, inhuman, cruel and disgusting to the last degree; but that it possesses a fascination which, to those who have never attended one, is simply incomprehensible. That it will die out in Spain, I doubt, since the love of it grows with the growth of Spaniards and strengthens with their strength. A vast number of children were present at the *corrida*, and immediately beneath me two young mothers were nourishing their respective infants at "nature's sweet font." I also remarked that the loudest shrieks, when a fresh bull was called for, emanated from infantile throats. The "swells" of Barcelona occupied the private boxes, the ladies and children being attired in the newest Parisian fashions.

That screams were uttered when a *torero* was in imminent danger, it is true; but they were more the outcome of intense excitement than those of apprehension for the fate of the bull-fighter. The first gout of blood from the horse invariably drew forth a few screams, but with its novelty died any further sound on that score.

When I reached the hotel, I found Mr. Price enjoying brandy and water.

"Ugh!" he exclaimed. "Of all the abominable, sickening sights I ever beheld, this here bull-fighting business beats. I got sick, sir, sick as if I was between Dover and Calais, when I saw the intestines of that unfortunate horse entangled in its own legs. Ugh! it's a cowardly sport, sir, a blamed cowardly sport; for the braver a bull is, the more he'll be mangled. I'm out of it. Ah, there goes Signora de Castiglia!" and gulping down the remainder of the contents of his tumbler, he disappeared after his *querida*.

The frontispiece represents a bull-fight as it was fought in the days of ancient Rome.

The bull-fight in old Rome was a ghastly pastime, since the blood of the gladiator flowed freely with that of the bull, while the arena, after the fight, was strewn with human corpses as well as with bovine carcasses. The fighters, armed with spears, short swords and arrows, attacked the bull, and, to render the sight more bloody and exciting, elephants were introduced, whose trumpetings, added to the bellowings of the bull and the cries of the combatants, served to produce a horror of sound seldom, if ever, equaled. Red cloaks were flashed, as in the present hour, and the bull was finally dispatched by the sword.

The horses used by the Romans were powerful, high-bred animals, very different from the sorry nags ridden to-day in Spain, and it required superb horsemanship to avoid the onslaughts of the maddened bull. These fights were in great vogue, and attended by all the mighty men of that mighty city. Boxes were set aside for the ladies, who largely patronized the sport; and in order to win applause from their bright eyes, many a combatant rushed madly upon his death.

THE CASE OF CONSTANCE KENT.

Dr. J. C. Bucknell, in closing the second of his Lumleian Lectures on "Insanity in its Legal Relations" before the Royal College of Physicians, said:

"It is a happy circumstance for us professionally that we have not often to give direct evidence of crime. It is painful enough to give negative evidence which is incriminating.

"The most remarkable case in which I have been concerned, not even excepting that of Victor Townley, was the case of Constance Kent, who murdered her young brother and escaped detection. After an interval of several years a truly conscientious motive led her to confess; and the most painful and interesting duty fell to my lot of examining her for the purpose of ascertaining whether it would be right to enter the plea of 'not guilty, on the ground of insanity.'

"I was compelled to advise against it, and her counsel, Mr. (now Lord) Coleridge, on reading the notes of my examination, admitted that I could not do otherwise. By her own wish, and that of her relatives, I published a letter in the *Times* describing the material facts of the crime, but, to save the feelings of those who were alive at the time, I did not make known the motive; and on this account it has been that the strange portent has remained in the history of our social life that a young girl, not insane, should have been capable of murdering her beautiful boy-brother in cold blood and without motive. I think the right time and opportunity have come for me to explain away this apparent monstrosity of conduct. A real and dreadful motive did exist.

"The girl's own mother, having become partially demented, was left by her husband to live in the seclusion of her own room, while the management of the household was taken, over the heads of grown-up daughters, by a high-spirited governess; who, after the decease of the first Mrs. Kent, and a decent interval, became Constance Kent's stepmother. In this position she was unwise enough to make disparaging remarks about her predecessor; little dreaming, poor lady, of the fund of rage and revengeful feeling she was stirring up in the heart of her young stepdaughter.

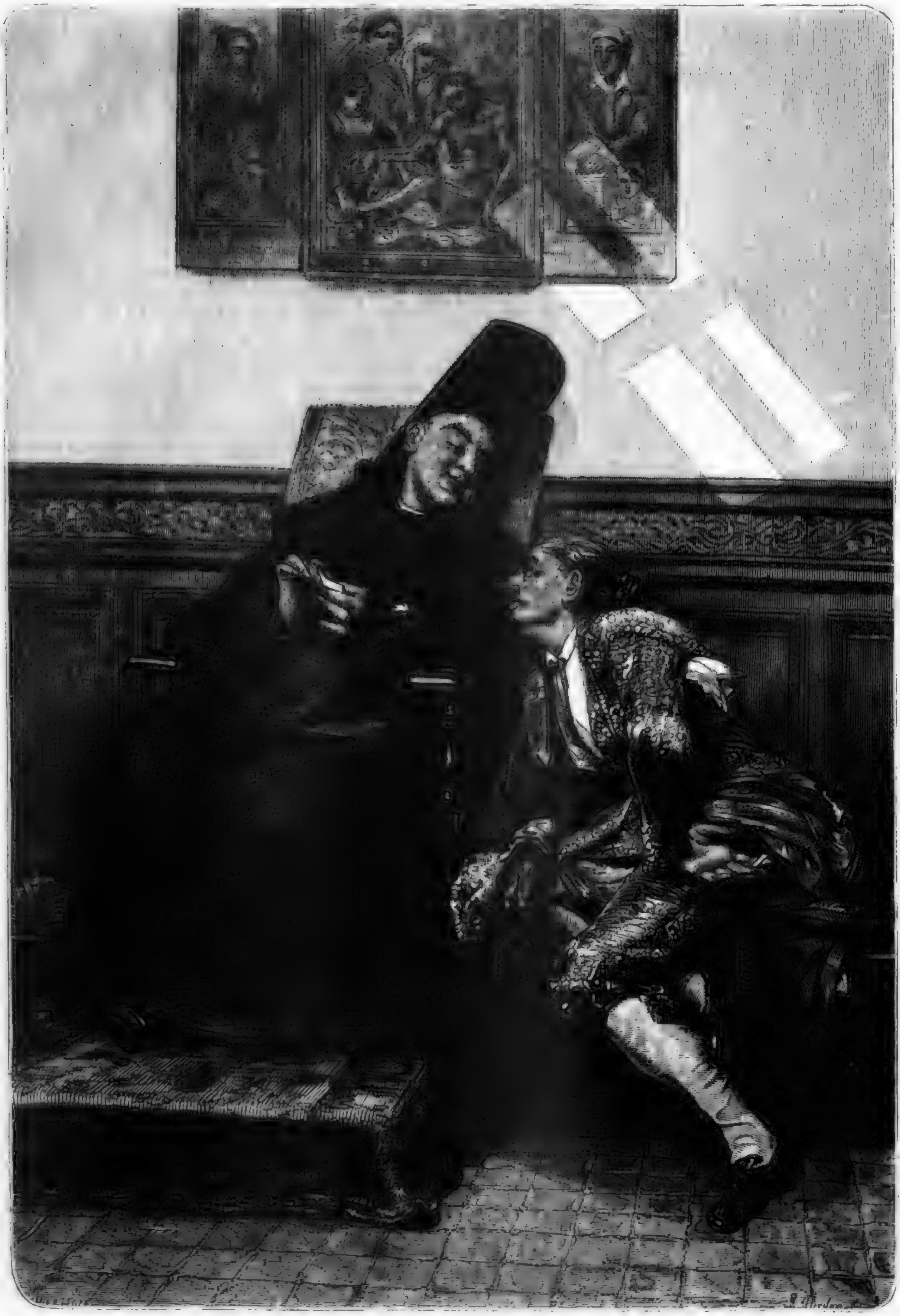
"To escape from her hated presence, Constance once ran away from home, but was brought back; and after this she only thought of the most efficient manner of wreaking her vengeance. She thought of poisoning her stepmother; but that, on reflection, she felt would be no real punishment. And then it was that she determined to murder the poor lady's boy, her only child.

"A dreadful story this; but who can fail to pity the depths of household misery which it denotes?

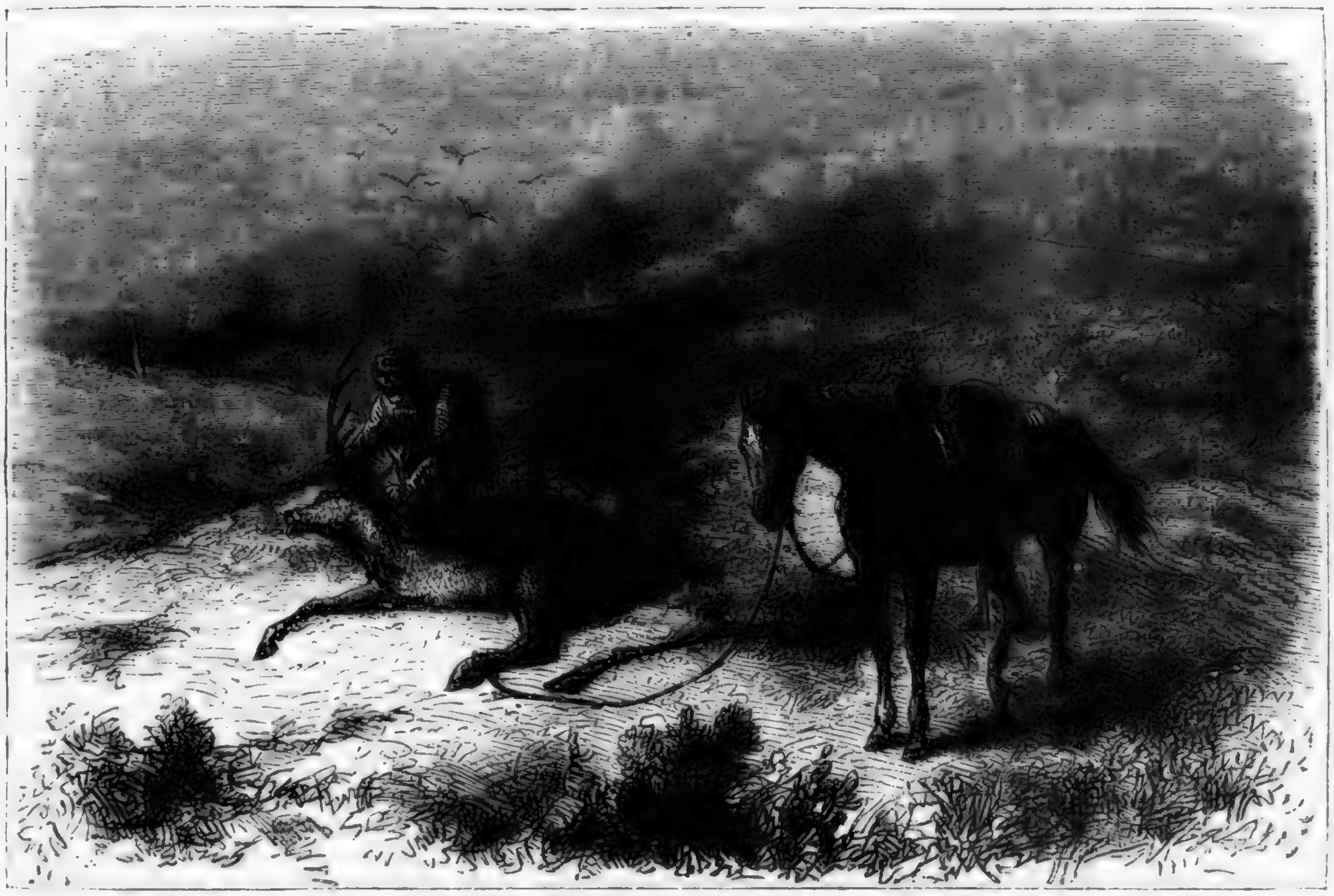
"At her arraignment Constance Kent persisted in pleading 'Guilty.' Had the plea been 'Not guilty,' it would, I suppose, have been my most painful duty to have told the court the tragic history which I now tell to you, in the belief that it can give no pain to those concerned in it, and that it is mischievous that so great and notorious a crime should remain unexplained."

If you have the feeling of hate or revenge, subject it to a severe process of mental chemistry; examine into its nature, its uses, its philosophy; and, before you have finished the scrutiny, it will probably vanish like a volatile essence into the air.

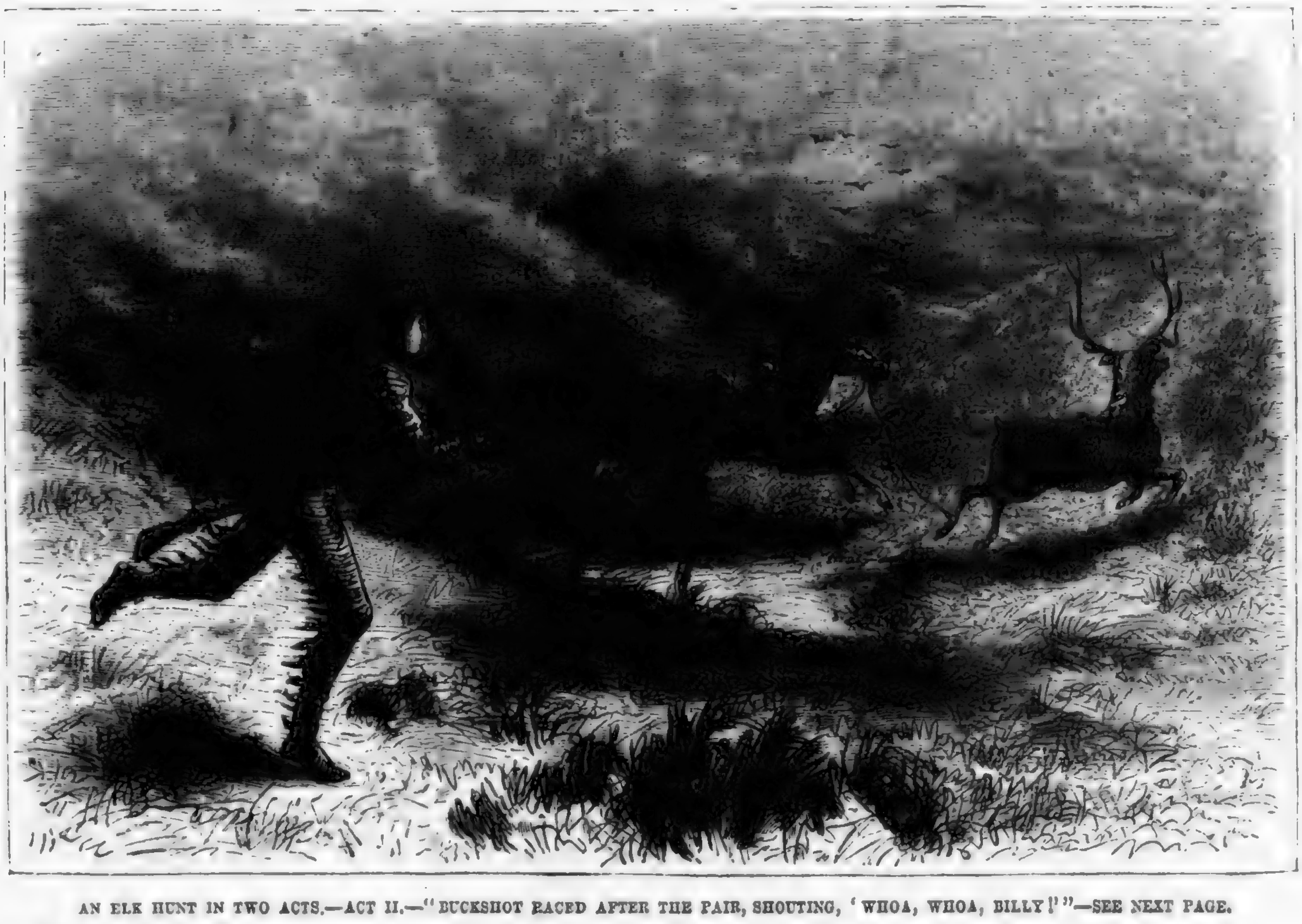
He that telleth thee that thou art always wrong, may be deceived; but he that saith that thou art always right is surely a liar.



BULLFIGHTER AT CONFESSION BEFORE THE COMBAT.—FROM A PAINTING BY EUGENE GIRAUD.



AN ELK HUNT IN TWO ACTS.—ACT I.—"BUCKSHOT TIED THE END OF THE LARIAT TO THE ELK'S HIND-LEG, WHILE HE DRAGGED THE BODY ROUND TO A MORE CONVENIENT POSITION FOR PERFORMING THE OBSEQUIES."



AN ELK HUNT IN TWO ACTS.—ACT II.—"BUCKSHOT RACED AFTER THE PAIR, SHOUTING, 'WHOA, WHOA, BILLY!'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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AN ELK HUNT IN TWO ACTS.

On our first day's march we forded the Calamus, and camped on the banks of the North Loup; and on the second and following ones we hunted a few miles off among the hills nearly parallel to the line of march taken by the wagons. The weather was delightful—clear, sunny days, with a sharp, keen air, and hard frost at night, sufficiently cold to freeze water in our tents, though a small stove for wood was burned in each of them.

White-tailed deer, antelope, grouse and chicken fell before us, but still no signs of elk. We had a capital cook—a German—who dressed venison wonderfully; so we shot, and ate, and prayed for better luck in future. At this season of the year elk are always in bands, and are consequently not easy to find, owing to their not being scattered; and in such a country as we were hunting in, consisting as it did of innumerable hills and cañons, a large band might easily be passed without detection, unless, of course, one hit upon their trail.

At last the happy day arrived. Early one morning Buckshot came on the trail of a large band of elk, and soon after we were in hot pursuit. The wind was in the right direction, and about three hours' riding, following carefully the trail, brought us in sight of the band, who were entirely unsuspicious of the slightest danger.

Picketing our horses, we now commenced the stalk on foot, and, the ground being favorable, got within forty yards of where they were making their midday halt.

It would be difficult to imagine a more perfectly beautiful sight. I should fancy about eighty of these magnificent animals, of different ages, sexes and sizes, were in the band. Some were lying down, and others quietly feeding. Our position was on the brow of a small, steep sand-ridge, thickly covered with long grass at the top, through which we could watch quietly the movements of the band, without a chance of being discovered. A good, stiff breeze, blowing directly from them to us, prevented the possibility of their getting our wind; and, there being no danger of anything alarming them, we lay for at least five minutes perfectly still, to admire so grand a sight, and get quite cool and collected after our long stalk.

How poor Landseer or Rosa Bonheur would have enjoyed such a sight! Of all animal creation, I consider the elk is beyond question the handsomest. The bulls were full-maned, and almost black about the neck and muzzle. Some of the old ones had grand heads, but the greatest number were about one and two years old, and with antlers not fully grown. The cows were very handsome, and in splendid condition; and there were many this year's calves, all as graceful and pretty as they well could be.

Picking out our favorites, we now got ready. I selected a fine bull, who was certainly not over fifty yards from where I lay, and taking a deliberate aim, sent a bullet directly through his heart.

Buckshot's rifle missed fire, and the colonel knocked over a grand old bull, who was sent kicking to the ground. We then blazed away at the nearest elk, and knocked over three others. In the excitement of firing at the retreating elks, we paid no attention to those already fallen, and were disgusted and surprised to see the colonel's first love, who was the finest of the lot, trotting steadily away and well out of range.

Cutting the throats of the fallen ones as quickly as possible, we mounted and galloped after the band, who, having neither seen nor smelt us, were by no means greatly alarmed; and after a sharp spin of some four miles, keeping well to leeward and out of sight, again struck the band. This time we got within about a hundred yards from where they were quietly feeding at a walk, and once more did considerable execution.

It was now getting late; we had as much meat as the wagon could carry, and though we might certainly have struck the band a third time, as they had never either seen or smelt us, we tempered mercy with prudence, and rode back to camp.

It is surprising what a number of elk got off, after having been apparently mortally wounded, and considered even beyond the assistance of another shot.

Lieutenant H. once shot a fine bull who rolled over, like the colonel's had done, seemingly *in articulo mortis*. He had on the occasion a new knife, which he was most anxious to christen, and laying down his discharged rifle he advanced to flesh his weapon. The elk, however, appeared to object to be operated upon, and kicked lustily whenever he approached to put his charitable project into execution.

Now, an elk's kick is worse than one from an unshod horse, and the lieutenant, being well aware of his danger, dodged about from side to side in a decidedly cautious and wary manner, trying vainly to get a safe chance.

This game lasted over two minutes, at the end of which time the animal, disgusted at the clumsy efforts being made to send him to a better world, concluded to remain a little longer in this one, and, quietly jumping up, galloped off, and was never seen again.

A still more amusing incident happened to Buckshot. He also one day knocked over a fine bull who fell apparently quite dead, as he pitched right over on getting the shot, with one of his forelegs entangled amidst his branching antlers. Buckshot came up to cut his throat, and to save the trouble of picketing his pony, tied the end of the lariat to the elk's hind leg, while he dragged the body round to a more convenient position for performing the obsequies.

The movement cleared the entangled limb, and the elk, who was only "creased," *i. e.*, shot through the thick part of the neck and momentarily paralyzed, jumped up, and, with the pony fastened to him, galloped off as strong and well as if he had never been even touched.

The sight must have been as ridiculous a one as well could be imagined. Buckshot raced after the pair, shouting, "Whoa, whoa, Billy!" not daring to fire lest he should hurt his pony.

How it would have ended one could scarcely tell, had the elk, instead of keeping up the gallop, not foolishly turned round to fight the pony, whom he could not stand any longer dragging at his heels, while still within easy range of the scout's rifle. The movement was favorable. This time a bullet sped more true, and the poor elk really tumbled over dead.

HIS LUCK.

They were to have been married Thanksgiving evening. Why couldn't he have had even common luck, and made a fair passage? Joe Thorpe or Sam Andrews, who were not half as careful as himself, were probably off Montauk Point by this time, and here he was, south of Hatteras, half his crew down with fever and ague, a whole suit of sails blown away, his cargo of fruit probably rotten, and the wind hauling to the north'ard all the time, with a strong prospect of another gale.

It was too bad—"too thundering bad!" he added, with an emphasis almost allowable under the circumstances, as he glanced at the compass.

"As unlucky as Arad Thorpe," had passed into a proverb in his native town of Coverly. And yet he was prudent, energetic and smart. He always made money for his owners; but however much he might lay by for himself, was sure to be, in some unforeseen manner, lost.

The Hammerton Bank, wherein he had deposited a thousand dollars, had suspended payment. The cashier of the Home Savings Institute had "defalcated," leaving him a loser of an equal sum. His little house on Elm Street had been burned in his absence, the insurance policy having expired a day or two before. He had been knocked down and robbed of his freight money in Panama. All of which events, occurring at different times, had come nigh to make Arad a fatalist.

But, thanks to Jessie Banks, his betrothed, he had kept up a good heart, and his courage had won from Banks, *père*, the promise that if he brought home three hundred dollars as his own share of the trading voyage in the Carribbean Sea, he should marry Jessie, without further notice, on the coming Thanksgiving evening.

This voyage he had made some successful ventures, which had netted him about three hundred and fifty dollars, said sum being locked up in his desk below.

"How do you head now, Jerry?" was his query, for the twentieth time; and the unsatisfactory answer "East-north-east, sir," caused an ejaculation of impatience to escape him.

"Brocky Joe much sick. He want more med'cine," was the salutation which met his ear, as a tall, powerfully built sailor, a Spaniard, accosted him.

He had shipped his crew of four men and second mate in Jamaica, and a rascally-looking set they were, though up to this time they had done well enough, and now that two of them were sick, the remaining two had done double duty; so that Arad had begun to think very well of them.

Taking some quinine from the medicine-chest, he went forward, and, entering the little forecastle, which was dimly lighted by swinging lamps, he was about to proceed to the bunk of the supposed sick man, when he was suddenly seized from behind, a blanket thrown over his head, and, almost before he could think, was hurried to the rail, over which he was thrown in an instant.

But Arad, like all Coverly boys, was a perfect water-dog; and after coming to the surface, he blew the water from his mouth, worked off his sea-boots, got himself out of his pea-jacket by dint of much squirming, and, wiping the spray from his eyes as he rose on the crest of a wave, he had the cheerful satisfaction of seeing the binnacle-light of his vessel apparently half a mile distant, and rapidly growing fainter.

"My luck!" was on his tongue, as he struck out, with a vague hope of keeping himself afloat till morning; and then Jessie's last words came to his mind: "Be sure, Arad, and do all you can; God will do the rest."

With an inward prayer for help, he resolved to make a struggle for life, though he felt his chances were infinitesimally small; and, by dint of husbanding his strength, the morning light, as it dawned over the turbulent sea, found him chilled to the bone, exhausted and faint, but still swimming.

Oh, how eagerly, as it grew lighter, did he look for a welcome sail! And, rising on the crest of a wave, his heart came almost into his mouth; for not a stone's throw distant was a little hermaphrodite brig, under short sail, bearing down upon him.

"Hillo-o-o-o!" he shouted, with all his strength.

Surely they must hear him; but no answering hail came to his listening ears, and in another moment, to his surprise and horror, the brig's course was altered, and she headed in another direction, though Arad could see that her yards were untouched—being, in fact, braced in an opposite direction.

"Something wrong there!" he thought; and, as it was his last chance for life, with a desperate energy he sought to intercept her course, when suddenly her sails were thrown aback, and for a moment she drifted down toward him, as though he had been seen and measures taken for his relief.

As she neared him, he managed, in a roll of the sea, to seize one of the main-chain plates, and, with a final effort, he swung himself into the rigging and over the rail, where he sank senseless on the deck, thinking dimly how strange it was that no living soul was in sight.

When he recovered from his stupor and feebly groped his way aft, he saw that the wheel was lashed hard-a-port, and the stern boat gone from her davits; and it flashed across his mind that the brig had been deserted—a fact which a voyage of investigation into the cabin confirmed.

An open chart was on the floor, whereon the vessel's course from a little island in the Windward group had been traced, and further examination of her papers and logbook showed her to be the Spanish brig *Don Carlos*, bound from Jacmel, with box sugar "to any port north of Hatteras."

Arad's mind was made up on the instant. He sounded the pump's well, found nine inches of water therein, and, having refreshed himself from the steward's pantry with Spanish wine and tortillas, he stripped and went at it till the pumps sucked.

Then he loosed the lower sails fore and aft, sheeted them home with infinite labor, squared the yards, and went aft to the wheel.

The wind had hauled to the southwest; a glance at the barometer showed that the mercury was rising; and, with high hopes, Arad began his voyage to "a port north'ard of Hatteras."

"Oh, if I *could!*" was the only thought which he dared to give vent to; and, though it did not seem an impossible feat if the weather held fair, he did not venture to carry his hopeful anticipations further.

For four days and nights did he stand at the wheel, only leaving it for his hastily snatched food, or to change the position of the yards, except as he was obliged to take observations; and his heart beat high as, on the twenty-fifth of November, he sighted land, which he knew, from his course on the chart, to be Sandy Hook.

Two hours later, Pilot-boat No. 2 was alongside, and three men sent on board, when his story was heard. And then Arad laid down for a little nap, which lasted precisely thirty-six hours; and when he awoke, the little brig, under lower topsails and jib, was rounding the light at the entrance of Coverly harbor, with half a gale of wind blowing astern.

"Luck was with you this time, sir," said Joe Carter, one of the pilots, as the anchor-chain ran rapidly out, and the little vessel swung round to the wind. "In three hours more you'll see it blow great guns."

"God was with me, I think," said Arad, reverently, as they went aloft and snugly stowed the sails, which, as Arad used to say, were not much larger than a bandana handkerchief.

Old Banks rowed out in his dory, as was his custom at every new arrival.

"What in thunder!" was his lucid remark, as he stared at Arad. And then, "Humph! Lost your vessel, I s'pose? Picked up by this here brig, and come home without any money. 'Member what I told ye when ye went away?"

Arad remembered it very well; and when he went on to tell Banks, *père*, that it was he that had picked up the brig,

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that she was sugar-laden, and that his share of salvage money would probably be a nice little sum, Banks embraced him rapturously, and said:

"Didn't I always tell you so, Arad?"

Arad didn't remember anything of the kind; but then, it is neither polite nor politic to contradict one's prospective father-in-law, so he said nothing, and accompanied the old man on shore, where, after meeting Jessie with a rapturous embrace, he said:

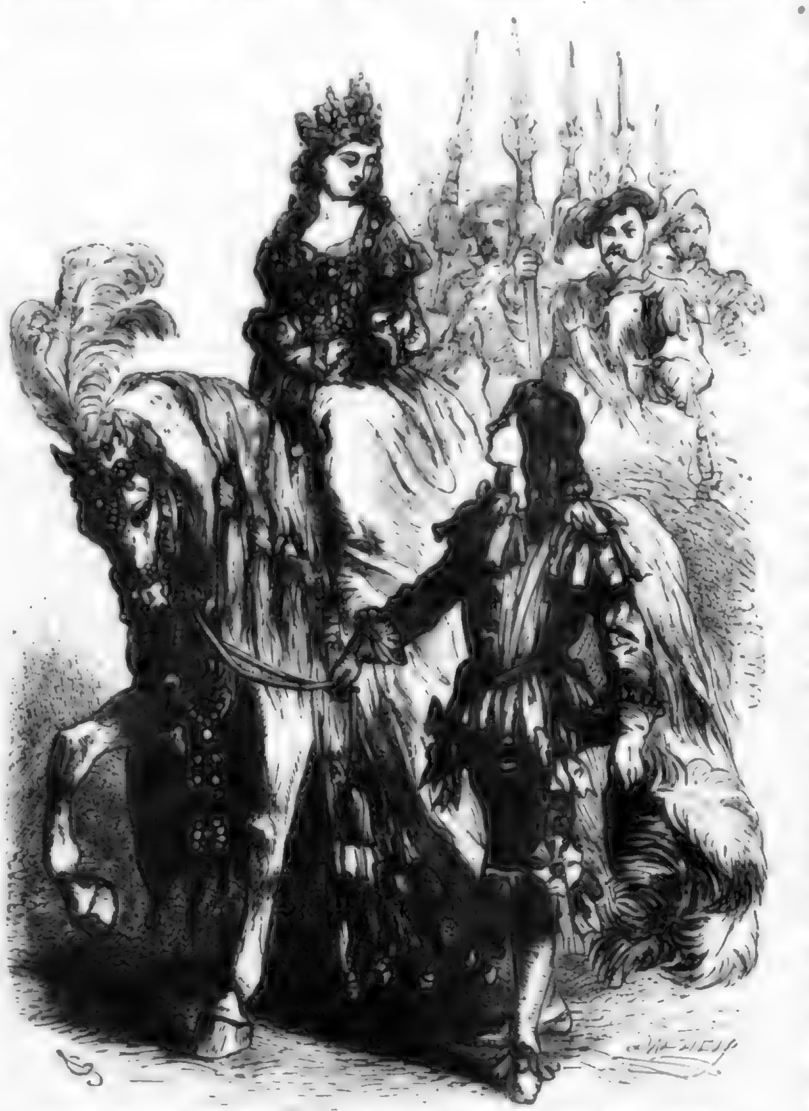
"You know it was to be Thanksgiving evening, dear——"

And it was.

The mutineers managed to run his schooner ashore on Peaked Hill Bars, Cape Cod, and, in obedience to retributive justice, were drowned; which, as the owners got an excellent insurance on the vessel, did not seem to cause general grief.

After the usual vexatious delays consequent upon such cases, Arad received something like eighteen thousand dollars as salvage money. The lawyers got the larger share of the remainder.

N. B.—A true story—with a trifle of embellishment.



GRACIEUSE AND PERCINET.—"THE PAGE TOOK THE BRIDLE AND LED IT, TURNING EVERY MINUTE TOWARD THE PRINCESS, THAT HE MIGHT HAVE THE PLEASURE OF BEHOLDING HER."

GRACIEUSE AND PERCINET.

A FAIRY STORY.

THERE once lived a lovely princess named Gracieuse. She was always magnificently attired, without being in the least proud, or vain of her fine clothes. She passed the morning in the company of learned persons, who taught her all sorts of sciences, and in the afternoon she worked beside the queen, her mistress.

There was in this same court an exceedingly rich old maid, called the Duchess Grognon, and who was horrible in every respect. Her hair was as red as fire, her face of an alarming size, covered with pimples; she had but one blear eye left, and her mouth was so large you would have said she could eat everybody up, only, as she had no teeth, people were not afraid of it; she had two humps, and limped with both legs.

This monster hated Gracieuse mortally, and retired from court to avoid hearing her praises. She took up her abode in a neighboring chateau that belonged to her, and when any one, paying her a visit, spoke of the perfections of the princess, she would scream out in a rage, "It is false—it is false! She is not charming! I have more beauty in my little finger than she has in her whole body!"

Now it happened that the queen fell ill and died. The Princess Gracieuse felt as if she should die also of grief for the loss of so good a mother, and the king deeply regretted his excellent wife. For nearly a twelvemonth he remained shut up in his palace, till at length his physicians, alarmed for his health, insisted on his going out and amusing himself.

One day he went hunting, and the heat being very great, he entered a large chateau that he saw near him, for shelter and refreshment. As soon as the Duchess Grognon (for it was her chateau), heard of the king's arrival, she hastened to receive him, and informed him that the coolest place in the mansion was a large vaulted cellar, exceedingly clean, into which she requested he would descend.

The king followed her, and, entering the cellar, he saw two hundred barrels placed in rows one above the other. He asked her whether it was only for herself she kept such a stock.

"Yes, sire," she replied, "for myself alone. But I shall be delighted if your majesty will do me the honor to taste my wines. Here is Canary, Saint Laurent, Champagne, Hermitage, Rivesalte, Rossolis, Persicot, Fenouillet; which do you prefer, sire?"

"Frankly," said the king, "I hold that champagne is worth all the other wines put together."

Grognon immediately took a small hammer, struck a cask two or three times, and out came a million of pistoles.

"What does this mean?" she exclaimed, with a smile, and passing to the next cask she hit that, tap, tap, and out rolled a bushel of louis-d'ors. "I don't understand this at all," she said, smiling still more significantly. On she went to another barrel, and rapped, tap, tap, and out ran so many pearls and diamonds that the floor of the cellar was covered with them.

"Ah," she cried, "I can't comprehend this, sire. Somebody must have stolen my good wine, and put in its place these trifles."

"Trifles!" echoed the king, perfectly astonished; "do you call these trifles, madame? There is treasure enough here to buy ten kingdoms, each as big as Paris!"

"Well, said the duchess, "know that these barrels are all filled with gold and jewels, and I will make you master of all, provided you will marry me."

"Oh," said the king, who loved money beyond anything, "I desire nothing better. I'll marry you to-morrow, if you please."

"But," continued she, "I must make one more condition. I must have the same power over your daughter as her mother had, and you shall leave her entirely to my management."

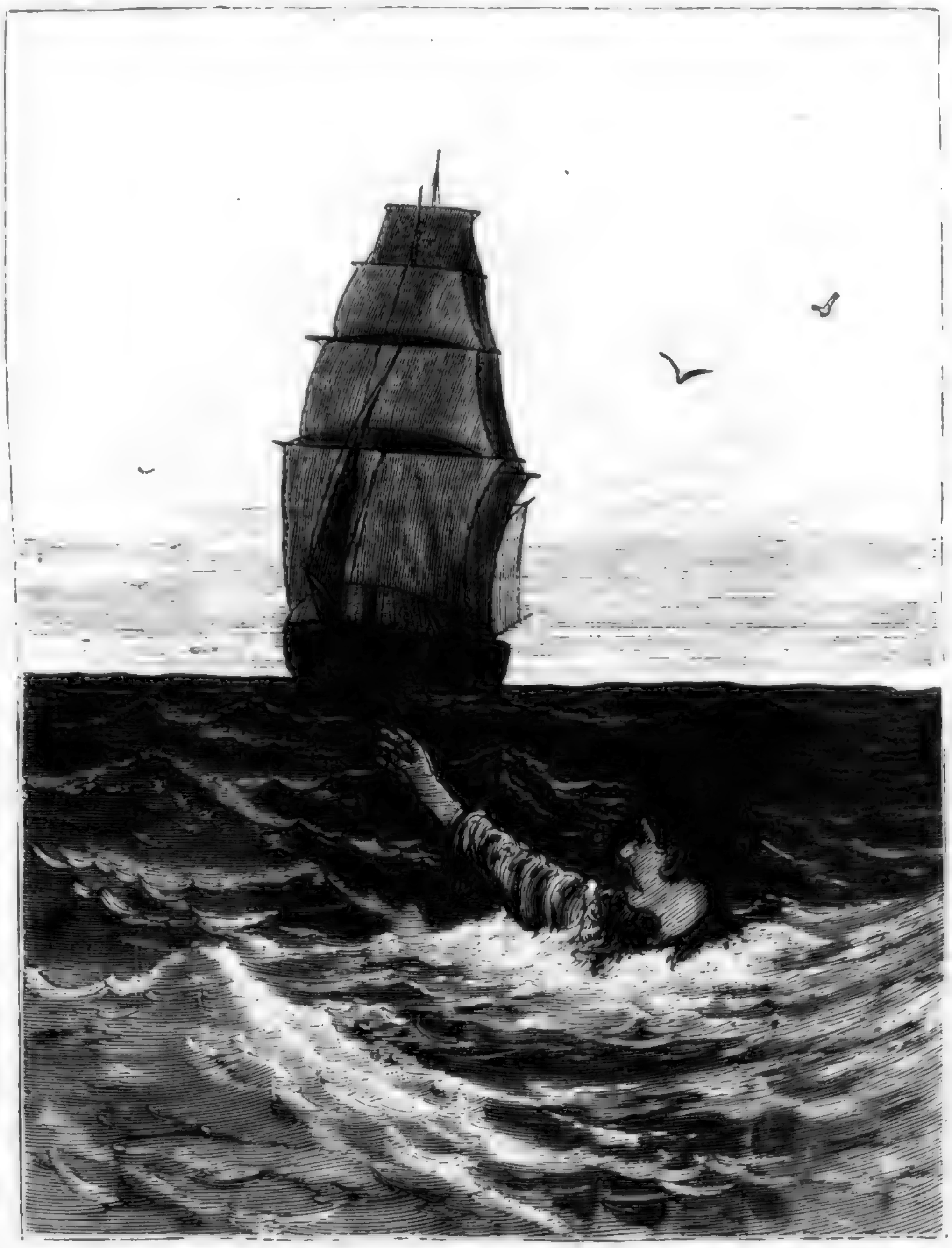
"Agreed," said the king; "there is my hand upon it."

Grognon placed her hand in his, and, leaving the treasure-vault together, she presented him with the key.

The king immediately returned to the palace. Gracieuse, hearing her royal father's voice, ran to meet him, embraced him, and inquired if he had had good sport.

"I have taken," said he, "a dove, alive."

"Ah, sir," said the princess, "give it to me; I will feed and make a pet of it."



HIS LUCK.—"'HILLO-O-O-O!' HE SHOUTED, WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH. SURELY THEY MUST HEAR HIM. BUT NO ANSWERING HAIL CAME TO HIS LISTENING EARS, AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT, TO HIS SURPRISE AND HORROR, THE BRIG'S COURSE WAS ALTERED."—SEE PAGE 610.

"That may not be," replied the king; "for, to speak plainly, I must tell you that I have seen the Duchess Grognon, and that I am going to marry her."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Gracieuse, "can you call her a dove? She is more like a screech-owl!"

"Hold your tongue!" said the king, becoming angry; "I command you to love and respect her as much as if she were your mother. Go and dress yourself immediately, for I intend to return this very day to meet her."

The princess, who was very obedient, went to her room. Her nurse saw tears in her eyes.

"What is the matter, my little darling?" she asked; "you are crying."

"Alas! my dear nurse," answered Gracieuse, "who would not weep? The king is going to give me a stepmother, and, to complete my misfortune, she is my most cruel enemy—in one word, the hideous Grognon! How shall I ever bear to see her in the beautiful beds which the queen, my dear mother, so delicately embroidered with her own hands? How can I ever caress a malicious old ape who would put me to death?"

"My dear child," replied the nurse, "you must have a spirit as high and noble as your birth. Princesses like you should set the greatest examples to the world; and what finer example can there be than that of obedience to a father and sacrificing one's self to please him? Promise me, therefore, that you will not manifest your antipathy to Grognon."

The poor princess had much difficulty in summoning up resolution to promise; but the prudent nurse gave her so many excellent reasons, that at length she pledged her word to put a good face on the matter, and behave courteously to her stepmother. She then proceeded to dress herself in a gown of green and gold brocade, her long, fair hair falling in wavy folds upon her shoulders, and crowned with a light wreath of roses and jasmine, the leaves of which were made of emeralds. In this attire, Venus, the mother of the loves, could not have looked more beautiful.

But to return to Grognon. The ugly creature was excessively occupied with her toilet. She had one shoe made half a cubit higher in the heel than the other, in order to appear less lame; a bodice stuffed upon one shoulder to conceal the hump on its fellow; a glass eye, the best she could procure, to replace the one she had lost. She painted her brown skin white, dyed her red hair black, and then put on an open robe of amaranth-colored satin, faced with blue, and a yellow petticoat, trimmed with violet ribbon. She determined to make her *entrée* on horseback, because she had heard it was a custom of the queens of Spain.

Whilst the king was giving his orders, and Gracieuse awaiting the moment of departure to meet Grognon, she descended, alone, into the palace gardens, and strolled into a little gloomy grove, where she sat down upon the grass.

"At length," she said, "I am at liberty, and may cry as much as I please without any one to check me!"

And accordingly she sighed and wept so excessively that

XUM

her eyes appeared like two fountains in full play. In this sad state, she no longer thought of returning to the palace, when she saw a page approaching, dressed in green satin, with a plume of white feathers in his cap, and the handsomest countenance in the world. Bending one knee to the ground, he said:

"Princess, the king awaits you."

She was struck with surprise at the beauty and grace of the young page, and, as he was a stranger to her, she supposed he was in the service of Grognon.

"How long is it," said she, "since the king admitted you into the number of his pages?"

"I am not the king's page, madame," he replied; "I am yours, and will be yours only."

"Mine!" exclaimed Gracieuse, much astonished, "and I not know you?"

"Ah, princess," said he, "hitherto I have not dared to make myself known to you; but the misfortunes with which you are threatened by this marriage of the king oblige me to speak to you sooner than I should have done. I had resolved to leave time and attention to declare to you my passion."

"How! a page!" said the princess—"a page has the assurance to tell me he loves me!"

"Be not alarmed, beautiful Gracieuse!" said he, with a most tender yet respectful air; "I am Percinet, a prince. I have loved you long; I have been often near you in these gardens without your perceiving me. The fairy power bestowed upon me at my birth has been of great service in procuring me the pleasure of beholding you. I will accompany you everywhere to-day in this habit, and, I trust, not altogether without being of service to you."

The princess gazed at him while he spoke, in a state of astonishment from which she could not recover.

"It is you, then, handsome Percinet!" she said to him; "it is you, whom I so much wished to see, and of whom such surprising things are related! How delighted I am that you desire to be my friend! I no longer fear the wicked Grognon, since you take an interest in my fortunes!"

A few more words passed between them, and then Gracieuse repaired to the palace, where she found a horse ready saddled and caparisoned, which Percinet had placed in the stables. She mounted it, and, as it was a very spirited animal, the page took the bridle and led it, turning every minute toward the princess, that he might have the pleasure of beholding her.

They met Grognon on the road, in an open calèche, looking more ugly and ill-shapen than an old gypsy. The king and the princess embraced her. They led forward her horse, that she might mount, but seeing the one Gracieuse was upon, she exclaimed:

"How! Is this creature to have a finer horse than I? I had rather never be a queen, and return to my precious castle, than be treated in this manner!"

The king immediately commanded the princess to dismount, and to beg Grognon would do her the honor to ride her horse.

The princess obeyed without a murmur. Grognon neither looked at her nor thanked her. She was hoisted up on the beautiful horse, and looked like a bundle of dirty clothes. When she was least thinking of it, lo and behold, the fine horse began to bound, to rear, and at length ran away at such a pace that no one could stop him. Off he went with Grognon, who held on by the saddle and by the mane, screaming with all her might.

At length she was thrown, with her foot in the stirrup. She was dragged for some distance over stones and thorns into a heap of mud, where she was almost smothered. As everybody had run after her as fast as they could, they soon came up to her; but her skin was scratched all over, her head cut open in four or five places, and one of her arms broken. Never was a bride in a more miserable plight.

The king seemed in despair. They picked her up in pieces, like a broken glass. Her cap was on one side, her shoes on the other. They carried her into the city, put her to bed, and sent for the best surgeons. Ill as she was, she never ceased storming.

"Gracieuse has played me this trick," she said. "I am certain she only chose that fine but vicious horse in order to make me wish to ride it, and that it might kill me. If the king does not give me satisfaction for this injury, I will return to my precious chateau, and never see him again as long as I live!"

The king was informed of the rage of Grognon. As his ruling passion was avarice, the mere idea of losing the many barrels of gold and diamonds made him shudder, and was sufficient to drive him to anything. He ran to the filthy invalid, flung himself at her feet, and protested she had only to name the punishment Gracieuse deserved, and that he abandoned the princess to her resentment. She professed herself satisfied, and said she would send for her.

Accordingly, the princess was told Grognon wanted her. She turned pale, and trembled, being well assured it was not to caress her. She looked about everywhere for Percinet, but he did not appear, and sadly she proceeded to Grognon's apartment. Scarcely had she entered it when the doors were closed. Four women, who resembled as many furies, threw themselves on her by order of their mistress, and tore all her fine clothes from her back. When her shoulders were bare, these cruel demons could not endure their dazzling whiteness. They shut their eyes as though they had been looking for a long time on snow.

"Come, come—courage!" cried the pitiless Grognon from out her bed. "Flay me that girl, and leave her not the least morsel of that white skin she thinks so beautiful!"

The four furies were each armed with an alarming handful of birchen twigs, and they had, besides, large brooms, out of which they could pull fresh ones; so that they beat her without mercy, and at every blow Grognon called out:

"Harder, harder! You spare her!"

There is no one who would not suppose, after that, but that the princess was flayed alive from head to foot. They would be mistaken, however; for the gallant Percinet had bewitched the eyes of these women. They imagined they had birch rods in their hands, but in reality they had only bunches of feathers of all sorts of colors.

The flagellants so fatigued themselves that they could no longer lift their arms. They huddled her into her clothes, and turned her out of the room with a thousand abusive epithets. She returned to her own chamber, pretending to be very ill, went to bed, and ordered that no one should stay near her but her nurse, to whom she related her adventure.

Grognon was so gratified to learn that Gracieuse was in such a condition, that she got well in half the time she would otherwise have done, and the marriage was celebrated with great magnificence.

But as the king was aware that Grognon preferred, above everything, to be extolled for her beauty, he had her portrait painted, and commanded a tournament in which six of the best knights in his court should maintain against all comers that Queen Grognon was the loveliest princess in the world.

A number of knights were made to confess to Grognon's beauty. But at length one brave knight appeared, and said:

"Grognon is a monster; but Gracieuse is the greatest beauty living!"

When Grognon heard this, she was so enraged that she could scarcely speak. She waited impatiently for night to arrive. As soon as it was dark she ordered the horses to be put to her traveling carriage. Gracieuse was forced into it, and, under a strong escort, she was conveyed to a large forest a hundred leagues distant, through which nobody dared pass, as it was full of lions, bears, tigers and wolves. When they had reached the middle of this terrible wood, they made the princess alight, and left her, regardless of her piteous supplications, alone in the forest.

She hurried on for some time without knowing whither she was going—now running against some tree, now falling, now entangled in the bushes—till at length, overwhelmed with anguish, she threw herself on the ground, unable to rise again.

"Percinet!" she cried; "Percinet! where are you? Is it possible you can have abandoned me?"

As she uttered the last words, she suddenly beheld the most surprising thing in the world. It was an illumination so magnificent that there was not a tree in the forest on which there were not several chandeliers filled with wax lights, and at the far end of the avenue she perceived a palace, built entirely of crystal, which blazed like the sun. She began to imagine Percinet had some hand in this new enchantment, and felt her joy a little mingled with fear.

At that moment she heard a noise behind her. She thought it was some wild beast who was about to devour her. She looked back, trembling, and beheld Prince Percinet, as handsome as they paint the God of Love.

"My princess!" he said, "come!—come into the fairy palace. You will find there the queen, my mother, and my sisters, who already love you tenderly from my account of you."

Gracieuse, charmed by the humble and engaging manner in which her young lover addressed her, could not refuse to enter with him a little sledge, painted and gilt, and drawn by two stags at a prodigiously swift pace.

He immediately ordered the animals to proceed to the fairy palace. As Gracieuse approached it she heard exquisite music, and the queen, with two of her daughters, met her, embraced her, and led her into a large saloon, the walls of which were of rock-crystal. She observed, with great astonishment, that all her own history to that very day was engraved upon the walls, and the execution of the work was so fine that the master-pieces of Phidias, and all that Greece could ever boast, were not to be compared to it.

"You have a very diligent artist!" said Gracieuse to Percinet. "Every action, every gesture of mine is instantly sculptured!"

"Because I would not lose the recollection of the slightest circumstance relating to you, my princess," replied he. "Alas, in no place am I happy or contented!"

She made him no answer; but thanked the queen for the manner in which she had received her. A grand banquet was served up, to which Gracieuse did justice, for she was delighted to have found Percinet in lieu of the bears and lions she had dreaded to meet in the forest.

Although she was very tired, the prince persuaded her to pass into a saloon dazzling with gold and painting, in which an opera was performed before her. The subject was "The Loves of Cupid and Psyche," and it was interspersed with dances and allusive songs.

At the close of the opera, by order of the queen, Gracieuse was led to her apartments. Never was anything so magnificent as the furniture, or so elegant as the bed and bedchamber appropriated to her. She was waited on by four-and-twenty maidens, attired as nymphs; the eldest was but eighteen, and each a miracle of beauty. As soon as she was in bed, a strain of exquisite music wooed her to sleep.

When she arose in the morning they brought her dresses of every color, sets of jewelry of every fashion, laces, ribbons, gloves, silk stockings, all in the most marvelous taste. Nothing was wanting. Her toilet was of chased gold; she had never been so perfectly dressed, and had never looked so beautiful.

Percinet entered the room in a dress of green-and-gold (green was his color, because Gracieuse was fond of it). All those we have heard boasted of as the best-formed and most amiable of men would have lost by comparison with this prince.

Gracieuse told him she had not been able to sleep soundly; that the recollection of her misfortunes tormented her, and that she could not help dreading the consequences.

"What can alarm you, madame?" said he. "You are sovereign here—you are here adored. Would you abandon me for your cruel enemy?"

"If I were my own mistress," she replied, "I would accept your proposal; but I am accountable to the king, my father, for my actions; and it is better to suffer than fail in my duty."

Percinet said everything in the world he could think of to persuade her to marry him; but she would not consent, and it was almost in spite of herself that she was induced to remain one week, during which he invented a thousand new pleasures for her entertainment. She once said to the prince:

"I should much like to know what is passing in Grognon's Court, and how she has glossed over her conduct to me?"

He led her to the top of an exceedingly high tower, which was all of rock-crystal, like the rest of the chateau. He told her to place her foot on his, and her little finger in his mouth, and then to look in the direction of the city. She immediately perceived that the wicked Grognon was with the king, and that she was saying to him:

"That wretched princess has hanged herself in the cellar; I have just seen her—she is a most horrible sight; she must be buried immediately, and you will soon get over so trifling a loss."

The king began to weep for the death of his daughter. Grognon turned her back upon him, retired to her apartments, caused a log of wood to be dressed up in a cap, and well wrapped in grave-clothes, put into a coffin, and then, by order of the king, there was a grand funeral, which was attended by everybody, weeping, and cursing the cruel stepmother, whom they accused of having caused the death of the princess.

All the people went into deep mourning, and she heard the lamentations for her loss, and that they whispered to one another:

"What a pity that this lovely young princess should perish through the cruelties of such a wicked creature! She ought to be cut to pieces and made into a pie!"

The king could neither eat nor drink, and cried ready to break his heart.

Gracieuse, seeing her father so afflicted, exclaimed:

"Ah, Percinet, I cannot allow my father to believe any longer that I am dead. If you love me, take me back to him."

"My princess," said he, "you will regret more than once

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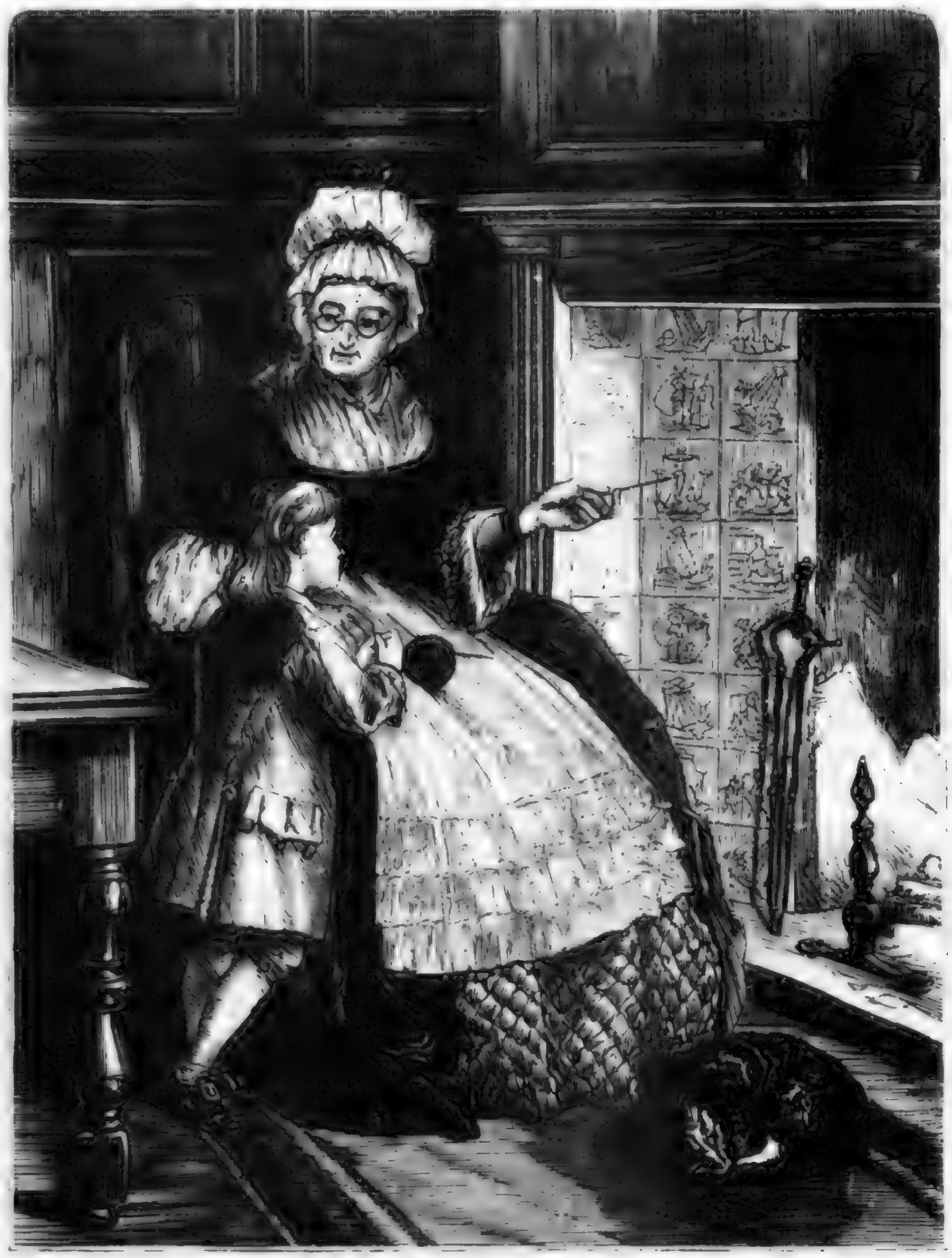
leaving this fairy palace; for, as to myself, I dare not think you will regret me. You are more unmerciful to me than Grognon is to you."

It was of no use talking—she would go. She took leave of his mother and sisters, entered the sledge with him, and the stags started off.

As she left the palace, she heard a great noise. She looked back; it was the entire building which had fallen, and lay broken into a thousand fragments.

"What do I see?" she cried; "the palace destroyed!"

"My palace," replied Percinet, "shall be amongst the dead. You will never re-enter it till after you are buried."



DODDRIDGE LEARNING SCRIPTURE HISTORY FROM THE DUTCH TILES.—SEE PAGE 619.

"You are angry," said Gracieuse, endeavoring to appease him. "But am I not, in fact, more to be pitied than you?"

On arriving in the city, Percinet caused the princess, himself, and the sledge to be invisible. Gracieuse ascended to the king's apartment, and flung herself at his feet. When he saw her, he was frightened, and would have run away, taking her for a ghost. She stopped him, and assured him she was not dead; that Grognon had caused her to be carried off into the wilderness; that she climbed up a tree, where she had lived upon wild fruits; that they had buried a log of wood in her place—and ended by begging him, for mercy's sake, to send her to one of his castles, where she might no longer be exposed to the fury of her stepmother.

The king, scarcely able to credit her story, had the log of wood taken up, and was astounded at the malice of Grognon. Any other monarch would have ordered Grognon to be buried alive in its place; but he was a poor weak man, who hadn't courage enough to be really in a passion. He caressed his daughter a good deal, and made her sup with him.

When Grognon's creatures ran and told her of the return of the princess, and that she was supping with the king, she began to rave like a madwoman, and rushing to him, told him there must be no hesitation about it; he must either abandon that cheat to her, or see her, on the instant, take her departure, never to return as long as she lived; that it was mere folly to believe that the girl was the Princess Gracieuse. It was true she resembled her slightly, but that Gracieuse had hanged herself; that she had seen her with her own eyes, and that if any credence was given to the story of that impostor, it would be an unpardonable want of respect to, and confidence in, her.

The king, without another word, gave up to her the unfortunate princess, believing, or feigning to believe, that she was not his daughter.

Grognon, transported with joy, dragged her, with the help of her own women, into a dungeon, where they had her stripped. They took away her costly garments, and threw over her a rag of coarse cloth, putting wooden shoes on her feet, and a hood of drugget on her head. They barely gave her straw enough to lie upon, and a little black bread to eat.

In this distress, she began to weep bitterly, and to regret the Fairy Palace; but she dared not call on Percinet for succor, feeling that she had treated him too unkindly, and not being able to believe that he loved her enough to come again to her aid. In the meanwhile, Grognon had sent for a fairy who was little less malicious than herself.

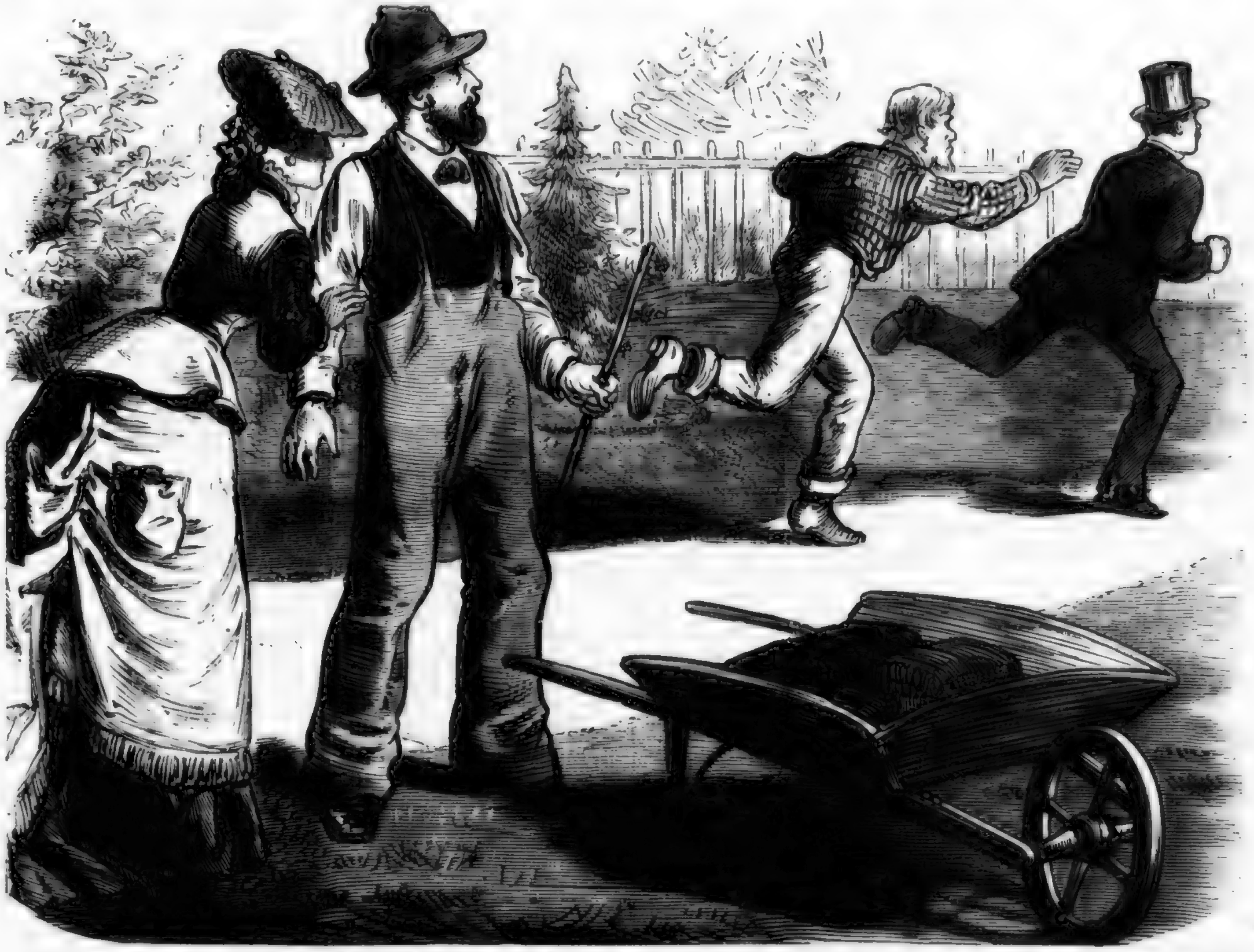
"I have here in my power," she said, "a little hussy who has offended me. I want to punish her, by giving her such difficult tasks to execute that she will not be able to perform them, and so that I may break her bones without giving her a right to complain. Help me to find a new torment for her every day."

The fairy told her she would think of it, and that she should see her again the next morning. She kept her word. She brought a skein of thread as big as four grown-up people, so finely spun that it would break if you breathed on it, and so tangled that it was in a bundle without beginning or end.

Grognon, delighted, sent for her beautiful prisoner, and said to her:

"There, my good little gossip, set your great powers to work to wind off this skein of thread; and rest assured that if you break the least bit of it, you are lost, for I will flay you alive myself! Begin whenever you please, but it must be wound off before sunset."

With that she shut her up in a room under three locks.



OUR TRAMP.—"WITH AN OATH THE SAILOR DROPPED THE BARROW, AND SPRANG FORWARD, EXCLAIMING, 'I KNEW I'D RUN FOUL OF YOU!' CAPTAIN HANSON, CATCHING A GLANCE OF THE SAILOR'S FACE, RAN LIKE A STARTLED FAWN."—SEE PAGE 619.

The princess was no sooner left alone than, examining the enormous skein, and turning it over and over, breaking a thousand threads in trying to find one to begin with, she became so confused that she ceased attempting to unravel it; and, flinging it into the middle of the room, she began to weep bitterly. Percinet opened the door as easily as if he had the key in his pocket.

"I am here, my princess," he said to her, "always ready to serve you. I am not capable of deserting you, notwithstanding the poor return you make to my affection."

He struck the skein three times with his wand; the broken threads were immediately rejoined, and two more taps unraveled it with most astonishing perfection. He inquired if there was any other service he could render her, and whether she would never call on him but when she was in trouble.

"Do not reproach me, handsome Percinet," said she; "I am already sufficiently miserable."

"But, my princess, it is in your own power to liberate yourself from the tyranny of which you are the victim. Come with me. What do you fear?"

"That you do not love me well enough," replied she. "I would have time to convince me of your affection."

Percinet, exasperated by her suspicions, bowed politely, and disappeared.

The sun was just about to set; Grognon awaited the moment with the greatest impatience. At length she anticipated it, and came with her four furies, who accompanied her everywhere. She put the three keys into the three locks, and said, as she opened the door:

"I'll wager, now, that this idle beauty hasn't wagged one of her ten fingers. She would much rather have slept to improve her complexion."

As soon as she entered, Gracieuse presented her with the ball of thread, quite perfect. She had not a word to say, except that Gracieuse had soiled it—that she was a dirty creature; and for that gave her two such slaps on the face, that the roses and lilies of her cheeks turned blue and yellow. The hapless Gracieuse bore patiently an insult she was not in a position to resent.

They took her back to her dungeon, and locked her up carefully. Grognon, vexed that she had not succeeded with the skein of thread, sent for the fairy, and reproached her with her ill success.

"Find out something," she said, "so difficult that she cannot possibly accomplish it."

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The fairy departed, and the next day returned with a great barrel full of feathers. There were some of all sorts of birds—nightingales, canaries, green-finches, gold-finches, linnets, red-wings, parrots, owls, sparrows, doves, ostriches, bustards, peacocks, larks, partridges—I should never have finished if I attempted to name them all. These feathers were so mixed together that the birds themselves could not have recognized their own.

"Here," said the fairy to Grognon, "is what will try the skill and patience of your prisoner. Order her to pick out these feathers, and put the peacocks', the nightingales', and every other sort, each by themselves, in separate heaps. It would be a task for a fairy."

Grognon was ready to die with joy, picturing to herself the perplexity of the wretched princess. She sent for her, threatened her as before, and shut her up with the barrel in the chamber, under three locks, ordering her to finish her work by sunset.

Gracieuse took out some of the feathers; but finding it impossible to distinguish the different kinds, threw them back again into the barrel; then took them out again, and made several attempts to sort them, but finding the task was impossible, Percinet again appeared, and giving the barrel three taps with his wand, the feathers came out by millions and sorted themselves into little heaps all round the room.

"What do I not owe you, my lord!" said Gracieuse. "But for you I must have perished. Rest assured of my entire gratitude!"

The prince tried everything to persuade her to take a firm resolution in his favor. She still asked for time, and, though with considerable violence to his own feelings, he granted her request.

Grognon arrived, and was so thunderstruck by what she saw, that she was at her wit's end how further to torment Gracieuse. She did not omit to beat her, however, saying that the feathers were ill arranged. She sent for the fairy, and flew into a violent passion with her. The fairy knew not how to answer her—she was perfectly confounded.

At length she told Grognon that she would employ all her skill in making a box which should bring her prisoner into great trouble if she ventured to open it; and a few days afterward she brought a box of a tolerable size.

"Here," said she to Grognon, "order your slave to carry this somewhere. Forbid her particularly to open it. She will not be able to resist it, and you will be satisfied."

Grognon followed her instructions implicitly.

"Carry the box," said she to Gracieuse, "to my fine chateau, and place it on the table in my closet; but I forbid you, under pain of death, to look at what it contains."

Gracieuse set off, with her wooden shoes, her cloth dress, and her woolen hood. All who met her exclaimed, "That must be a goddess in disguise!" for nothing could conceal her marvelous beauty.

She had not walked far before she felt tired. In passing through a little wood, on the skirt of a pleasant meadow, she sat down to take breath. She placed the box on her knees, and suddenly felt an inclination to open it.

"What can happen to me?" said she. "I won't take anything out of it, but only see what there is in it."

She thought no more of the consequences, but opened the box; and immediately out came a quantity of little men and women, fiddlers, musical instruments, little tables, little cooks, little dishes—in fact, the giant of the party was not bigger than one's finger. They skipped about the meadow, divided themselves into several groups, and began the prettiest ball that ever was seen. Some danced, others cooked, others feasted; the little fiddlers played admirably. Gracieuse, at first, was somewhat amused by so extraordinary a sight; but after she had rested a little, and wanted to get them back into the box, not one of them would obey her. The little gentlemen and ladies ran away; the fiddlers followed their example; the cooks, with their stewpans on their heads and their spits on their shoulders, scampered into the wood when she entered the meadow, and into the meadow again when she entered the wood.

"Oh, thoughtless curiosity!" said Gracieuse, weeping; "thou wilt be too favorable to my enemy. The only misfortune I could have avoided has been brought on me by my own folly. Oh, I cannot sufficiently blame myself! Percinet!" she cried, "Percinet! if it be possible you can still love such an imprudent princess, come and help me in this, the most unfortunate occurrence in my life!"

Percinet did not wait to be called thrice. She saw him appear instantly in his splendid green dress.

Percinet tapped the box with his wand, and immediately the little men and women, fiddlers, cooks and roast-meat were all packed into it as neatly as if they had never been out of it.

She arrived at the rich chateau, and when she demanded in the name of Grognon to be shown into the queen's closet, the governor burst into a fit of laughter.

"What!" said he; "do you imagine that you are to leave your sheep to be admitted into so beautiful a place? Be off with you, wherever you like. Never did wooden shoes tread those floors."

Gracieuse begged him to write a line stating his refusal. He did so, and, quitting the rich chateau, she found the amiable Percinet awaiting her, who drove her back to the palace. It would be difficult to write down all the tender and respectful things he said to her on the road, in the hope of persuading her to put an end to his unhappiness. She promised him that if Grognon played her another wicked trick she would consent.

No long while elapsed before Grognon did play Gracieuse another mean trick. She had a great hole dug in the garden as deep as a well; over it they placed a large stone. She then went to walk in the garden, and said to Gracieuse and those who accompanied her:

"Here is a stone under which I am informed there is a treasure. Come, let us lift it quickly."

Each lent a helping hand, Gracieuse amongst the rest. This was exactly what Grognon wanted. As soon as the princess was on the brink of the pit, Grognon pushed her violently into it, and the others let the stone fall again on the top of it.

This time the case was indeed a hopeless one. How was Percinet to find her in the bowels of the earth? She perfectly comprehended the difficulty of her position, and repented having so long delayed marrying him.

Suddenly she saw a little door open, which had escaped her attention in the darkness; and through it perceived the light of day, and gardens filled with flowers, fruits, fountains, grottoes, statues, bowers and summerhouses. She did not hesitate to enter it.

She advanced up a grand avenue, wondering what would be the end of this adventure. Almost at the same moment she perceived the fairy palace.

Percinet appeared with the queen, his mother, and his sisters.

"Refuse no longer, lovely princess," said the queen to Gracieuse; "it is time to make my son happy, and to relieve you from the deplorable life which you lead under the tyranny of Grognon."

The grateful princess fell on her knees before her, and told her she placed her fate in her hands, and that she would obey her in all things; that she had not forgotten the prophecy of Percinet at the time she left the fairy palace, when he said to her that that very palace would be amongst the dead, and that she would never re-enter it until after she had been buried; that she had the greatest admiration for his wisdom, and no less for his worth, and that she accepted him for her husband.

The prince, in his turn, knelt at her feet; and the same instant the palace rang with shouts and music, and the marriage was celebrated with the greatest magnificence. All the fairies for a thousand leagues round appeared with sumptuous equipages; some came in cars drawn by swans, others by dragons, others on clouds, others in globes of fire. Amongst them appeared the fairy who had assisted Grognon to torment Gracieuse. When she recognized the princess, never was any one so surprised. She conjured her to forget the past, and promised she would take every means of atoning for the misery she had made her suffer. Actually, she would not stay for the banquet; but, reascending her car, drawn by two terrible serpents, she flew to the king's palace, sought out Grognon, and wrung her neck before the guards or her women could interfere to prevent her.

DODDRIDGE LEARNING SCRIPTURE HISTORY FROM THE DUTCH TILES.

There are some old houses yet standing, with the capacious fire-places lined with those quaint Dutch tiles seldom elsewhere seen, except in museums. These were not merely ornamental. Dr. Doddridge relates (says his biographer, Job Orton), that his mother taught him the history of the Old and New Testament by the aid of such tiles in the chimney of the room where they commonly sat, and her wise and pious remarks upon the stories there represented, were the means of making deep impressions on his heart which never wore out. He therefore recommended, in an especial manner to parents, the use of illustrations in the instruction of the young.

The artist represents well the pious mother pointing to the Crucifixion, inculcating on the mind of her son the great closing act in the drama of man's redemption.

The power and value of illustration in the education of the youth, although disregarded in those barbarous ages when men blindly deemed that Christianity required of its votaries a war on art and all the poetry of life, is recovering its just place in popular instruction.

America has led the way in the beauty of its illustrated school-books, and we can, with no feeling of overweening pride, claim our just meed of praise in having devoted ourselves beyond all others to make pictorial art a means of popular instruction and enlightenment.

Convinced, like Dr. Doddridge, and, indeed, like the teachers of earlier days, that pictures are the books of the unlettered, no less than great helps to the memory and intelligence of the educated, we have endeavored to render them of the highest possible use.

OUR TRAMP.

By Frank H. Converse.

Our tramp came to us footsore and dust-begrimed one evening last June.

Perhaps it was the title of "Madam" prefixed to his petition for something to eat and a chance to sleep on the haymow, which moved Mrs. X—— to acquiesce—somehow against my own judgment—or it might have been the weariness visible in his air and speech. Be this as it may, he was inducted kitchenward, with instructions to wipe his feet carefully, where I judge his performances with knife and fork gave rise to Bridget's remark the next morning, that he'd breed a famine in any community inside of a week!

"What can you do, Jim?" I asked of him the next morning, as, emboldened by a breakfast, he begged for a job.

"A'most anything, sir, that's hard work," was his answer. "Them as goes to sea for a livin', gen'ly speakin', can turn their hands to all sorts."

"There's the strawberry-bed to be weeded, John," suggested Mrs. X——, seemingly interested in the wanderer, who, barring the loss of two front teeth, and hair suggestive of brick-dust in its hue, was not a bad-looking fellow.

I do not assert that Mrs. X——'s gentle will is law in our family, but I find it more conducive to harmony to fall in with her—suggestions with as much dignity as possible; so, with an air of indifference, I acquiesced, and Jim proceeded to his task, which being accomplished with celerity and neatness, my wife conducted him to the flower-garden—the pride of her own heart, and, as far as keeping the same free from weeds is concerned, the detestation of my own.

"Ain't they han'sum, mum?" said Jim, kneeling and turning with his rough forefinger the modest face of an English daisy outward. "'Minds me of that 'ere young lady on the verandy this mornin', as must be your twin-sister."

His reference to a resemblance between Nellie and herself was not at all displeasing to Mrs. X——, who is five years older than her sister, although she affected incredulity at the double-barreled compliment.

"He has a rough sense of refinement, quite uncommon for one in his station of life," she said to me afterward, by which I knew the leaven of flattery was working; and when, the next day, she decided that we had better keep him till the gardening season was over—("It will save you so much hard work, John," she remarked, *en parenthèse*)—I knew that Jim, our tramp, had found favor in her eyes.

"Shall you ever go to sea again, Jim?" asked Mrs. X——, as we made a family group on the piazza in the cool of a Summer's evening, while Jim loitered near by, picking up the garden-tools, and whistling softly to himself.

"Yes'm," was the answer, somewhat constrained withal.

"You must have met with some strange adventures in your life," said Nellie, who was just crossing the threshold of an age when all things are touched with the glamour of romance; moreover, anything pertaining to the sea had of late been full of interest to her—ever since the dashing Captain Hanson had made her acquaintance at Hastings, where she had spent part of the Summer.

I had lately learned, through the medium of Mrs. X——, that Captain Hanson was daily expected to favor Leybridge with his presence, ostensibly to see one of his ship's owners—possibly and probably to renew his acquaintance with my pretty sister-in-law.

"Well, mum," answered Jim, who I have left sitting uneasily on the handle of the wheelbarrow, "adventures is mostly in sea-yarns, as is writ for the story-papers; but I've had some considerable hard pulls, what with bein' wracked four times—the las' time losin' of as good a chist of clo's as a feller would want, to say nothin' of bein' in a open boat 'leven days—me, the mate an' four men—with never bit or sup the blessed time. We was picked up," continued Jim, "by a blasted—beg your pardon, mum, for swearin'—packet-ship, boun' from Liverpool to New York. Ol' Beansole was the cap'n—mebbe you've heerd of him, sir?"—this to me.

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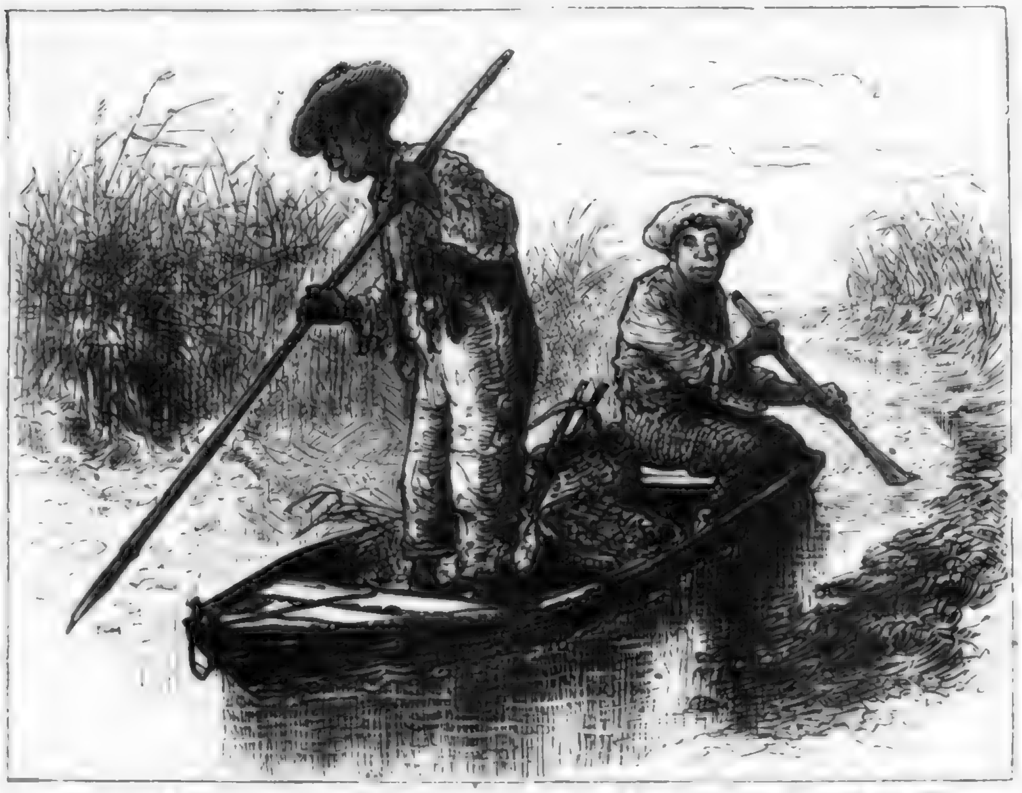


SOUTHERN SCENES.—ALL ABOUT TERRAPINS.—SEARCHING FOR TERRAPINS.—SEE PAGE 622.

"Wasn't it he," I asked, as a dim remembrance of the name brought to mind a newspaper narration of cruelties on shipboard, which somehow died out very suddenly, "who was heavily fined for brutality toward some of the emigrant passengers?"

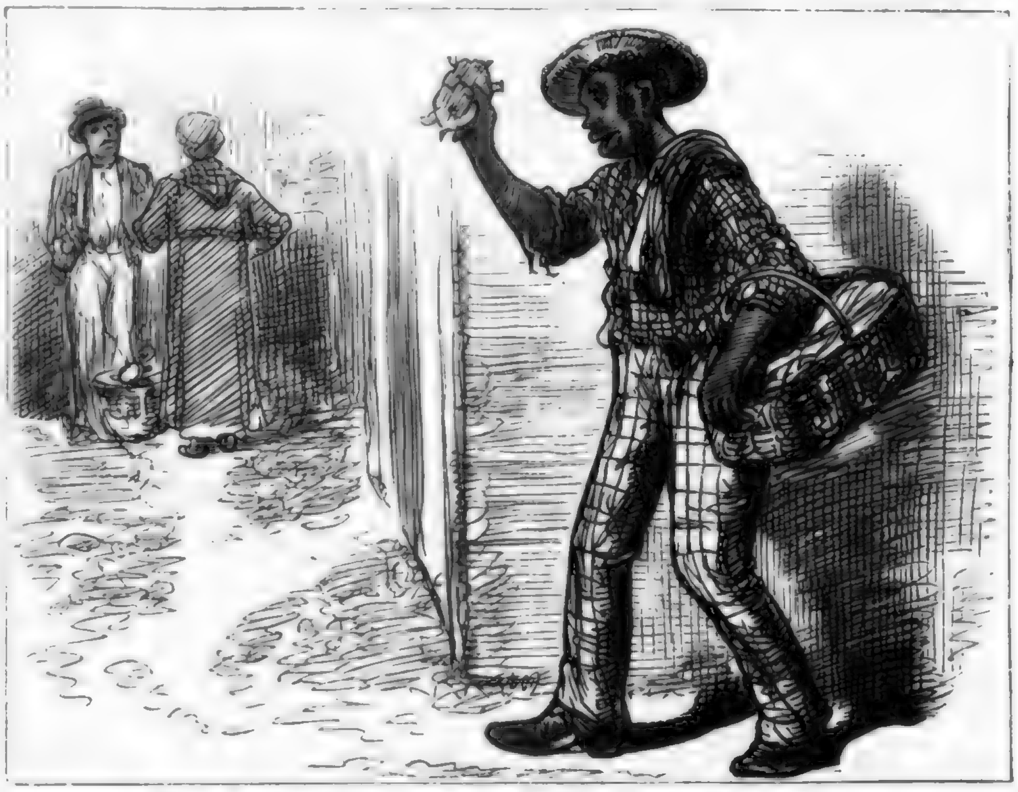
"Wot's a fine, that the owners steps up an' pays," said Jim, in scorn, "to lettin' a woman die on deck from the wet an' cold? An' why didn't they bring up some of his other deviltries—shootin' men off in the tops'l yard, drivin' 'em overboard in the Mersey, or breakin' a rib or an arm wi' an iron belayin'-pin?"

"Oh, come now, Jim," said I, "you don't mean that there are men on shipboard to-day who are such brutes as all that? Why, the law would——"

"The law!" repeated Jim. "Law's for cap'n an' owners, not for us sailors, though they *did* manage to shove the petty officers of the *Jack Frost, Jr.*, into prison, a few years ago, arter they'd killed two or three men aboard on the passage—though I mind it was said that the cap'n an' mate 'scaped punishment by happenin' to both die—sing'lar, wasn't it?—just afore the ship was hauled into dock."

"But such men are the exception. There are plenty of kind-hearted men who go as captains nowadays," I urged, after a short pause.

"*Indeed* there are!" suddenly broke in Miss Nellie, with energy. "Char—that is, a captain whom I know," she said, interrupting herself suddenly, "says that the trouble is with the men; that they are a drunken, reckless, lot of——"



SOUTHERN SCENES.—ALL ABOUT TERRAPINS.—LOOKING FOR A CUSTOMER.

"Nellie!" said Mrs. X——, reprovingly.

"Well, I don't care!" said the willful girl. "Only I beg Jim's pardon; I didn't mean such men as he is."

"It's all right, mum," returned Jim, quietly. "'Tain't to be 'xpected that the likes o' one o' you young women, wi' a heart like one o' them ere big J'pan lilies, knows of men's badness aboard ship—why should you?"

"But are there no captains who are kind to their men?" asked Mrs. X——, in some perplexity; and Miss Nellie was heard by me to say, under her breath, that she knew one, at least.

"Bless you, yes'm," said Jim, "there's lots of 'em; on'y it hasn't been *my* luck to sail with 'em. There's cap'ns sails out o' New York to-day, as I hear, don't allow swearin' from men nor officers; gives 'em good grub, watch an' watch, an' has 'em in the cabin of a Sunday for prayers. Though," he added, "where there's one o' them, there's a dozen that's either devils themselves, else they're that careless as they let the officers do jest as they happen to feel. I don't mind tellin' you," he continued, seemingly betrayed into an unwonted confidence, "that my business ashore is mostly to run foul of a cert'n man as I'm sure to meet, sooner or later. I know he's roun' these parts. An' when he an' I *does* meet," said Jim, rising and striking a brawny, clinched fist into the hollow of his other hand, apparently forgetful of everything but some remembered wrongs, "there'll be a hard ol' reckonin'!"

"I think," said Mrs. X——, rising, with as much dignity as is consistent with a height of five feet four, "that *we* have heard quite enough. Come, Nellie!"

Whereupon the twain (the latter a little unwillingly, as I fancied) entered the house, manifestly to the discomfiture of the sailor.

"There they go," he said, dropping his head and speaking in a rather sad voice, "a-thinkin' how I'm only a low, r'vengeful critter, with no feelin' mor'n the ship's dog! But, sir, s'posin' a man should call the mother that bore you by the wust name as is in this here langwidge of ourn, not on'y once, but a dozen times a day, accordin' as he's mad or not, wot wud you do, sir? How far wud you forgive a man as had you strung up to the main-riggin' for a full hour by the two thumbs, an' all for that I begged of him to send me up to stow a r'yal in a gale, 'stead of a little chap as was a stowaway, an' no more fit to go than a girl baby?" again asked Jim.

SOUTHERN SCENES.—ALL ABOUT TERRAPINS.—GETTING A DIAMOND-BACK.

Before I could frame a suitable answer, which should combine prudence with the usual forms of good advice, always proffered and seldom heeded in such cases, Jim had taken himself off, whom I saw no more of until the following morning, when he abruptly informed me that it was to be his last day, no persuasion or inducement of mine being sufficient to turn him from his purpose.

Clad in a pair of voluminous overalls and a dilapidated felt hat, I was assisting at the turfing of a flower-bed in front of the house; and while awaiting the return of Jim with the wheelbarrow, I was accosted by an elegantly dressed and gentlemanly looking young man, who, accosting me by the rather familiar title of "old cock," demanded, in a somewhat peremptory tone, to know "where Mrs. X—— hung out."

With an inward chuckle, I mildly designated the house behind me as the residence in question, and asked if he wished to see Mrs. X——.

"What's that to you?" was the rather unexpected answer, in a tone and with a manner that savored strongly of coarseness, but which contrasted strongly with the suavity of manner with which he greeted Miss Nellie, who just then appeared on the scene, with both hands full of flowers.

As the young lady blushed charmingly, and murmured her surprise at meeting Captain Hanson, that gentleman, not at all disconcerted by his introduction to myself, which immediately followed, expressed, with great ease and fluency, his unadulterated satisfaction and surprise at the meeting, as though it had been on the banks of the Nile.

Completely ignoring my own presence, as the two stood by the gate, the creaking of the wheelbarrow was heard, and in another moment Master Jim came bearing down upon us, the wheel just grazing the doeskin-clad leg of the gallant captain, who, turning, remarked, with languid reproach in his tone:

"My good fellow, pray be a little more——"

Captain Hanson, to the best of my knowledge, has never finished his expostulation.

With an oath, the sailor dropped the barrow and sprang forward, exclaiming:

"I knew I'd run foul of you!" but too late to lay violent hands upon Captain Hanson, who, catching a glance of the sailor's face, muttered an inarticulate remark, and, turning down the drive-way, ran like the startled fawn, closely pursued by the avenger, leaving Miss Nellie and myself gazing blankly at each other.

"Oh, John, he'll kill him—indeed he will!" said the girl, with white face and clasped hands, as she watched the pair disappearing over the brow of the little hill which led to the town.

"You needn't be alarmed, young lady," was my confident reply. "Captain Hanson has the lead, so to speak, by at least three lengths, and is gaining all the time."

But to this day I have never learned satisfactorily concerning the result of the race, for neither Captain Hanson or Jim have ever returned to tell the tale.

When last seen, as per report of old Rogers, ex-mariner, now mail-carrier, "they were headin' for Philadelphy, with ev'rything set, the clipper"—by which I understood Mr. Rogers to refer to Captain Hanson—"bein' two knots ahead, an' workin' to wind'ard all the time."

For aught I know, they kept on until they reached the Atlantic; and it is quite doubtful whether Miss Nellie, now engaged to be married to the son of our neighbor Jones, will soon hear the last joke against her runaway lover.

But, being somewhat a methodical man, I have estimated the cash value of our experiment somewhat as follows:

Services of Jim for ten days	$	15 00
Old clothes left behind		50
Satisfaction at having saved my sister-in-law from a possible marriage with a brute		10,000 00
Total	$	10,015 50

I would remark, in conclusion, that my wife takes all the credit of the investment.

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SOUTHERN SCENES.

All about Terrapins—Where they are Caught, How they are Caught, and who Catch them.

During the Winter season there is probably not an article of food more sought after in some parts of the country than diamond-back terrapins. On every bill of fare at the hotels and restaurants of Baltimore, at the present season, will be found included terrapin, cooked in various ways. Notwithstanding the popularity of the terrapin, there is much concerning it not generally known; and therefore a few lines in reference to this creature, and the marketable varieties, and the mode of capture, will no doubt be interesting.

The season for terrapins begins on the first of October, and continues until the first or the middle of March. They are frequently brought to market before and after this period, but by good judges they are considered unfit for the table. The three common varieties of salt-water terrapins known to dealers are the true "diamond-backs," the "little bulls" and the "red fenders." The diamond-backs are considered marketable when they become six inches long, and it is but rarely that they are found more than eight inches in length. They are generally about six inches long when three years old. Terrapins of this size bring fifteen dollars per dozen. Larger size, eight inches long, are considered very choice, and easily command twenty dollars per dozen. When less than six inches long, their market price decreases very materially, and they bring only from eight to ten dollars per dozen. These terrapins are caught only in the bay and in the salt-water inlets, as they cannot live in fresh water. They are sometimes caught by the fishermen in their nets; but this does not often occur at this season of the year, as the terrapins become torpid on the approach of cold weather and burrow in the mud at the bottoms of the small streams along the Chesapeake Bay.

When the season for hunting them arrives, the terrapin-hunters, who are generally colored men, go up these shallow streams in boats, when the tide is out, in search of their game. While one man sits in the stern of the boat and paddles slowly along, another will take his station in the bow, armed with an iron-pointed pole, with which he will probe the mud in search of the terrapin. These men become so expert that as soon as the back of a terrapin is struck in the mud they know the fact by the peculiar sound, and, dropping the pole, take a pair of short oyster-tongs, with which the terrapin is quickly dug out of the mud and lifted into the boat.

These men make very good wages during the early part of the season, as two men will sometimes capture twenty terrapins in a day; but in the latter part of the season, when terrapins become scarce in shallow water, the hunters are not so successful. A prominent dealer estimates that from eight to twelve hundred persons are engaged in terrapin-hunting during the early part of the season. The hunters receive about sixty per cent. less than the market value of the terrapins, which pass through three or four hands before they reach the large cities, where they are sold to consumers. During the season about three hundred thousand terrapins are brought to Baltimore, and from this point they are shipped to all parts of the country, but mainly to New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. These terrapins will average in value at least $1, so that the trade must aggregate over $300,000 a year, at the lowest calculation.

The male terrapins never grow as large as the females, and are said to be much inferior as an article of food. The male terrapins rarely reach the length of five inches, and among the dealers and fishermen are known as "little bulls." Their market value at the present time is about ten dollars a hundred, or about ten cents each.

There is another variety of terrapin known as the "red tenders," but their meat is coarse and the flavor is fishy. They grow much larger than the true diamond-back, and often become eighteen and twenty inches long. Their market value is, however, much less than the diamond-back, and they are never purchased by persons who are good judges of terrapin.

Some years ago an enterprising individual from Connecticut took it into his head that terrapins could be cultivated as easily and with as much success as fish; and, feeling confident that if his theory was plausible, "there were millions in it," he leased two well-known salt-water creeks which empty into the Chesapeake Bay near the mouth of the Potomac River. Wire nettings were stretched across the creeks at their mouths, and at the points where his portion of the creeks ended. In the Spring he sent out word to all the fishermen in the vicinity that he was anxious to buy young terrapins, and would pay $50 a hundred for them. The fishermen and colored men for miles around at once set to work catching young terrapins, and in less than a month the speculator's creeks contained between ten and eleven thousand terrapins of over a year's growth. They were fed regularly, and the country for miles around visited the ponds and gazed with wonder on the thousands of young terrapins. After the expiration of a year, and the expenditure of nearly twelve thousand dollars, the terrapin-breeder of the Chesapeake resolved to send a couple of hundred dozen to a Baltimore commission merchant. The terrapins as shipped were not large, but the owner congratulated himself on the fact that they were fat, and, as he thought, in every way superior to the ordinary diamond-back.

A few days after the shipment had been made, the breeder received a letter from the commission merchant stating that the terrapins he had received were not diamond-backs, but were all "little bulls," with an occasional "red fender" or two; and it was found that the knavish fishermen and colored men had imposed upon the speculator's simplicity, and had only sold him ten thousand "little bulls" and "red fenders," instead of real diamond-backs. The speculator sold at a heavy loss after all, besides the expense of keeping them for a year in his ponds.

The speculator left very suddenly, without paying his rents, and the only thing which serves to keep the matter in the minds of the country people in that vicinity is the remains of a couple of rusty wire fences, which have broken from their mooring at the mouth of the creek, and lodged on a sand-bar near by.

CEREMONIAL GOVERNMENT—FORMS OF ADDRESS.

What the obeisance implies by acts, the form of address says in words. If the two have a common root, this is to be anticipated; and that they have a common root is demonstrable. Instances occur in which the two are used indifferently, as being the one equivalent to the other. Speaking of Poles and Slavonic Silesians, Captain Spencer remarks: "Perhaps no distinctive trait of manners more characterizes both than their humiliating mode of acknowledging a kindness; their expression of gratitude being the servile "*Upadam do nog*" (I fall at your feet)—which is no figure of speech, for they will literally throw themselves down and kiss your feet for the trifling donation of a few halfpence." Here, then, the attitude of the conquered man beneath the conqueror is either actually assumed or verbally assumed; and when used, the oral representation is a substitute for the realization in act.

Other cases show us words and deeds similarly associated; as when a Turkish courtier, accustomed to make humble obeisances, addresses the Sultan: "Centre of the universe, your slave's head is at your feet"; or as when a Siamese, whose servile prostrations occur daily, says to his superior: "Lord benefactor, at whose feet I am"; to a prince: "I, the sole of your foot"; to the king, "I, a dust-grain of your sacred feet." Still better, when a Siamese attendant on the king says: "High and excellent lord of me thy slave, I ask to take the royal commands, and to place them on my brain, on the top of my head," we have verbally indicated that absolutely subject attitude in which the head is under the victor's foot.

Nor are there wanting instances from nearer countries showing this substitution of professed for performed obeisances. In Russia, even in these days of moderated despotism, a petition begins with the words: "So-and-so strikes his forehead" (on the ground); and petitioners are called "forehead-strikers." At the court of France, as late as 1577, it was the custom of some to say: "I kiss your Grace's hands"; and of others to say: "I kiss your lordship's feet." Even at the present time in Spain, where Orientalisms descending from the past still linger, we read: "When you get up to take leave, if of a lady, you should say: 'My lady, I place myself at your feet'; to which she will reply: 'I kiss your hand, sir.'"

From what has gone before, such origins and such characters of forms of address might, indeed, be anticipated. Along with other ways of propitiating the victor, the master and the ruler, will naturally come speeches which, beginning with confessions of defeat by verbal assumptions of its attitude, will develop into varied phrases acknowledging the state of servitude. The implication, therefore, is that forms of address in general, descending as they do from these originals, will express, clearly or vaguely, ownership by, or subjection to, the person addressed.

Of propitiatory speeches there are some which, instead of describing the prostration entailed by defeat, describe the resulting state of being at the mercy of the person addressed. One of the strangest of these occurs among the cannibal Tupis. While, on the one hand, a warrior shouts to his enemy: "May every misfortune come upon thee, my meat!" on the other hand, the speech required from the captive Hans Stade, on approaching a dwelling, was: "I, your food, have come."

A verbal surrender of life takes other forms in other places. It is asserted that during ancient times in Russia, petitions to the Czar commenced with the words: "Do not order our heads to be cut off, O mighty lord, for presuming to address you, but hear us!" And, though I do not get direct verification for this statement, it receives indirect support from the still current saying: "Whoso goes to the Czar risks his head"; as also from the lines—

> "My soul is God's,
> My land is mine,
> My head's the Tsar's,
> My back is thine!"

Then again, instead of professing to live only by permission of the superior, actual or pretended, who is spoken to, we find the speaker professing to be personally a chattel of his, or to be holding property at his disposal, or both. Africa, Polynesia and Europe furnish examples. "When a stranger enters the house of a Serracolet (inland negro), he goes out and says: 'White man, my house, my wife, my children, belong to thee.'" In the Sandwich Islands, a chief, asked respecting the ownership of a house or canoe possessed by him, replies: "It is yours and mine." In France, in the fifteenth century, a complimentary speech made by an abbé on his knees to the Queen when visiting a monastery was: "We resign and offer up the abbey, with all that is in it—our bodies, as our goods." And at the present time in Spain, where politeness requires that anything admired by a visitor shall be offered to him, "the correct place of dating [a letter] from should be, 'From this your house,' wherever it is. You must not say 'From this *my* house,' as you mean to place it at the disposition of your correspondent."

But these modes of addressing a real or fictitious superior, indirectly asserting subjection to him in body and effects, are secondary in importance to the direct assertions of slavery and servitude, which, beginning in barbarous days, have persisted during civilization down to the present time.

HUNTING SKETCHES.

A FAVORITE idea with those who know nothing about it is that tiger-shooting is one of the most dangerous sports ever followed by the adventure-loving Englishman. This opinion is entirely erroneous. With the help of good, well-trained elephants, this amusement will be found to be far less hazardous than the hunting of bison, or of that sagacious animal which proves of so much assistance to us in this sport, but which in its wild state is so formidable an enemy.

Truly, we have often in boyish days dwelt delightedly on thrilling tales of perils encountered in this way—of tigers bounding on to the elephant's back, to render the unhappy sportsman senseless by a blow from the paw ere he had time to fire. But, though well mounted and taking things coolly in the howdah, tigers may be encountered with no danger to speak of, it is very different when the sport is followed, as in the Madras Presidency, alone and on foot. Then, indeed, the peril is so great that it ceases to be true sport, as it is too foolhardy and desperate a venture for those who have any regard for their personal safety.

And yet many sportsmen make a habit of seeking this animal in its native jungle in this way, escaping with their lives oftener than could be expected. The habits of the tiger are so stealthy, and it conceals itself in the jungle, creeping with its slow, noiseless tread, in such a manner, that the hunter on foot is at a great disadvantage, as he may come close upon it unawares; and then woe betide him, if he be not speedy with his gun.

On an elephant one has infinitely better opportunities of observing the movements of the animal, and of taking aim, besides the greater security, the occupant of the howdah being almost out of his reach.

The grand battue is by far the pleasantest method of tiger-hunting, as well as the safest; but there is another way largely adopted by the Anglo-Indians, who hold appointments in the lonely wilds of India, far away from friends and the pleasures of society. This is, to possess two elephants—one a well-trained one for mounting, the other a pad elephant, which is of the greatest use in beating up the game. In this way they go hunting alone, and, without doubt, more animals are taken in this way than in either of the others.

But one has no hesitation in saying that companionship adds immeasurably to the enjoyment of the true sportsman. The solitary tent after the hard day's work must be very lonely; and probably he who returns to it often

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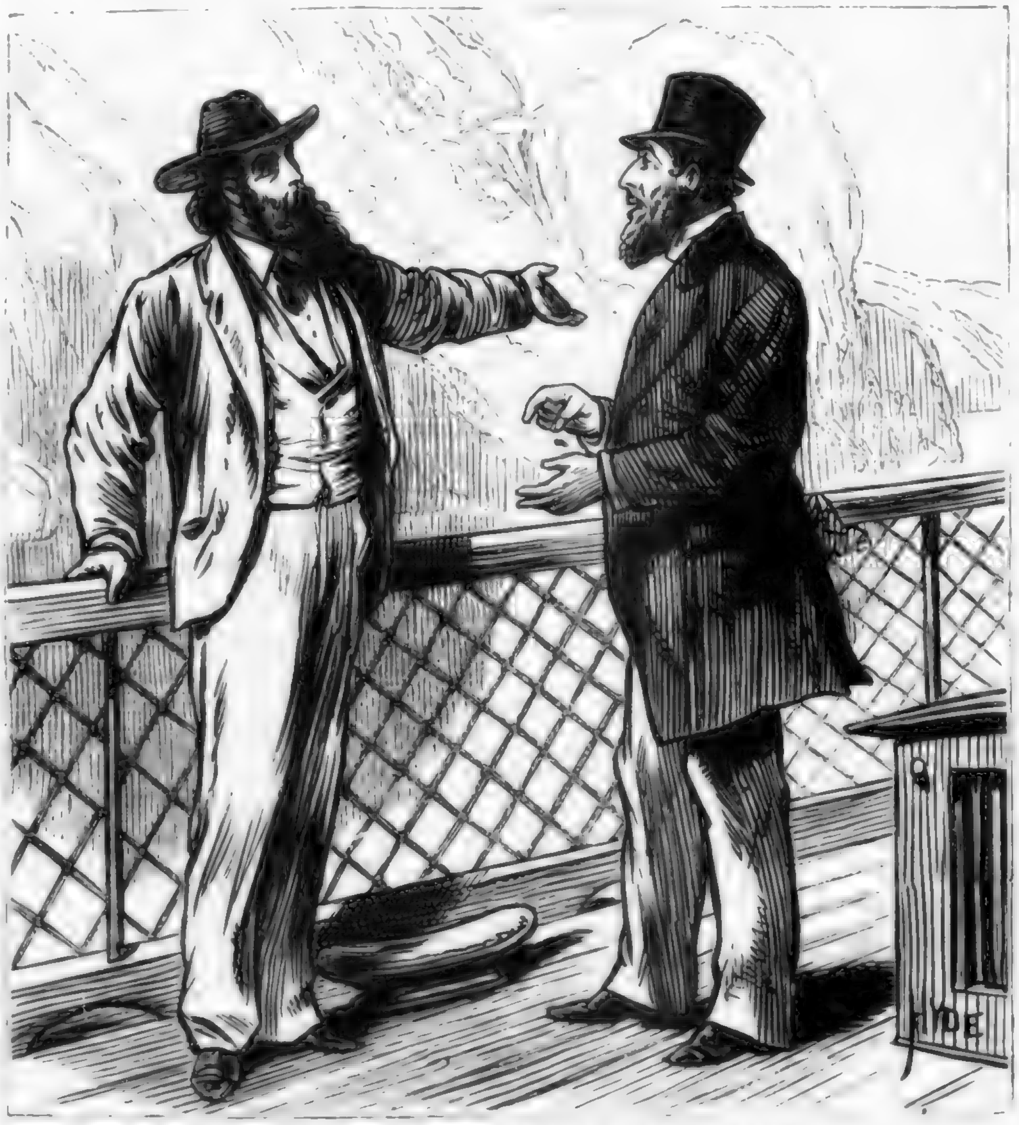
wishes for a friend to recount his adventures to, while receiving the sympathy so easy to accord. How pleasant the hours spent together after the *battue* are found by the tired sportsman, as tales of former encounters are related, moving the hearers alternately to feelings of horror and laughter.

Sport in this part of the world may be enjoyed with more thorough comfort than anywhere else; and as one looks out from the tent at the orderly little camp, one remembers with a shiver the elk-hunting on the frozen snow of North America, and mentally compares the steely, never-changing sky of those times with the dark blue, star-pierced one over-head, with its varying clouds of vapor floating past. But one must not forget that those delightful days spent in tiger-hunting had their dark side, for were not two of our companions carried off by the deadly jungle fever, and will not another feel the effect of it all his life?

A party of two or three is perhaps better than a larger number; but this is of little consequence, as the enjoyment to be derived from the sport depends in a great measure on the sportsmen themselves.

The choice of elephants is a very important matter, as they must be steady and to be depended upon, and care should be taken not to choose them either too large or too small. The reason is obvious. A very large one will probably be clumsy and unwieldy, and much less intelligent than a smaller animal; while the other extreme is not so safe, in case of the tiger springing up and reaching the howdah. It is seldom, however, that the spring of this beautiful, lithe creature exceeds seven or eight feet.

A thoroughly trained shooting elephant will astonish you by his intelligence, even seeming to enter into and enjoy the sport; but pad elephants are not necessarily high-trained, as their work is simple and easily taught. These latter are, however, fitted by this work for future training into shooting elephants.



NORTH RIVER SCENERY APPRECIATED.

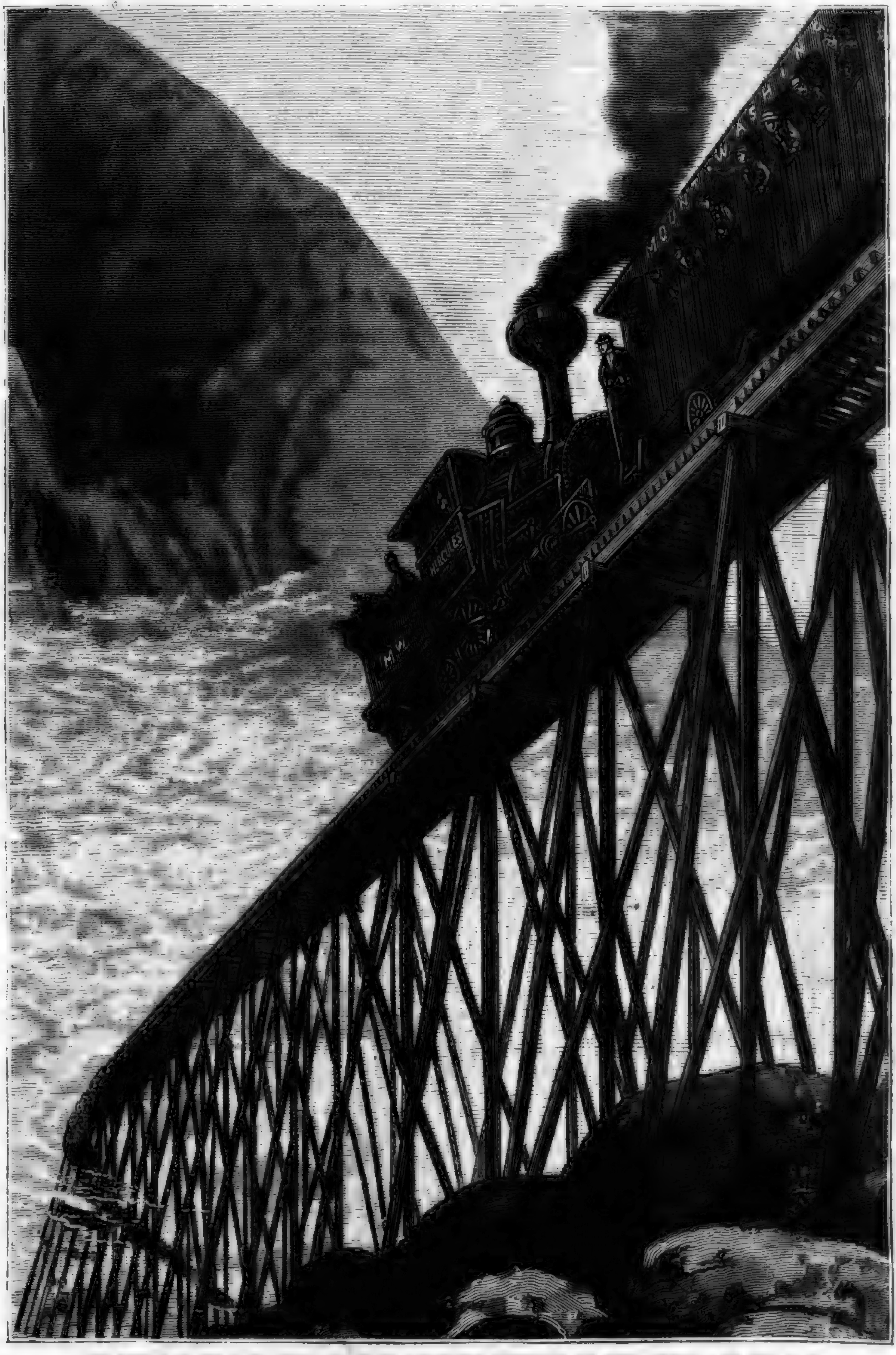
OCHRE (National Academy)—"*There's nothing on the Rhine to compare with this scenery on the Hudson. Look at those rocks. How I'd like to paint them!*"
BLATHER—"*Now you're talking for my money. Let's have it in two foot letters—red: 'Heaven's best gift to man—Blather's Shaving Soap!'*"

The greater part of the accidents that have occurred in the prosecution of this sport have been in consequence of the inefficiency of an elephant, or have arisen from its suddenly taking fright, as one that has previously been injured by a tiger will not unfrequently become timid, and lose courage on future occasions. Therefore, on the elephant depends safety or otherwise; and too much attention cannot be given to the choice of a mount.

There is another side, though, to the elephant's character. As your friend, he is all that can be desired; as your enemy, he is a most dangerous foe. To have been chased by one of these monsters is no uncommon incident in a hunter's life. Still, the relation of a narrow escape I had may not be without interest.

It was in the up-country, one year that I was staying with some friends, who, being well provided, furnished me with a mount and a couple of dogs, my idea being to try and get a shot or two at the deer. Chance, however, led me out of the open, park-like country—where I had tried in vain to circumvent the deer, finding them so shy that it was impossible to get a shot—and into a well-wooded spot, where it was hard work to get the horse I rode through the trees. Suddenly the two dogs I had with me gave tongue; and, rushing forward I found them baying at some great animal three parts hidden in a dense portion of the forest.

Without pausing to think, I got a little nearer, and, marking the creature's shoulder, I sent a bullet crashing in. Before I knew where I was, there was a fierce trumpeting noise, my horse wheeled round, the dogs ran yelping away, and we were in full flight, with an elephant crashing after me through the trees. Turning in my saddle, there was the angry beast, with his tail up, his pig-like eyes glowering, his ears flapping, and his trunk extended ready to pluck me from the saddle, while the horse began to tremble and sweat, as the beast got faster through the trees than


MOUNT WASHINGTON
HERCULES

THE HISTORY OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.—THE MOUNT WASHINGTON LOCOMOTIVE FOR STEEP ASCENTS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

we could. Suddenly, just as I thought it was all over, the elephant gave a lurch, and fell over with a crash on to its side, tried to recover itself, struggled feebly, and lay dead; for my bullet had reached its breast.

The shikaree, a native who is well acquainted with the habits of the tiger, who obtains for you information from the villages, and who prepares a decoy, must be your next thought after choosing your elephant; and lucky is he who gets one thoroughly to be trusted.

This man, after gathering intelligence as to when and where our intended victim has last been seen, sets his decoy in the most likely place. The decoy is some live animal, such as a young buffalo. If the bait has disappeared in the night, the shikaree knows where to find our game in the morning.

When a tiger has taken the bait, he seldom moves away far that day, and a good shikaree soon tracks him to his hiding-place, which will probably be in thick jungle. Then the pad elephants go to work and beat him out, which takes time; for the animal generally slinks about for a time, trying to keep out of sight. Now is the time when the sportsman discovers of what sort of stuff his elephant is made; for a good one will scent out where the tiger is, and indicate his position to his master at once. The stealthy creature tries for some time to get away without being seen, rarely charging until wounded. He becomes fierce enough, though, when brought to bay; but when it charges, so long as the elephant stands firm there is little danger, as one gets a good close shot, and it is one's own fault if one misses the opportunity of disabling, if not of mortally wounding, it. Very rarely does it mount to the howdah; and the task of defending himself is not left entirely to the sportsman, as the elephant will assist him to the best of its power. A great deal depends on your having plenty of coolness and nerve; and then, even supposing the vicious brute to almost reach the howdah, no better chance could offer itself of taking a mortal shot.

A friend was once out tiger-shooting, when, having had the satisfaction of seeing his enemy fall to his rifle and stretch itself out, apparently dead, he dismounted and approached it. As he bent down to examine, it suddenly seemed to recover, and, starting half up, seized him by the leg. He had laid down his gun, and now, taken by surprise, lost his wits; and his carelessness might have proved fatal, but for the trusty animal he had ridden, which placed its huge foot on the tiger's body and crushed out its remaining life.

The brain of a tiger is seated far back, almost into the neck; and this should never be forgotten, as a shot at that point is almost invariably fatal.

We often hear accounts of tigers twelve or even thirteen feet long, but, from my own experience, I should say that this is exaggeration; as ten feet is the greatest size I ever knew of any one killing, and this was considered a very rare specimen. This probably arises from the fact that the skins can be stretched as much as two feet, or even more. The tigress is always smaller than the male.

I have heard it said that the "man-eater" becomes mangy in consequence of his human repasts, but do not believe there is any truth in it; however, I do not doubt that the tiger, having tasted human flesh once or twice, acquires a liking for it above anything else. One of these tigers will keep a district of many miles in a state of constant alarm.

Before concluding, it may be as well to say a few words on the subject of guns. The great object is, of course, to produce an instantaneously fatal result, or else the animal may creep away and die by itself, while you lose the skin you had set your mind upon. For this sport, therefore, large bores and explosive shells are the best things possible. Shells, it is true, vary a good deal, and are not quite to be depended on as to their bursting. A shell loaded with picrate of potass, fired from a No. 8 bore, will partially, if not completely, paralyze the tiger, whatever part of the body it strikes. When using plain bullets, you use the largest charge you can; but this is unnecessary with shells. The shoulder shot is generally sufficient with the shell, according to my experience. Many sportsmen make constant use of Express rifles, and no doubt many tigers are killed with them.

It is a strange fact that, in spite of the great numbers of tigers frequently being shot, the number of them in India seems scarcely to be lowered at all.

THE HISTORY OF THE LOCOMOTIVE AND OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEM OF MODERN TIMES.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

In the year 1690, Denis Papin brought forward his great idea of the application of the expansive vapors to the propulsion of machinery, and ten years had scarcely elapsed before the theoretical suggestion was carried into practice by Savery & Newcomen, as well as by himself, and the steam engine was fairly established as the great motive power for the use of man. But this powerful agent was successfully applied to propel vessels through the water twenty years before it was adapted to local locomotion.

This is rather a remarkable circumstance, considering how much more complicated steam machinery for water navigation is as compared with the simple locomotive. One circumstance which appears to have delayed the application of steam to locomotives, was the fact that all of the early engines were of the condensing pattern, and the idea of using high pressure on roads struck engineers as an insurmountable difficulty. The early inventors thought that all of the power would be employed in dragging the heavy apparatus required for the condensers, and that no extra force would be left to be utilized to draw a further load.

Nevertheless, Robinson, in Scotland, as early as 1759, and James Watt in England, in 1784, took out patents for the application of high-pressure engines to locomotives, but neither of them could have had much faith in their inventions, as they appear to have abandoned them for more feasible and lucrative applications.

The first mechanic who had a practical idea of employing steam at high pressure for terrestrial locomotion appears to have been Joseph Cugnot of Void, Lorraine, France. This man is claimed, at least by French writers, to have been the inventor of the locomotive. He was born in Void, France, September 25th, 1725, and spent his early life as an engineer in Germany and Holland. He invented a novel gun which was adopted by the army under Marshal Saxe, and gave to him considerable fame. Encouraged by his early success, he went to Brussels, where he occupied himself in the invention of a steam chariot, and of an artillery gun to be drawn by steam power.

From Brussels he repaired to Paris in 1763, where he continued his experiments, and in 1769 was successful in designing a model of a steam carriage which he submitted to the approval of General Gribeauval.

An ancient report discovered by General Morin among the archives of the Department of Artillery in Paris establishes beyond controversy the date and authenticity of Cugnot's inventions. This report goes on to say that in 1769 a Swiss officer named Plasta proposed to the French Government, among other inventions, to furnish a road wagon to be propelled by steam, he was therefore requested to examine the model offered by Cugnot. His report being favorable, Cugnot was authorized to construct his engine on a large scale, which was accordingly done during the year 1770.

A trial was made of this locomotive in the courtyard of the arsenal which was quite successful, with the exception of the accident that it got under such headway as to be unmanageable, and ran with such force against the walls surrounding the court as to make a large breach.

The banishment of the Minister Choiseul and the troublous times which followed withdrew all further attention for a time from the project. The locomotive was stored at the arsenal, and in 1793 a local committee of safety proposed to break it up and use its material for military purposes, but fortunately the officers in command were able to prevent this wanton act.

Napoleon Bonaparte was made aware of the existence of the locomotive, and expressed the opinion at a meeting of the Institute that the scheme was practicable, and he was appointed a member of a committee to examine and report upon it. His departure for Egypt prevented his acting on this committee, and the original machine was carried in 1801 to the museum of the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, where it still exists, standing in the same hall with the looms of Jacquard and Vaucanson.

This ancient locomotive, built by Cugnot in 1769--70, is noticeable for its crude though ingenious mechanism and interesting as being the first to introduce the crank and old ratchet-like device for moving the wheels. For a long time Cugnot lived in great poverty, but a commission of the Academy having made a favorable report on his invention, Bonaparte granted him a pension of one thousand francs, which was continued to him until his death, at the advanced age of seventy-nine years, in 1804.

Cugnot's locomotive was set in motion by a very simple contrivance. The engine was composed of two bronze cylinders placed perpendicularly, in which the steam was alternately in communication with the boiler and the open air. The boiler was disposed in front of the stage, in the form of a flattened sphere, and the fire-box was underneath. The bottom of the boiler was protected by a layer of fire-clay. The whole system was placed on three wheels, thus constituting a tricycle. A single driving-wheel was in front. The high-pressure steam acting alternately on the pistons in the cylinders communicated motion to the driving-wheel by an ingenious ratchet arrangement. The three-wheel arrangement admitted of very short turns on the road. There was no provision for replenishing the water in the boiler, so that the locomotive could only travel as long as the steam had the requisite tension—it then came to a standstill, fresh water had to be supplied, the boiler must be fixed up, and new steam generated. As this latter operation had to be performed every quarter of an hour, the locomotive could scarcely be pronounced to be a success from a practical point of view, but it contained the germ of the idea, and ought to have been further tried and improved instead of being cast aside and forgotten.

In this country it is customary to give the credit of the invention of the lococomotive to Oliver Evans, and it is certain that he was one of the earliest to conceive of the idea and to endeavor to carry it into practice. In 1786 he addressed a petition to the Legislature of Pennsylvania asking certain privileges in the application of steam to his flouring mills and to road carriages or locomotives. In both cases he proposed to apply the high-pressure engine to his inventions, and he appears to be justly entitled to the great distinction of having invented the high-pressure system as applied to steam machinery.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania readily appreciated the importance of stationary steam engines, but were so incredulous in the matter of vehicles to be moved by anything but horse-power that they made no mention in their report of the second division of Evans's request. They were afraid to have the proposition appear in their minutes, or to have it said that they had ever seriously entertained anything so preposterous. One of the members of the Assembly said, privately: "Our excellent friend Oliver is a little out of his head."

Evans then applied to the Legislature of Maryland, where, on the 21st of May, 1797, he succeeded in obtaining the passage of an act—which, however, owing to the want of faith of his countrymen, was of little practical value.

The Philosophical Society of Sciences pronounced the whole scheme impracticable, and Evans was forced to send drawings and models of his proposed invention to London, hoping to obtain a more respectful hearing in that distant city. This expedient was not without its fruit, although in a manner different from what he had anticipated. His designs and models were seen by two distinguished engineers, Trevithick and Vivian, who, in 1801, constructed their high-pressure locomotives over his pattern.

Oliver Evans established extensive works for the construction of steam engines in Pittsburg, the destruction of which by fire, in 1819, if said to have hastened his death in the same year.

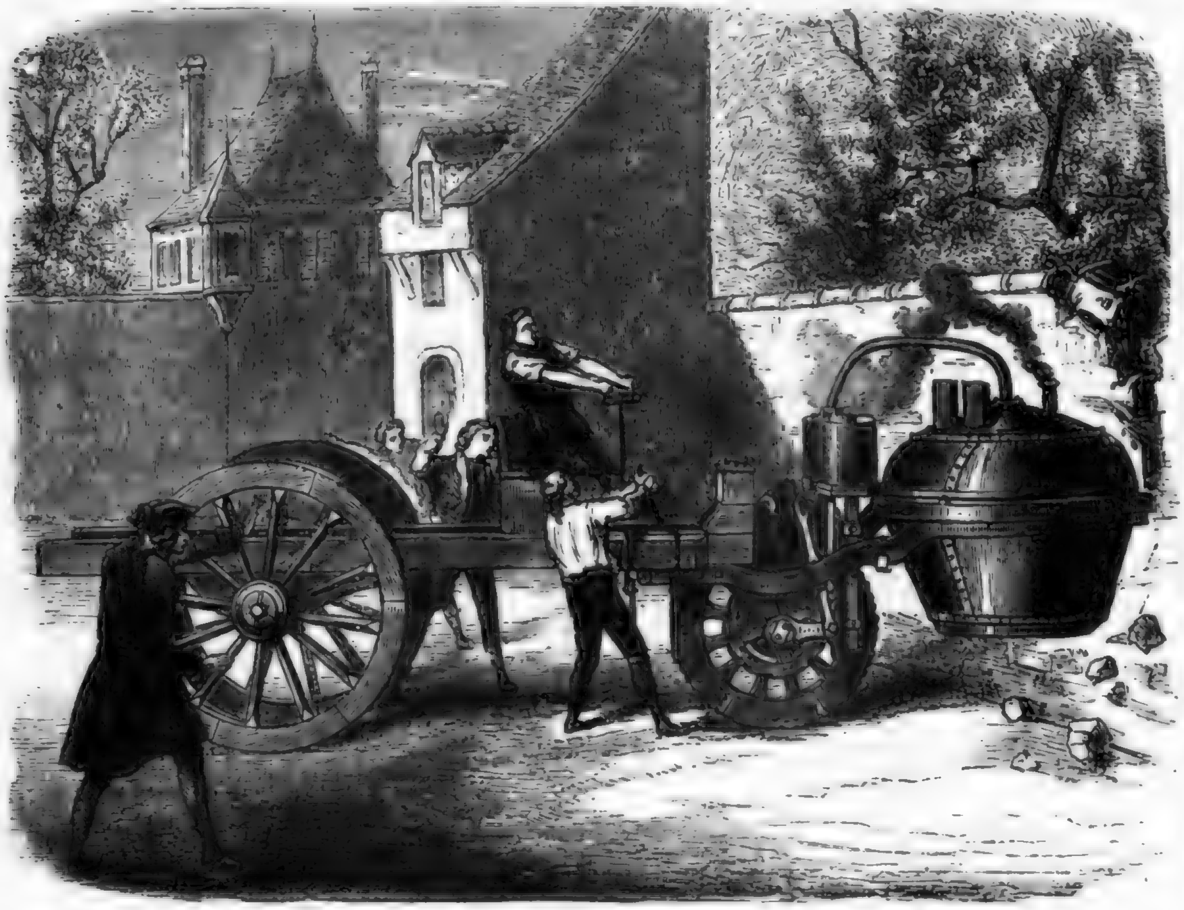
If he was not the first to invent a locomotive, he was the second after Cugnot to prepare a working model; and his services in the application of high-pressure engines were of an importance to entitle him to imperishable fame.

Trevithick and Vivian obtained a patent for the application of high-pressure steam to road-carriages. Their invention closely resembled the modern stage coach or diligence. Between two high wheels was a solid framework of iron fixed to the axletree. This framework supported a furnace surrounded by the boiler containing the water. The steam acted on a piston in a horizontal cylinder, and, by a system of cogwheels, motion was communicated to the vehicle. There was a movable wheel in front to give direction, and a brake to apply on uneven ground. It was, in fact, a tricycle with the driving parts in the rear instead of front, as was the case with the locomotive of Cugnot, invented thirty years previously.

The contrivance of the English engineers offered many curious combinations, but it is scarcely necessary to state that it was not possible to apply it on hilly roads, as the resistance to be overcome in ascending heavy grades was greater than the engine could accomplish. In the case of steamboats, where the level remains constant, all difficulties could be anticipated, and the machinery could be made to overcome the calculated resistance.

Trevithick and Vivian were forced to renounce their project, after repeated ineffectual trials and experiments. Desirous, however, of profiting by the fruits of their labors, they at once saw the importance of applying their system to the traction of loads on the tramways which had been for some time adopted in England. A few preliminary experiments satisfied them that it was perfectly feasible to apply steam for this class of work, and in 1802 they obtained an additional patent conferring upon them the privilege of employing their steam-carriages on tramways. They ascribed, however, only slight importance to this project, in consequence of the opinion prevalent in their day that the friction of the wheels on the track would not be sufficient to enable an engine to draw a train.

The slowness which was considered a necessary condition of the new system of locomotion appears to have deterred many persons from giving it a trial, and its use was, in



THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE—TRIAL OF CUGNOT'S LOCOMOTIVE IN THE ARSENAL YARD, PARIS, 1770.

consequence, for a long time almost exclusively limited to mines. No one could have anticipated at that early stage that this obscure machine was destined to produce an entire revolution in the means of transportation before the lapse of many years.

There is no certain information at what period tramways were first introduced into England. They are known to have been in existence at Newcastle before the end of the seventeenth century, and are described in a work published in 1696. The author of this book says: "The transportation of coal at the mines is made on wooden rails, perfectly straight and parallel, established between the mine and the river. On these roads large wagons with four wheels are employed, and the arrangement is so advantageous that a single horse can draw four or five chaldrons of coal, very greatly to the benefit of the owners of the collieries."

The advantages to be derived from these wooden railways were so obvious that the system soon spread to all parts of England, and was adopted in other countries, where cheap transportation for mines was considered a necessity. The system was not without its inconveniences, as the friction of the rails and the decay of the wood rendered frequent repairs necessary. The depression formed by the horses' feet in the middle of the track, and the heavy rails, had a tendency to produce inequalities which greatly added to the resistance of the draft. This circumstance early suggested the idea of covering the horizontal rails with bands of iron; at first on the curves and parts of the route presenting the greatest resistance, and finally over the whole extent of the road.

In 1738, the wood was entirely substituted by cast-iron rails. This was not successful at first, in consequence of the great weight of the old wagons which they continued to employ. By substituting smaller carriages, and fastening a number together in a long train, the strain was reduced and the breakage of the rails prevented.

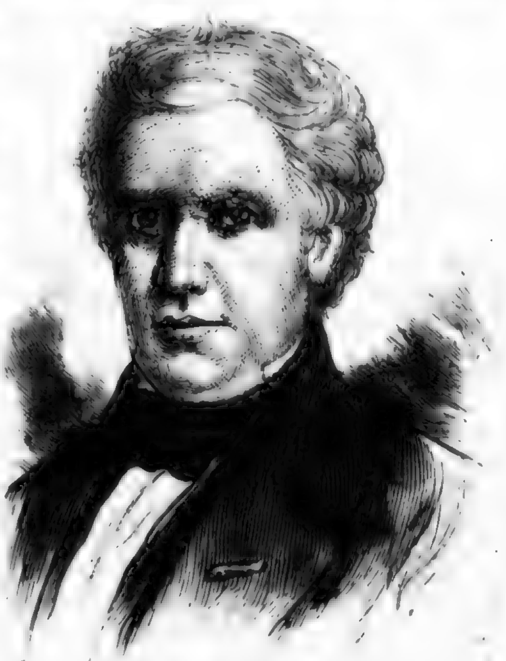
This last important modification was suggested, in 1768, by William Reynolds, the proprietor of the great foundry of Colebrook-Dale, in Shropshire. The rails employed by Reynolds were cast with a depression, so that the wheels of the cars could not slip off the track. There were great inconveniences in this arrangement, as the track became constantly obstructed by being filled with earth and stones.

In 1789, Jessop, at Loughborough, replaced this form of rail by a straight and flat one, and, to keep the wagon on the track, the wheels were provided with a rim or border, which kept them always in position.

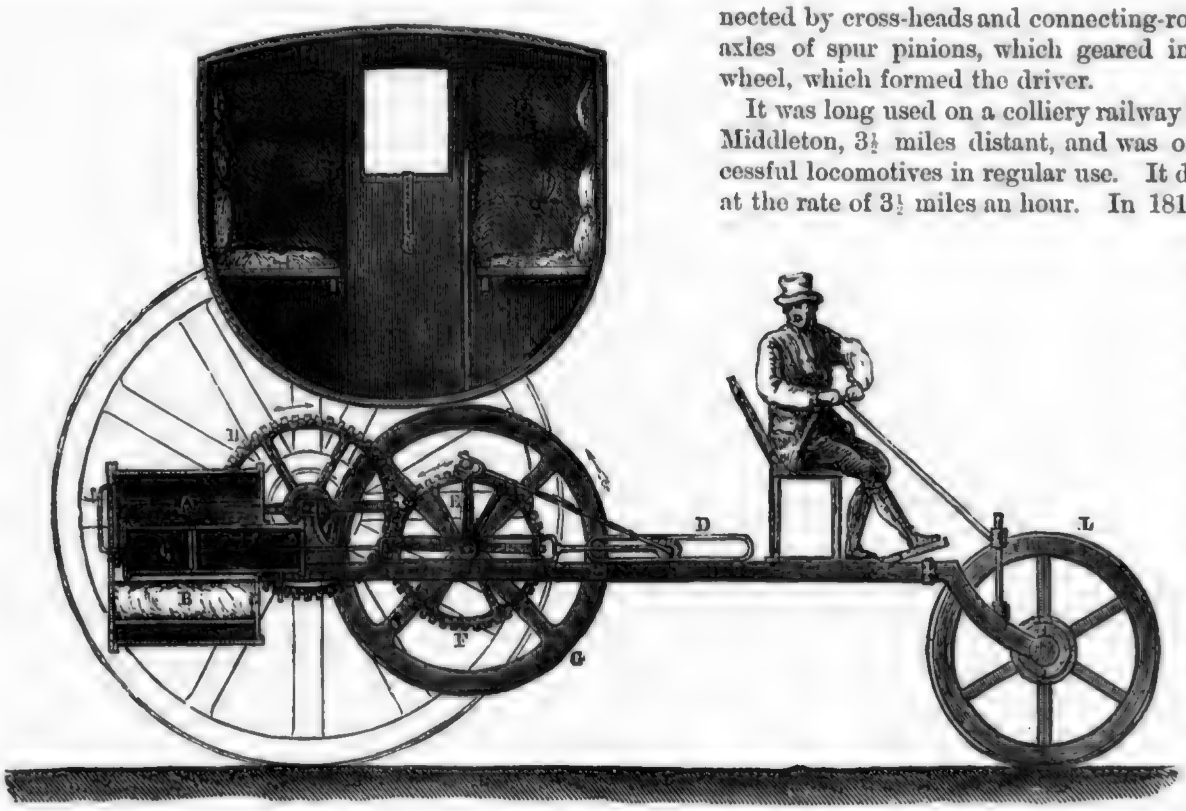
Between the years 1789 and 1811, this arrangement was universally employed in England. The sole modification was the substitution of wrought-iron rails for cast-iron, which had been rendered possible by the enormous progress made in metallurgy in England. The malleability and tenacity of wrought iron offered great advantages over the cast metal, and it was George Stevenson who was the first to appreciate this circumstance, and to replace the cast-iron by the wrought-iron rails.

Iron railways thus constructed, existed in considerable numbers among the mines of England, and where inclined planes were not demanded by the lay of the land, horse-power was generally employed to draw the trains.

Trevithick and Vivian having failed to adapt their steam carriage to high roads, succeeded, in 1804, in introducing their locomotive at the mines of Merthyr-Tydvil. The engine differed only slightly from the form originally designed, but, unfortunately,



MARC SÉGUIN.

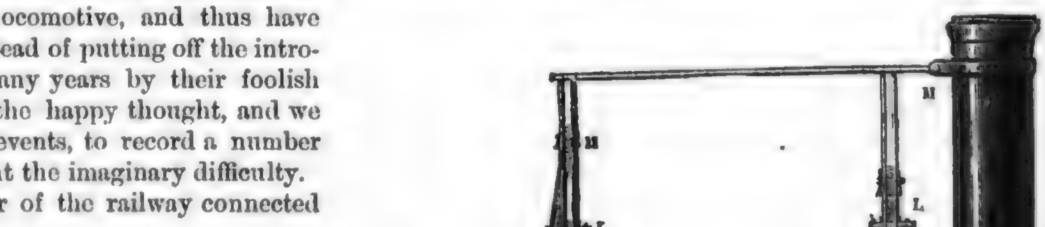


TREVITHICK AND VIVIAN'S DILIGENCE LOCOMOTIVE, 1801.

these engineers were possessed with the idea that the driving-wheels would necessarily slip on the track, and that some peculiar arrangement must be devised to add to the friction. This idea once started, took firm hold of everybody at that epoch, and years of time, great hoards of money and a vast amount of inventive genius were wasted in attempts to overcome a difficulty which had no other existence than in the imagination of the first persons who propounded it.

Was it not Charles V., who confounded the wise men surrounding him, by asking why a pan of water filled with fish weighed no more than the same pan filled only with water? The sages immediately set to work to calculate, by aid of mathematics and the known laws of physics, what must be the true solution of the problem, and much valuable time was wasted, until some one weighed the pan, and found that there was an increase equal to the weight of the fish. It is certainly wonderful that some one did not make an analogous experiment with a locomotive, and thus have arrived at the result at once, instead of putting off the introduction of steam power so many years by their foolish inventions. But no one had the happy thought, and we are compelled, in the order of events, to record a number of abortive attempts to surmount the imaginary difficulty.

In 1811, Blenkinsop, director of the railway connected with the collieries at Middleton, invented a locomotive which was usefully employed in hauling coals on a tramway for a number of years. The engine, having spur wheels working into a rack on one side of the track, was supported on four wheels. The fire was built in a large tube passing through the boiler, and the tube was bent up at the end to form a chimney. Two vertical cylinders were placed above the boiler, and the pistons were connected by cross-heads and connecting-rods to cranks on the axles of spur pinions, which geared into the main spur wheel, which formed the driver.



GEORGE STEPHENSON'S ENDLESS CHAIN LOCOMOTIVE, 1815.

It was long used on a colliery railway between Leeds and Middleton, 3½ miles distant, and was one of the first successful locomotives in regular use. It drew 30 tons weight at the rate of 3½ miles an hour. In 1812 William and Edward Chapman substituted for the cog-wheels a cable revolving around a drum and attached to fixed joints in the middle of the track, which was employed on the road at Heaton near Newcastle. In 1813, Brunton invented a most extraordinary device, which was nothing more nor less than a locomotive on crutches. The crutches were arranged behind the boiler and were designed to push the machine forward as a boat is propelled by poles in the water. It soon proved to be a total failure.

In the Spring of 1813, William Hadley built a locomotive with four smooth drive wheels, to run on a smooth rail. The machine failed to accomplish much on account of its small boiler. Hadley, therefore, the same year, built another engine having a return-flue boiler, and mounted on eight driving wheels, which were coupled together by intermediate gear wheels on the axles, and all propelled by a gear in the centre, driven by a pitman from the walking beam.

Hadley's locomotive was objected to by the residents of Newcastle on account of the smoke. He therefore passed the smoke into a large receiver and turned the exhaust steam upon it. From the receiver the steam and smoke were conveyed by a pipe to the chimney, which device soon developed into the steam blast. "Puffing Billy," as it was called, was at work more or less until 1862, when it was laid up as a memorial in the British Patent Office Museum. Hadley died so recently as 1842.

Such are a few of the attempts made to overcome a difficulty which had no real existence. It is wonderful that they should have been considered necessary at all, and there is no telling how long they would have continued nor how absurd the inventions would have been if this line of investigation had not been cut short by a man less learned than the preceding, and consequently less trammeled by preconceived notions of the slippery nature of the track to locomotive wheels.

In 1813 Blackett determined to try for himself whether all that was said about the slipping of the drive wheel on the track was true. He proposed to weigh the fish and the water, or to set up the Columbus egg, in spite of the superior knowledge of the wise men around him. Fortunately for the success of his experiments, the rails of the road at Wylam, where he tried his experiments, were flat and broad, and presented a greater surface than the rounded and sharp pattern generally in use, and it also happened that the locomotive he used was a tolerably heavy one. The locomotive was put upon the track and set to do its work, and behold, in spite of the traditions and sayings of the wise men, the drive wheels adhered to the track—they did not slip, and all the devices of cogwheels, crutches, cables, etc., were shown in a moment to be entirely unnecessary.

It has been said by a writer on this subject, that if Mr. Blackett, in imitation of Archimedes, had rushed through the streets, exclaiming, "Eureka! Eureka!" when he made his important discovery, he could have been readily pardoned for such an exhibition of enthusiasm.

The simple observation made by him was of vast importance. The obstacles which for so many years had interposed to stop the progress of rapid locomotion disappeared in a moment, and the way was now open for the genius of man to supply the requisite engines.

It is to George Stephenson that the world is indebted for a successful solution of the problem. In 1814, less than a year after Blackett's crucial experiment, George Stephenson brought out his locomotive, in which power was applied by an endless chain working in gearing on the the axles. To insure the adhesion of the wheels to the track considerable weight was given to the locomotive, and by the endless chain a number of wheels were brought into play to aid the friction.

This locomotive proved defective in many particulars, and in 1815 Stephenson, in association with Dodd, invented a greatly improved pattern, in which the power was applied through wrists at angles of ninety degrees to each other, on the driving-wheel. The endless chain was abandoned, and the wheels were connected by a horizontal bar, as has continued to be done down to the present day. Stephenson and Dodd added another important feature, namely, a force-pump driven by the locomotive, which constantly supplied water from a tender attached for the purpose.

The locomotive thus equipped was employed on the Darlington and Stockton road until the year 1825. It was at first exclusively used for hauling coal and merchandise, but by degrees travelers took advantage of it, and passenger cars were added to the equipment of the road. This latter use of the road was incidental, as the speed of the train was very slow, owing to the weakness of the locomotive. Further improvements were necessary before the engine could be used for passenger traffic: and this want was supplied by the invention of the tubular boiler.

This capital invention in the history of locomotives was made by a French engineer, M. Marc Séguin. The railway between Saint-Etienne and Lyons had been at first equipped with horse-power, then with stationary engines; and it was proposed to adopt the locomotive. Two locomotives were ordered of George Stephenson. One was to be sent as a model and object of study to M. Hallette, an engineer at Arras, and the other to Lyons to serve as a model for M. Séguin, director of the railway at that place. As a result of the trial trips made with the latter locomotive, M. Séguin discovered that the rate of speed was very unsatisfactory; and he set to work to unravel the cause. He soon detected that a great defect in Stephenson's model was in the construction of the boiler. The power of the locomotive must depend upon the quantity of steam which can be generated in a given time; and as the amount of steam is proportioned to the surface exposed, it was found that in Stephenson's arrangement only a small surface was near the furnace, and that, in consequence, only a moderate effect could be produced. M. Séguin furnished a solution the most extraordinary and the most brilliant to this grave difficulty. He caused a certain number of tubes of small diameter to be riveted into the interior of the boiler, through which the hot gases of combustion could be made to pass, thus offering vastly greater surface for the generation of steam without sensibly increasing the size of the boiler. In the first boiler constructed by Séguin the number of these tubes was forty-three, but in the course of time they were increased to the number of one hundred and twenty-five.

There still remained another difficulty to be surmounted, and that was some method to supply a suitable draft to the furnace without giving inordinate height to the chimney. In the case of stationary engines, very high stacks supply this want; but there was manifestly a limit to the height of a chimney which had to be carried on a locomotive. M. Séguin resolved this difficulty in an imperfect manner by means of a centrifugal blower. A little later he adopted the steam-blast, which Hadley had employed on the *Puffing Billy* many years before, and which is now universally used on all locomotives.

In the month of February, 1828, M. Séguin obtained a patent in France for his tubular boiler, and in December, 1829, for his mechanical ventilator. The tubular boiler was at once appreciated in England, and was adopted in 1829 by George Stephenson; and from that time the vast benefits of the locomotive were assured, and it was only a question of time when the world should profit by them.

We have traced the history of the locomotive up to the period when, in the popular mind, it first had its origin. Very few persons imagine that steam traction was actually employed on tramways in the early years of the century, and, to a majority of persons, the first appearance of the locomotive on the stage was at the famous competition in 1829; forgetful that thirty years of hard study and ingenious invention had preceded this great historical event.

Having reached this period, we should like to return again to the United States, to show what was thought of the feasibility of introducing steam on railroads at the time that Robert Fulton and his brother-in-law, R. R. Livingston, were so successful in the application of steam to water navigation.

In 1811, Chancellor Livingston was consulted in reference to the feasibility of introducing steam-power on land, and, in reply, he sent the following historical letter:

ALBANY, March 1st, 1811.

DEAR SIR: I did not, till yesterday, receive yours of the 25th of February: where it has loitered on the road, I am at a loss to say. I had before read of your very ingenious proposition as to railway communications. I fear, however, on mature reflection, that they

> will be liable to serious objection, and ultimately prove more expensive than a canal. They must be double, so as to prevent the danger of two such heavy bodies meeting. The walls on which they are placed must be at least four feet below the surface and three feet above, and must be clamped with iron, and even then would scarcely sustain so heavy a weight as you propose, moving at the rate of four miles an hour, on wheels. As to wood, it would not last a week. They must be covered with iron, and that too, very thick and strong. The means of stopping these heavy carriages without a great shock, and of preventing them from running on each other—for there would be many running on the road at once—would be very difficult. In cases of accidental stops, or necessary stops to take wood and water, etc., many accidents would happen. The carriage of condensing water would be very troublesome. Upon the whole, I fear the expense would be much greater than that of canals, without being so convenient.
>
> R. R. Livingston.

To return to England. It would be an agreeable digression for me to give, at this point, a short notice of George Stephenson, whose biography, by Smiles, affords one of the most interesting and useful books available to the reader; but space will scarcely allow of anything more than a very imperfect sketch. We owe so much to this great benefactor of his race in connection with the progress of railroads and the triumphs of commerce, that it is fitting we should dwell for a few minutes on his name.

George Stephenson was born of extremely poor parentage, in 1781, at Wyglam, a little village near Newcastle-on-Tyne. One single room in a house of four rooms, each occupied by a family, was for years the home of his father, mother, and six brothers and sisters. Far removed from schools, books, educated companions or any means of improvement, his toil at the mines began as soon as he was big enough to lead a horse, and yet from such a beginning, and in the midst of such surroundings, grew the world-renowned master mechanic, the accomplished engineer, the opulent railroad and locomotive builder, the favorite companion of scholars, statesmen and princes. His life affords a most instructive example for all to imitate who, in youth and poverty, are struggling against the vicissitudes of life. He was not lifted by powerful friends to the eminence he attained, but at every step in his inventions he was stubbornly opposed by the ignorant, the selfish, the prejudiced, and sometimes even by the educated. Over all these he triumphed, and by his individual exertions raised himself to the proud position he finally occupied. His success was due to patient industry, careful study, frugal habits and indomitable will.

When quite a boy, his enthusiasm was centred on the stationary engine, and hours that were given by his companions to play, he spent in taking the engine to pieces, examining carefully its separate parts, learning the purposes of each, and when at an unusually early age he had mastered its details, he began to suggest and make improvements. His evenings he devoted to mending clocks and shoes, and cutting out garments for the miners; and at eighteen years of age, he first began to learn the mysteries of the alphabet and to try to read, write and cipher.

When he went to the Killingworth mines, he found them embarrassed by defective machinery for hoisting, pumping and ventilating. He left them with good engines, with improved methods of pumping and draining, a safety-lamp of his own invention, and two locomotive engines for the tramway.

George Stephenson, as he grew more prosperous, appeared before societies of learned men, before Parliamentary committees, and, with earnest Northumbrian dialect, tried to persuade them of the immense advantage to be derived from locomotive engines and iron railways.

So slow were the people of England to believe him, so blind to the value of railroads, that the House of Commons rejected the first Bill because the proposed route lay through a certain nobleman's fox-cover. Finally the Bill for the second railroad could only be carried through Parliament on condition that the cars were to be drawn by horses.

There was a general outcry against the proposed innovation. Catholic priests denounced the scheme as the beginning of Antichrist. It was claimed that the railroad would destroy canals and stage lines; horses would become worthless; half the men in England would be forced into idleness and poverty; cattle and sheep in pasture would be terrified to death at the sight of a locomotive flying through the air, breathing fire and smoke, and giving rise to unearthly noises in its mad career.

Such objections as these were urged sincerely and persistently by all classes of people fifty years ago, but they did not prevail, and permission was finally given by Parliament to build a road. The opposition would not yield—landowners stood at their boundaries and forbid the engineers to enter and make the surveys, and the latter were forced to all manner of expedients to outwit them and accomplish their work. They surveyed at meal-time, when the farmer was at dinner; by moonlight, when he was asleep; and on Sunday, when he was at church. Sometimes they were mobbed by superior numbers, their instruments smashed to pieces, and their very lives put in jeopardy.

Notwithstanding all these obstacles, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was finally completed, and people came by thousands to look at it, and George Stephenson's great triumph was near at hand.

The life of Marc Séguin, the famous French engineer, is less familiar to English readers. Less brilliant than that of Stephenson, his career was not less useful. Born at Annonay in 1786, Séguin found in his uncle, Montgolfier, of balloon fame, the best and most devoted of masters, and under such able teaching, soon gave signs of great genius. In the year 1820, Séguin constructed a wire suspension bridge at Tournon, which cost one-third as much as the proposed stone structure, and was the type of this class of bridges, of which so many have since been built in different parts of the world.

In 1825, in association with his brothers and a son of Montgolfier, Séguin made the first attempts at steam navigation on the River Rhone. It was on this occasion that he tried, for the first time, the tubular boilers which afterward proved to be of such great importance. The Séguin brothers, having subsequently obtained the concession of the Saint Etienne and Lyons Railway, the tubular boiler was at once applied to the locomotive. By putting the furnace where others had thought to place the liquid, and surrounding the water by the combustible, the best effect was produced.

Séguin did not claim the whole idea of the tubular boiler, but only the adaptation of the Perkins's pattern to the locomotive. In 1842, M. Séguin was made a corresponding member of the mathematical section of the Academy of Sciences. Wealthy, surrounded by a beautiful and numerous family, he lived to a great age at Annonay, where, notwithstanding the weight of years, he studied with ardor a new machine in which he proposed to employ perpetually the same vapor, and to restore at each stroke of the piston the heat that had escaped—in other words, sought to invent a regenerating machine.

His life was prosperous and beautiful, and he is justly counted one of the ornaments of France, and not of France alone, but of the whole human family, of which he was such a distinguished member.

The completion of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway being near at hand, the directors began to hold consultations

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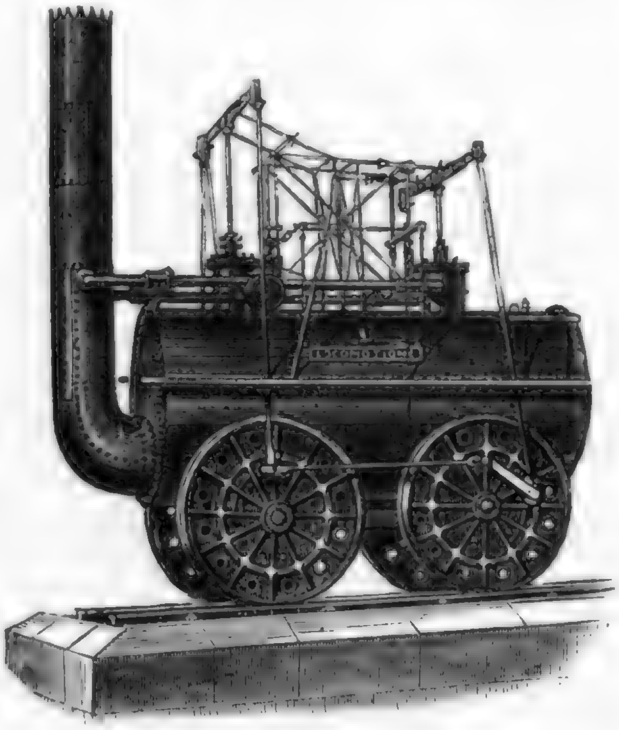
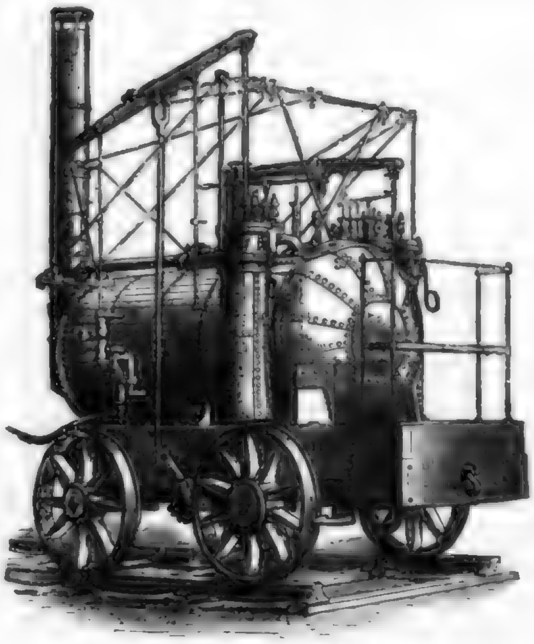
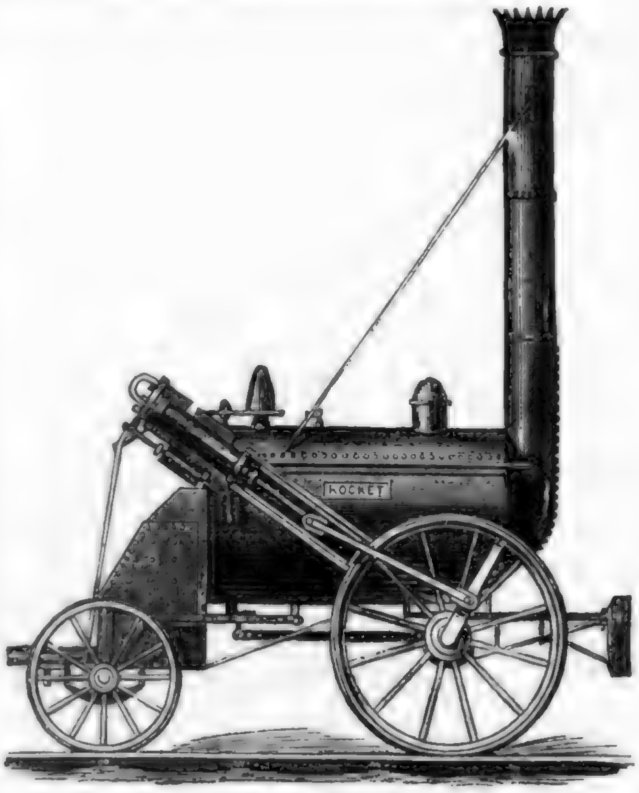
in reference to the best motive power to be employed. Opinions varied; some favored horses, others stationary engines, while George Stephenson urged with ardor the adoption of the locomotive. A majority were disposed to take Stephenson's view of the case, and, finally, one of the directors, Mr. Harrison, had the happy thought to open up the matter to competition, and to offer a prize of £500 to the successful competitor. Mr. Harrison's proposition was accepted at a meeting of the directors held April 20th, 1829, and the 6th of October, of the same year, was appointed for the grand trial.

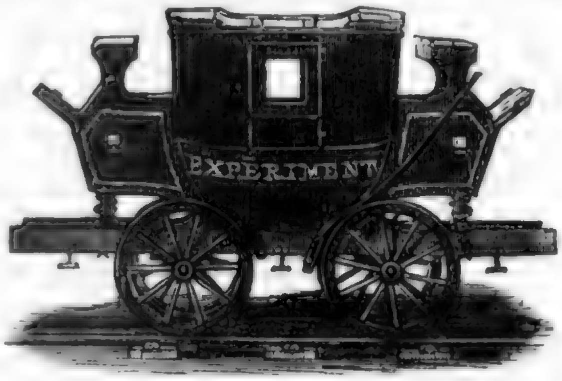

STEPHENSON'S FIRST LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.

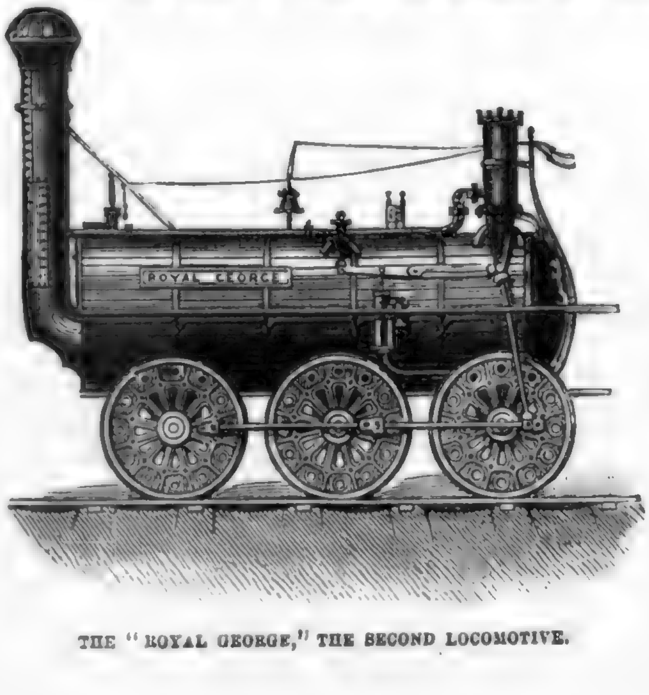
Certain conditions were laid down for the contestants: The locomotive, mounted on 6 wheels, must not weigh more than 6 tons; it must draw three times its own weight, including fuel and water, at a rate of not less than 10 miles an hour. The steam pressure was not to exceed 50 pounds to the square inch, and it had to consume its own smoke. Messrs. Rastrick, of Stourbridge, Kennedy, of Manchester, and Nicholas Wood, of Killingworth, were appointed judges.

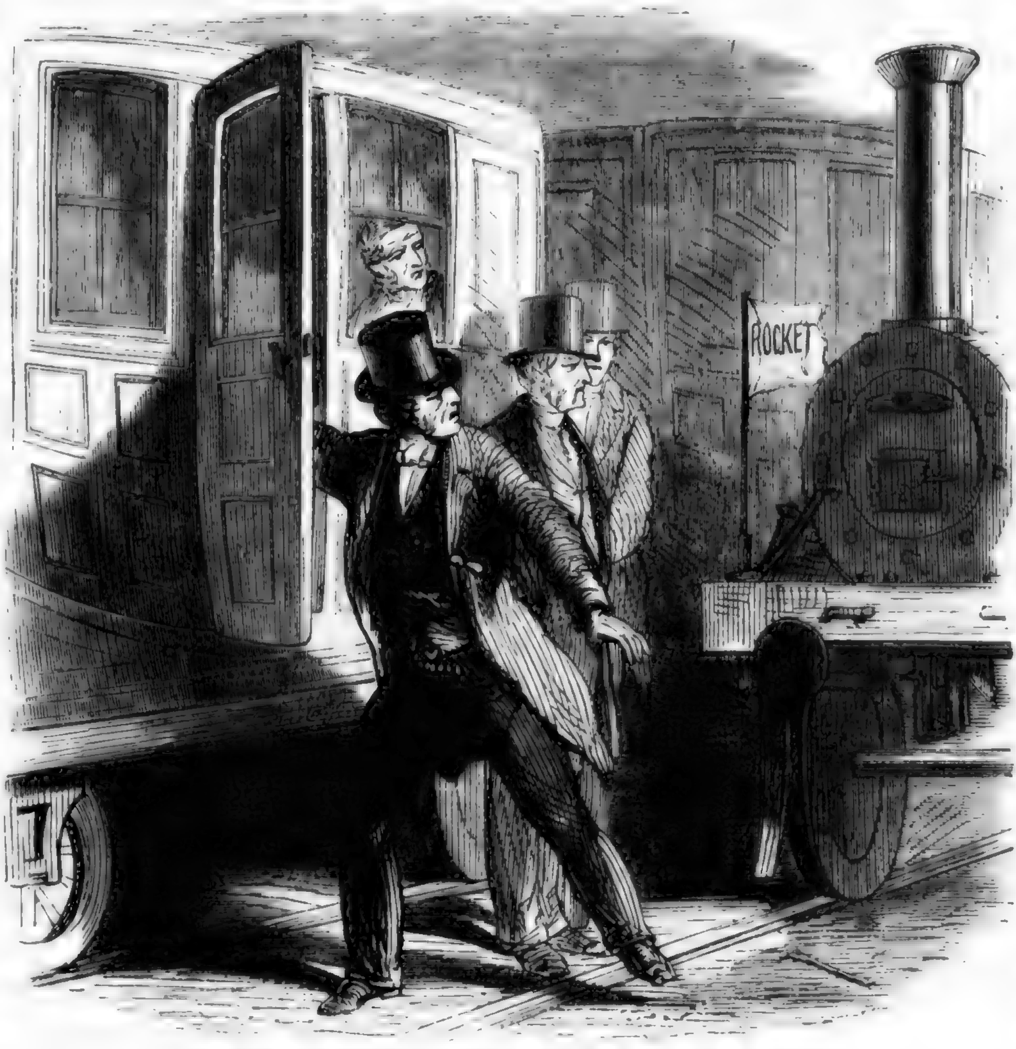

THE "PUFFING BILLY," 1813.


THE "ROCKET," STEPHENSON'S PRIZE ENGINE.

Five locomotives were entered for trial, but all did not compete. These were the *Rocket, Novelty, Sans Pareille, Perseverance* and *Cyclops*. The three competing engines were the *Rocket*, built by George Stephenson, the *Sans*


FIRST LOCOMOTIVE COACH.


THE "ROYAL GEORGE," THE SECOND LOCOMOTIVE.



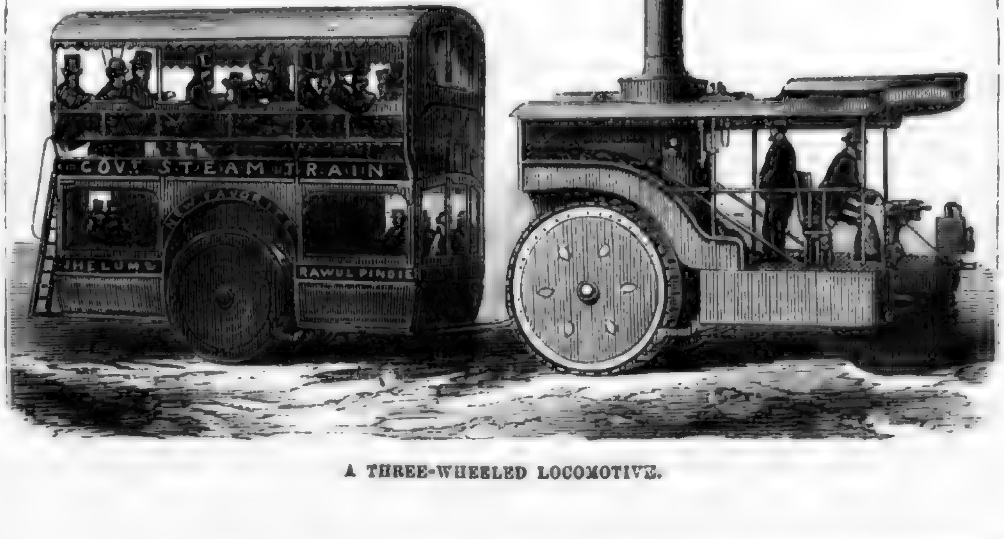
THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE ACCIDENT—DEATH OF HON. MR. HUSKISSON.

Pareille, by Hackworth, and the *Novelty*, by Braithwaite and Ericsson. The *Perseverance* not being adapted to the track, was withdrawn. In consequence of successive accidents to the working arrangements, the *Novelty* was also withdrawn. The *Cyclops* did not comply with the conditions, and could not be entered. The weight of the *Rocket* was 4 tons 5 cwt., and its tender, with water and coke, 3 tons 4 cwt. It was supplied with the tubular boiler. It had two loaded carriages attached, weighing a little over 9 tons 10 cwt. The greatest velocity attained by it was 24¼ miles per hour, and the average consumption of coke per hour was 217 pounds. The *Sans Pareille* attained a speed of 22¾ miles per hour, but with an expenditure of 692 pounds of fuel per hour.

The excitement of the trial was intense. The people came by thousands, in Sunday attire, from every direction, to witness the novel sight. The procession was headed by a man on horseback, carrying a flag. Behind him stood the low, uncouth little engine, the smoke streaming lazily from its stack, and George Stephenson, with his hand on the lever, waiting for the signal to be given. Judges were placed at each end of the route to time the engine, and every precaution was taken to insure a fair trial. The prize was awarded to George Stephenson, and the new era of railroad travel was established. From that day Stephenson's name and fortune were made.

The *Rocket* engine was used on the road until 1837, when it was transferred to the collieries, where it showed itself capable of a speed of 60 miles an hour. It was finally cast aside as being too light for the work assigned to it, and it is now carefully preserved in the English Patent Museum, alongside of its elder brother, Hadley's *Puffing Billy*.

A few years after the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, George Stephenson became the proprietor of locomotive works at Newcastle employing a thousand men, and was the consulting engineer of thirty different railways. "He had found the locomotive a loose, disjointed machine, running by cogwheels on a tooth-track, without symmetry, power or speed; he left it one of the grandest productions of human skill. Fifty years ago, his two little engines, doing drudgery at the Killingworth mines, were the only locomotives in Europe; to-day, more than ten thousand are harnessed to trains, drawing passengers by the hundred thousand and freight by the million tons. At the outset the



A THREE-WHEELED LOCOMOTIVE.

only use conjectured for railroads was to carry coal and heavy merchandise, and no one but Stephenson believed that passengers would trust themselves behind an explosive machine going at twenty miles an hour; now, more than three hundred and fifty million passengers are annually carried on the railroads of Great Britain, and find it not only convenient and pleasant, but cheap and safe in the highest degree. Then, the Stockton and Darlington Railroad was the only line in Europe upon which engines and cars could be seen moving; to-day, the citizens of London can stand at one of the numerous stations of the metropolis and count seven hundred trains each day, bearing with mathematical precision and absolute safety their animate and inanimate freight."

It is an interesting fact for the scientific man to contemplate that at the time George Stephenson was perfecting his locomotive, Hans Christian Oersted was making his grand discovery of electro-magnetism. No one could possibly have predicted any connection between these two ideas; but now we know that the telegraph grew out of the latter discovery, and without the telegraph the present immense traffic on the railroads would be impossible. All trains are at present moved by telegraph, and the position of each is governed and regulated from a central office with the precision of a clock. Without such a method, the frequency and speed of trains would have to be moderated, and much less travel and traffic could be accomplished. Electro-magnetism has come to the aid of steam, and vastly increased the usefulness of the locomotive. The security from accidents on English railroads may be inferred from recent statistics prepared for the Royal Institute. Taking a length of ten miles of railroad, for one passenger killed on this extent of travel from causes beyond his control, he would have to travel some two hundred million, eight hundred and ninety-six thousand miles before losing his life. If a person, then, were to travel ten hours a day, at a speed of thirty miles an hour for each of the 365 days in the year, he would probably be killed at the end of 1,835 years. In fact, the statisticians endeavor to persuade us that a man is safer on a train than in a crowded street, and our chances of being struck by lightning or of being hanged are about as great as they are of being killed by railroad accidents. They would persuade us that only those who stay at home run risks—those who travel are out of harm's way.

The history of the locomotive in the United States runs parallel with that in England. The venerable Peter Cooper, of New York City, in 1829, constructed the first locomotive in America, and it was run on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in 1830. The directors of this road believed that steam could not be used upon it, owing to the numerous short curves; the theory being that a locomotive could only run on straight lines. On the contrary, Mr. Cooper believed that a locomotive could run as well around curves as on a straight line, and he had a locomotive built to decide the question. The boiler was of the tubular pattern, gun barrels being used for the tubes. There were four wheels, and the fuel was anthracite coal, which was just then coming into use. The boiler was so small that, to maintain a sufficient quantity of steam, artificial draft was necessary. This Mr. Cooper supplied by means of a fan, which was worked by the running apparatus of the machine. Motion was communicated by wheel and pinion gearing. The engine was called the *Tom Thumb*.

With this machine Mr. Cooper experimented in 1829, but it did not work to his satisfaction, and he made such alterations that he felt warranted in making a public trial trip with it, which he did, August 28th, 1830. He ran it the round trip between Baltimore and Ellicott's Mills, 26 miles, pulling 4½ tons, at an average speed of 12 miles an hour, turning some of the sharpest curves at 15 miles an hour. The engine weighed only only a ton, and it was of but one horse-power, but it demonstrated the important fact that the locomotive would go around curves with perfect safety. This triumphant result entitles Mr. Cooper to be regarded as the "Father of the Locomotive System in America."

The South Carolina Railroad Company was organized on the 12th of May, 1828. Horatio Allen was appointed Chief Engineer, and on his recommendation the directors resolved that the road should be constructed for the use of steam locomotives. This action confers upon it the notable distinction of being the first passenger and freight railroad in the world that was planned from the beginning for the use of locomotives.

Among those who went to England in 1829 to witness the experiment of George Stephenson with his locomotive, on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, was Mr. E. L. Miller, of Charleston. He was so well satisfied with the workings of steam, that in 1830 he contracted for the construction of a locomotive to be used on the South Carolina Railroad. This locomotive was built in the West Point Foundry in Beach Street, New York. It weighed four and a half tons, was called *The Best Friend of Charleston*, and was the first locomotive built in America for actual use. It had a short career; was exploded through the ignorance of a negro fireman, who sat on the safety-valve until the pressure of steam became too great for the boiler to bear. The negro was scalded to death.

Pending the repairs of this locomotive, which was subsequently rechristened *The Phœnix*, *The West Point* was ordered from New York, which was made after draughts by Horatio Allen, who, in 1831, introduced the first eight-wheeled locomotive.

The Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, between Albany and Schenectady, was older in charter than the South Carolina Railroad, having been incorporated April 17th, 1826, but it was not completed until 1831. Upon this short road the third American locomotive was run. John B. Jervis was the chief engineer of the Mohawk Road, and under his direction the West Point Foundry constructed a locomotive called *The De Witt Clinton*, which was finished on the 20th of June, 1831, and taken to Albany by David Matthews. On the 9th of August, 1831, it drew the pioneer passenger train of New York State. There were three of the old-fashioned coaches, besides some rough cars, in the train. Among the passengers were Thurlow Weed, ex-Governor Yates, Billy Winne (penny postman), Erastus Corning, Mayor Meigs, and other prominent men of the day. David Matthews was the engineer, and J. T. Clark conductor. The signal to start was given on a tin horn. As the cars were coupled together by chains, when the slack was taken up by the starting ahead of the engine, the passengers were jerked out of their seats. To remedy this the train was stopped, and the chain being drawn taut, a fence-rail was placed from the front of one car to the rear of another, thus preventing them from getting nearer together and the chain from becoming slack.

William H. Brown, an artist possessing a rare talent for cutting pictures in silhouette, cut a representation of this train and its passengers on its return to Albany, preserving the likenesses of the latter with great fidelity.

A short time after the *De Witt Clinton* made its trip over the Mohawk and Hudson Road, the company received a locomotive from England, which was called the *Robert Fulton*. It did not work as well as the American engine, but neither of them were satisfactory, and John B. Jervis, in the Fall of 1831, planned a new one, with a truck on the front end of the boiler, to assist in bearing a part of the weight, and in leading around curves, similar to the fore wheels of a wagon. This truck contrivance was never patented, and its value is attested by the fact that it is in use on all locomotives throughout the world at the present day.

Another American locomotive, called *Ironsides*, is worthy of mention. It was made by Rufus Tyler and Matthias W. Baldwin, in Lodge Alley, Philadelphia, and was put on the track at Ninth and Green Streets, Philadelphia, late in the Fall of 1832. The tender was placed in front, to serve as a guide and to keep the wheels on the track. Steam was generated fast enough to keep the locomotive going only for a short time, when the persons riding upon it would get off, push the engine until it got up some speed, and then jump on and ride until they reached Germantown. It is said that on the return trip the water froze up, and the passengers had to build a fire under it to thaw it out.

Previous to this time, namely, on the 25th of April, 1831, a miniature locomotive engine, drawing two cars with seats for four persons, was set in motion on a track laid in the rooms of Peale's Museum, in the City of Philadelphia. Great numbers of people, not only from the city, but from distant parts, visited the Museum to witness the performances of this wonderful machine. This little engine was the invention and work of Mr. Matthias W. Baldwin, then a skillful and enterprising mechanic of Philadelphia. It was in consequence of the success of this exhibition that Mr. Baldwin received an order in the following year from the Germantown Railroad Company for the construction of a locomotive engine to run on their road.

To comply with the order of the Company was at that time a formidable undertaking; but Mr. Baldwin had confidence in his ability, aided by Mr. Tyler, to surmount all difficulties, and he agreed to build the engine. Without tools, patterns or models, he entered with zeal upon the work; and on the 23d of November, 1832, six months after receiving the order, the historically famous locomotive *Ironsides* was placed upon the road. The trial trip was not encouraging, but a few changes suggested by experience soon made it a most valuable engine, and at once established a reputation for its builder that secured for him more orders than the capacity of his shop could accommodate.

Old *Ironsides* was the ancestor of a long line of most distinguished progeny, and, by a system of selection, adaptation and evolution, a race of giants has grown up which would scarcely consent to own the puny engine that had to be pushed over the road as their great progenitor. Orders came in upon Mr. Baldwin, and before the close of 1834 he had completed five engines. New shops were erected, and in 1835 fourteen locomotives were built; in 1836, forty; and the next year, forty-five. The business was then fully established, and increased from year to year, until the Baldwin Locomotive Works assumed and maintained the great distinction of being the most extensive locomotive establishment in the world, and, from the capacity of one small engine in six months, the works, within a third of a century, attained the capacity of more than one engine a day. The capacity of the works in 1878 is five hundred locomotives per year. The greatest production was in 1873, when four hundred and thirty-seven locomotives were completed, one hundred of which were for exportation. Three thousand men were employed during that year. The ordinary force is from fifteen hundred to two thousand men.

All parts of locomotives and tenders, except the boiler and tank plates, the steel tires and steel forgings, chilled wheels, boiler tubes, and some of the furniture, are made in the works from the raw materials. The plant comprises seven hundred and twenty-seven machine tools, many of them designed and constructed to meet the special requirements of locomotive work. All important parts of locomotives are made to gauges and templets, insuring absolute uniformity and interchangeableness in like parts of engines of the same class. Designs are made to meet every description of service to which a locomotive can be applied, from the heaviest freight locomotive, weighing one hundred thousand pounds, to the smallest locomotive, weighing only fourteen thousand pounds, and designed for manufactories, mines, or street railways. Drawings and patterns for over three hundred classes of locomotives are comprised in the practice of the works. The area at present occupied by the works is over nine acres, of which between six and seven acres are under roof.

During the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, locomotive No. 4,000 was completed, and the occasion was duly observed as a holiday by the workmen, who went in a body to visit the Exhibition.

One of the secrets of the great success of the works lay in the genius of the founder. Mr. Baldwin was gifted with a mind fertile in practical inventions to a degree rarely found in any country. During the earlier years of his experience as a locomotive-builder, almost every engine produced was in some particular an improvement over any of its predecessors, many new devices or changes in combination giving increased strength, durability, and general efficiency to his machines.

Mr. M. W. Baldwin conducted the business of locomotive building in person from 1831 to 1839. In 1839 he associated with himself Messrs. Vail and Hufty, and the business was conducted by the firm of Baldwin, Vail & Hufty until 1841, when the latter withdrew, and Baldwin & Vail continued the copartnership until 1845. In that year Mr. Vail retired, and Mr. Asa Whitney, who had been superintendent of the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, became a partner with Mr. Baldwin until 1846, when he retired, to engage in the manufacture of car-wheels. From 1846 to 1854 Mr. Baldwin was sole proprietor of the establishment, and, in the latter year, Matthew Baird, a practical mechanic who had been connected with the establishment since 1836, was taken into the firm. Mr. Baldwin died in 1866, and in the following year the business was reorganized, and the style, "Baldwin Locomotive Works" was adopted. In 1876, at the time of the Centennial Exhibition, the firm was composed of the following six members: George Burnham, Charles T. Parry, Edward H. Williams, William P. Henszey, Edward Longstreet, and John H. Converse.

We have dwelt at considerable length in our account of the Baldwin Locomotive Works for the reason that they are an especially American creation of which we can all justly be proud. The influence of the 4,000 locomotives sent out from this one establishment during the last forty-six years has been immense in developing the resources of the United States, and the founder of such an enterprise is worthy of the highest distinction in the annals of our country.

A marvelous contrast is presented between the little engine *Ironsides*, which had to be pushed over the track, and the mighty *Dom Pedro* of 1876, which can hurl a train at sixty miles an hour over its iron bed. But this contrast is scarcely greater than that afforded by the changed aspect of affairs in all conditions of life, and we are forced to the conclusion that the world has made wonderful material progress during the last fifty years.

Having given an account of the earliest European and American locomotives, it is proper that I should conclude my narrative with a mention of the first engine imported into the United States. Previous to 1829 there were only 12 miles of railroad in operation in America—3 miles of a

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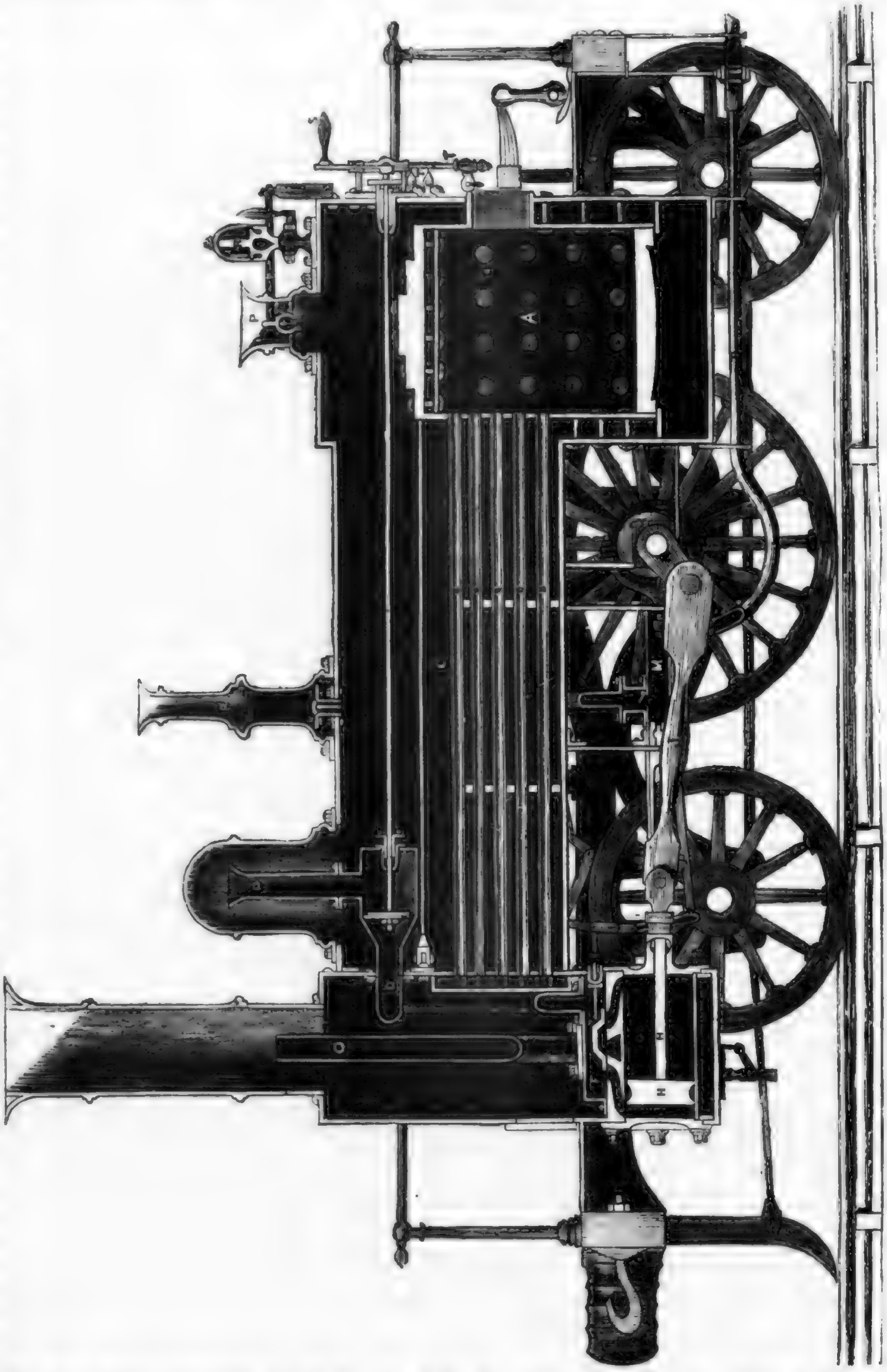
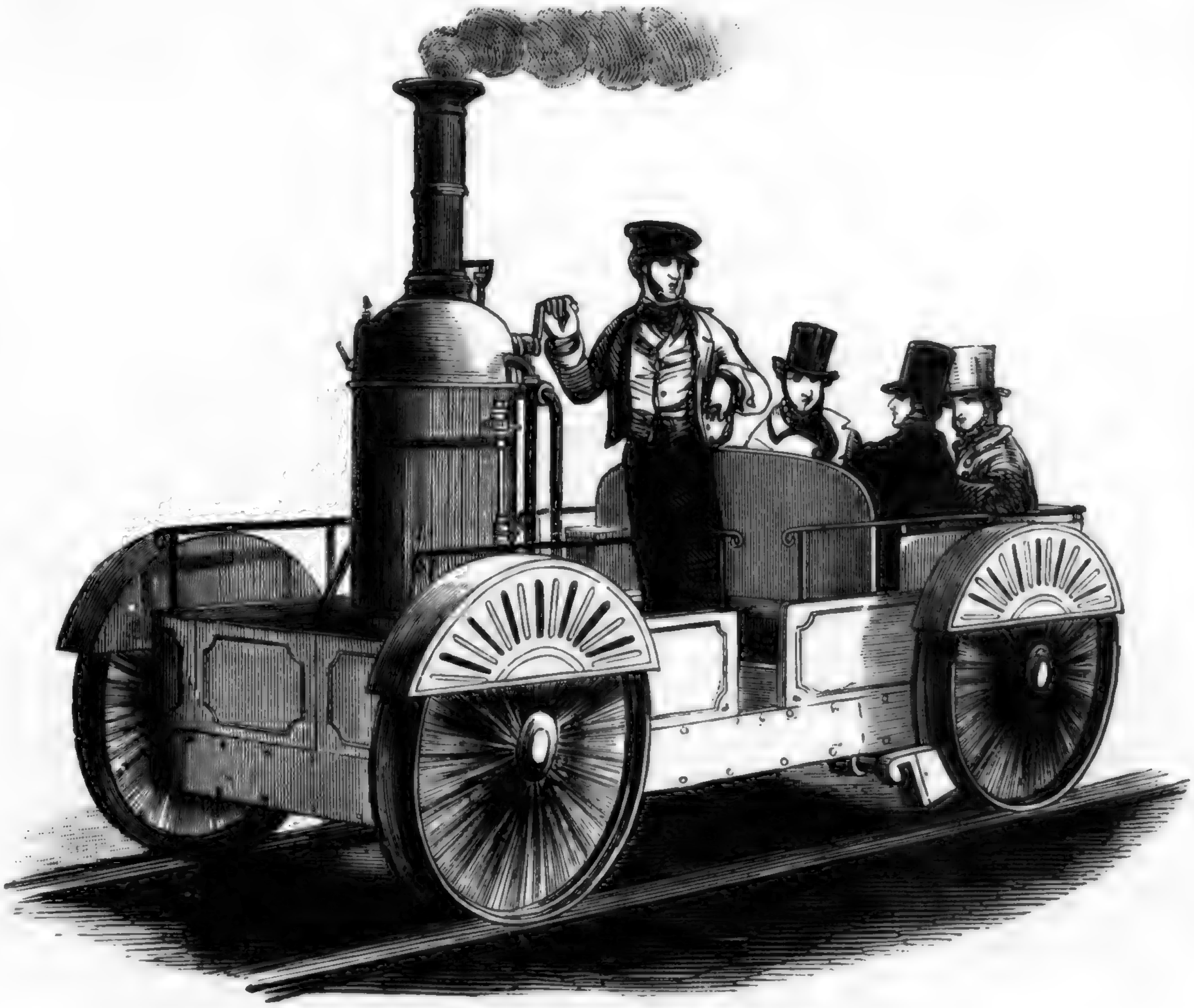
5 foot gauge, running from the Quincy Granite quarries to the Neponsett River in Massachusetts; and the novel mule road, 9 miles in length, connecting the Summit Hill coal mines, back of Mauch Chunk, with the Lehigh Valley. The road between Honesdale and Carbondale was to be 16 miles in length, and was the result of the enterprise and persistency of Maurice and William Wurts, the pioneer coal operators of the Lackawanna Valley, who introduced the first anthracite coal into New York City.

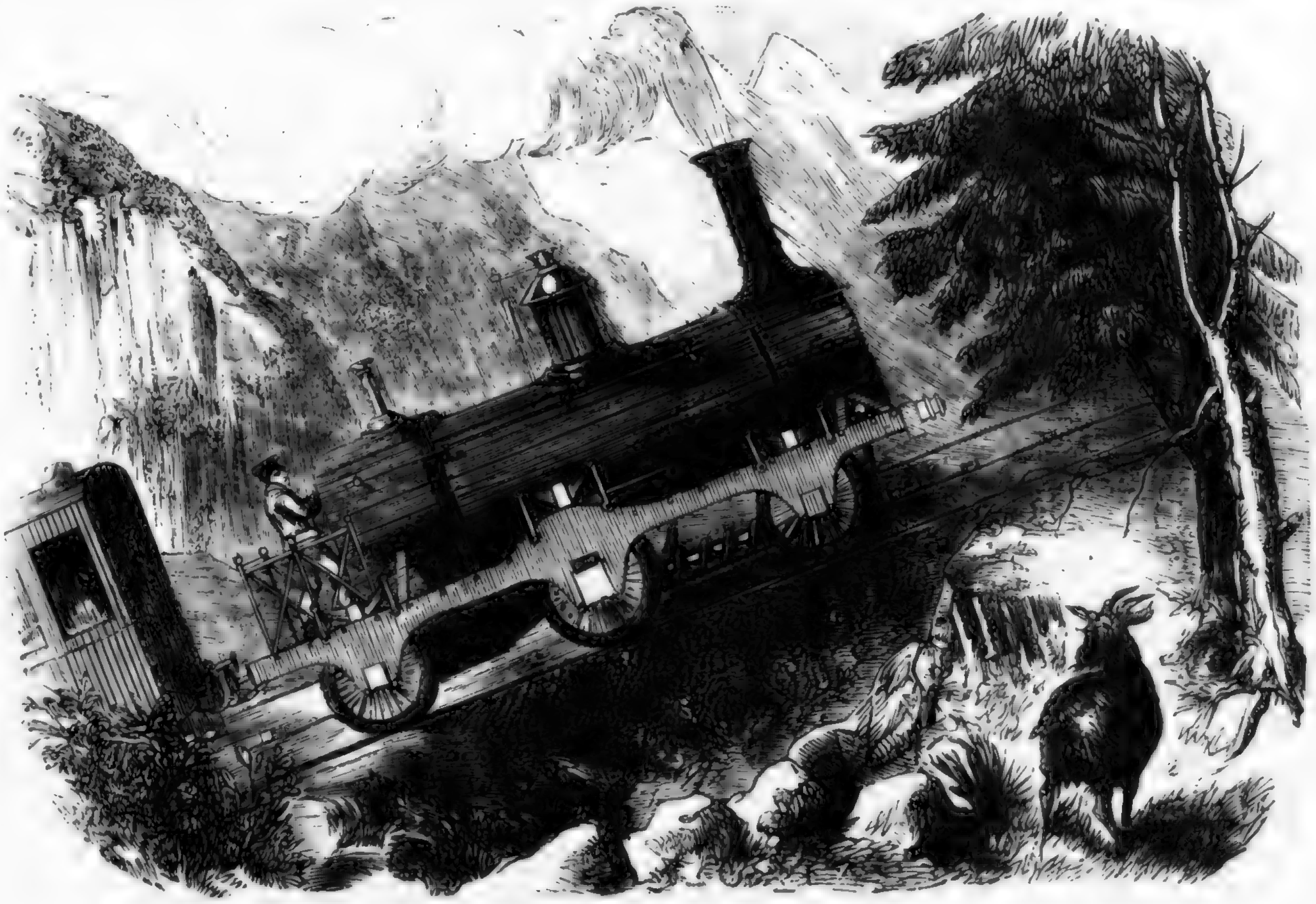


SECTION OF A MODERN LOCOMOTIVE.

The Liverpool and Manchester Railroad had been in process of construction for some time, and was fast approaching completion. George Stephenson was struggling with the managers of that company for the introduction of steam as a motive power on the road. Pending the decision as to whether locomotives should be used on the Liverpool Road, Horatio Allen, who had been Mr. Jervis's assistant engineer in the construction of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, went to England to examine into the merits of steam as applied to transportation on railroads. He was satisfied that Stephenson's idea would revolutionize all branches of commerce, and, acting on his judgment, Mr. Jervis, by authority of the Company, commissioned him to purchase three steam locomotives for use on the Honesdale Road. George Stephenson was at the time busy in building his subsequently famous engine, *Rocket*, for trial on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Mr. Allen, therefore, contracted with other machinists—Foster, Rastwick & Co., of Stourbridge—to construct the engines for the American Company. About the middle of May, 1829, one of them reached this country in the ship *John Jay*, and was landed at the foot of Beach Street, New York, where was situated the West Point Foundry Yard. Mr. Allen put the machine together, blocking its wheels clear of the ground, and exhibited its workings by means of steam generated with the anthracite coal it was intended to transport. It was afterward sent up the North River, and by way of the canal, to Honesdale. The intention of



LILLIPUTIAN LOCOMOTIVE USED IN ENGLAND.



ENGLISH LOCOMOTIVE FOR ASCENDING STEEP GRADES.

the Company had been to open the road on the 4th of July, 1829, but the work was delayed so that it was not ready until the 1st of August. When the road was in readiness, the engine was set up on the Company's coal-dock, under direction of Mr. Allen.

This primitive railroad track consisted of hemlock rails, 8 inches by 10 in thickness, placed 4 feet 3 inches apart and spiked to hemlock ties, with a space of 10 feet between them. The timber had not been well seasoned, and being put down under a midsummer sun, was warped and twisted out ot all regularity by the time the locomotive arrived.

The road ran for nearly a quarter of a mile along the coal-docks, facing the village, which had sprung suddenly from the wilderness at the back of the canal, and had been named Honesdale, in honor of Philip Hone, formerly Mayor of New York, and a patron of the great coal enterprise.

After quitting the docks, the track turned abruptly to the west by a curve of most threatening radius, and crossed the Lackawanna River over a hemlock trestle nearly 100 feet high. When the ponderous locomotive was placed on the track, the impression became general that it was too heavy to be borne by the hemlock rails, and Mr. Allen was importuned by many prominent men among the vast assemblage of spectators not to attempt the crossing of the trestle. He saw the great danger at a glance; but feeling that locomotive power on railroads was destined to become universal in years to come, the pride of possessing the distinction of having been the first man to direct the energies of the first locomotive ever tried in America overpowered his sense of danger, and he declared that he would make the trip, let the consequences be what they might.

He fired up the engine, and, after running it slowly backward and forward on the dock, in sight of the assembled hundreds, for a few minutes, he pulled the throttle-valve open, and, shouting a loud good-by to the crowd, dashed away from the village, around the curve, and over the shaking and swaying trestle, at a rate of speed estimated at 15 miles an hour. He ran several miles up the track, and then returned to the village, amid the shouts of the populace and the booming of cannon.

Although the locomotive, as a locomotive, was a perfect success, the railroad was not calculated to stand its use; and, the expense of changing the road-bed being considered too great, it was housed in a shanty on the dock, where it lay for many years, until gradually broken up. Its boiler was finally taken to Carbondale, where it is in use and excellent order to-day. This engine was called the *Stourbridge Lion*, from the place of its manufacture. It weighed seven tons. Vertical cylinders on each side of the rear end of the boiler communicated motion to a huge walking-beam connected with the side rods. There were so many rods and joints that the locomotive had the appearance of a great grasshopper.

The walking-beam, the wheel-centres, and a few other details of the *Lion* were exhibited at Philadelphia in 1876, and some of the visitors at the Centennial had the privilege of hearing its parts explained by Mr. Horatio Allen, who, full of honors as of years, was one of the Board of Awards at the Exhibition, and just as vigorous in mind, if not in body, as he was nearly fifty years ago, when he ran the first locomotive that ever rolled over an American Railway. It is a gratifying fact to be able to say while we are writing this narrative, in the month of May, 1878, that Mr. Peter Cooper, who built the first American locomotive, and Mr. Horatio Allen, who ran the pioneer engine of all our great system of railroads, are both living, venerated and beloved by all who know them.

The following fine lyric poem, by George W. Cutter, of Covington, Ky., may fittingly conclude this article:

THE SONG OF STEAM.

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As a tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boasts of human might,
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting a wayward breeze—
When I saw the peasant reel
With the toil that he faintly bore,
As he turned at the tardy wheel,
Or toiled at the weary oar!—

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore a law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love—
I could but think how the world would feel
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha, ha, ha! they found me at last,
They invited me forth at length;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast
And laughed in my iron strength.
Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind nor tide!

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountains' steep decline,
Time—space—have yielded to my power—
The world—the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales wherever I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And monsters of the briny deep
Cower trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth and ore of earth,
The thought of God-like mind;
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind!

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arms doth play;
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below;
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put in print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no breath to decay,
No bones to be laid on the shelf;
And soon I intend you may go and play,
While I manage the world myself!
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns the chain.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Tracing a Subterranean Connection between the Danube and the Rhine.—It has for a long time been suspected that the River Aach, which has its source in the Jura limestone which separates the district drained by the Rhine from that drained by the Danube, really derived its water subterraneously from the Danube. In order to prove this, an ingenious experiment was resorted to. There is in chemistry an interesting compound called fluorescein, a colorless salt obtained by heating resorcin (a body derived by heating gum ammoniacum and caustic potash) and phthalic anhydride together—fluorescein is, in fact, the phthalein of resorcin. It is a compound which yields, with alkalies, magnificent green fluorescent solutions, capable of imparting this property to enormous masses of water. An alkaline solution of the fluorescein was introduced into the Danube at Emmendingen, and two and a half days later the bright green fluorescence was visible in the Aach, about five miles distant, and lasted for thirty-six hours. This experiment shows most decisively that the Upper Danube shares its waters between the Black Sea and the North Sea, and affords an explanation of the close similarity in the fauna of the two great European rivers. The experiment suggests a method of detecting the subterranean connection between sewage drains and well-water, which hitherto has been done by using salts of lithia, and examining the water by means of the spectroscope As water-courses often carry the germs of cholera and fevers, this line of inquiry has extensive applications.

Photographing in Colors.—M. Ducos du Hauron has invented a process for photographing natural colors, which appears to be nearly identical with that previously announced by Albert in Munich It is well known that all the colors and tints that present themselves to our senses are the result of the combination of three different fundamental colors—blue, red and yellow. It is, therefore, only a question of these three when it is proposed to reproduce colors by photography. The printing in permanent colors is now possible by the well-known pigment or carbon process. The essential point, the pivot of the new invention, consists in the division into the three colors, and their subsequent superposition on the positive proof. To obtain the negative, a glass having a complementary color to the one it is proposed to isolate is interposed between the objective lens of the camera and the object to be photographed. For example, if we wish to take a red object, we employ a green glass, green being the complementary color of red, and we obtain a cliché which will furnish the red. We operate in the same way for the blue and yellow. The division is rigorously exact, because it is made by the sunlight itself. The positive prints are taken from the three clichés thus obtained, and the superposition being once made, each color will be found to be copied in its proper place, and the combined colors reproduce by enchantment the diverse shades of the model. Specimens of these pictures are to be shown at the Paris Exhibition this year.

Professor Frankland's Researches in Chemistry.—Prof. E. Frankland, of London, has published his researches in a volume of 1,000 pages, in three divisions, of pure chemistry, applied chemistry and physics. The researches extend over a period of thirty years, and give evidence of great industry, as well as of scientific acumen, on the part of the author. Prof. Frankland commenced his investigations in organic chemistry at a time when the existence of compound radicals had begun to excite much interest, and he early gave the key to the cause of the acidity of organic acids, anticipating by many years the notions on this subject which are now commonly received. The discovery of the large group of organo-metallic bodies, and the secondary investigations to which Prof. Frankland was thereby led, induced him to propound the theory of "atomicity," now taught, in one form or another, in our schools of chemistry. Dr. Frankland invented a system of notation in accordance with his views of atomicity, but it has not been universally adopted, and his formulas render the reading of his papers very difficult. There are few living chemists who have done as much as he to advance our knowledge of pure chemistry.

A New Sulphur Acid.—M. Berthelot has obtained persulphuric acid, pure and anhydrous, by making the electric current act with strong tension on a mixture of equal volumes of dry sulphurous acid and oxygen. It is got in the dissolved state by electrolysis of concentrated solutions of sulphuric acid, or by mixing with care a solution of oxygenated water with sulphuric acid, concentrated, or diluted with less than one equivalent of water. At a temperature near 32 deg Fah., it crystallizes, and resembles, in its general aspect, anhydrous sulphuric acid, only it has longer and thinner, and more transparent needles. The formula, determined variously, is S_2O_7. Heated in a flame, the substance is immediately decomposed into oxygen and anhydrous sulphuric acid. In air, it gives off thick fumes. In concentrated sulphuric acid, it dissolves without liberating oxygen. In water it dissolves, giving thick fumes and effervescence. The hydrated acid and its salts are not described.

Use of the Microscope when Chemistry Fails.—Dr. Bartlett, of London, recently read a paper before the Royal Microscopical Society, on the detection of toxic matter connected with typhoid and other enteric diseases, in the course of which he gave an account of his attempts to trace to its ultimate source the cause of a recent outbreak of typhoid fever, and showed that, while chemical analysis had failed to discover any impurity, either in the water or milk, he had been able, by means of microscopical examination, to detect in the water certain bodies, presumably of fungoid character, which were identical with those found in the bowels of persons who had succumbed to the disease.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Headquarters.—A hatter's shop.

A Well-known Country.—The oil regions.

Fact!—A grocer both sells his goods and gives them a weigh.

By a Jeweler.—All that glitters is not gold—sometimes it's a diamond.

Eggs-actly.—The period spent by a chicken in the shell might be designated as the inter-eggnum.

Which is the more powerful, the earth or the sea? The sea, of course—it has such a lot of muscles.

At an agricultural meeting, lately, one of the toasts was, "The medical profession—and less need of them."

Teacher (examining a girls' class): "What was Brutus?" *Intelligent Child of Twelve:* "Oh, he was a brutal man!"

"What is wisdom?" asked a teacher of a class of small girls. A bright-eyed little creature arose and answered, "Information of the brain!"

The fat girl of Iowa, who weighed six hundred pounds, is dead. It used to be her regretful boast that she never sat on a man's knee in all her born days.

Those who marry for love alone, generally use it all up in a short time, and then spend their lives fighting among themselves, the butcher and the baker.

The will of Mr. Land, late of Kentucky, leaves all his property to his wife, and specifies that she can "marry if she wants to." And yet people sing about a land that is fairer than this!

At one of the California mines they cast a ten-thousand-pound gold brick, the other day, and thought nothing of it. They "don't mind a little thing like that in the wonderful climate," etc.

Do not place the most implicit belief in that man's statement who asserts he never swears, until he catches his chin once or twice on a taut clothes-line while hastily traversing his yard.

George Washington never imperiled his well-earned reputation for veracity by saying he ever once in his life met a Western newspaper man who refused to drink when another stood treat.

A Kentucky wife has had twins five times in succession. Her husband thinks this rather singular, or, rather, he does not, for if they had come singular, the lookout wouldn't be quite so gloomy.

A friend rises to remark, that the man who will invent an overcoat button that will stay on, and a bootjack that will kill two cats at one throw, may apply at once, with working models, at his office.

Con.—In what two cases are precisely the same means used for directly opposite purposes? Why, in the case of the bars of bank and jail windows, to be sure. They are put on the former to keep thieves out, and on the latter to keep them in.

And so Say All Young Ladies!—A young lady was refused leave to go to a ball. She pleaded that her mother went when she was young. "But now I see the folly of it," said the elder lady. "I want to see the folly of it too, mamma," said the younger.

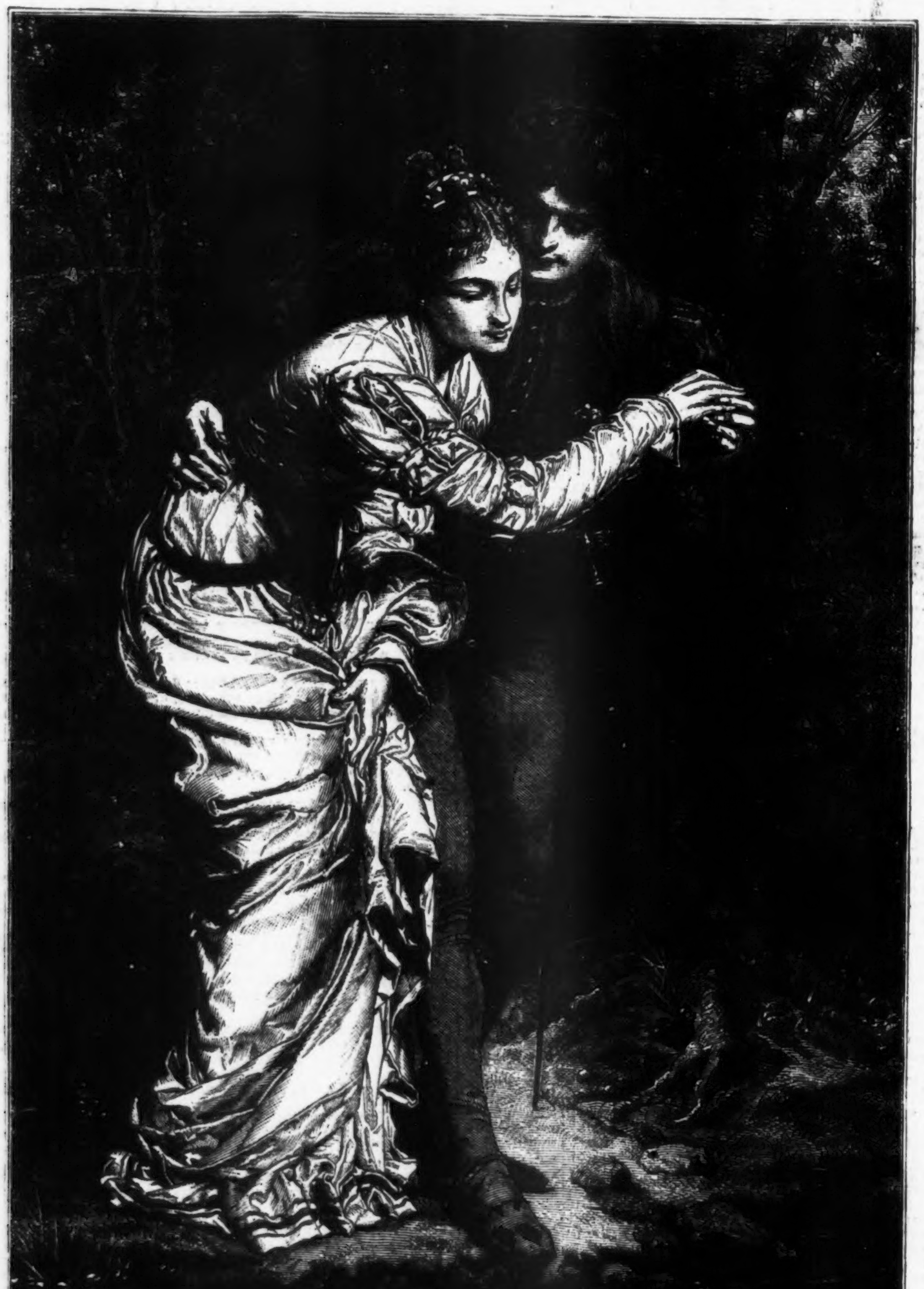
A celebrated oculist offered to operate on a blind beggar's eyes, and said, "I'll guarantee to restore your sight." "What!" exclaimed the beggar, "restore my sight, and so ruin my business! A pretty notion! Do you want to deprive me of my livelihood?"

A number of children were making a good deal of noise, and their mother, after rebuking them several times, at last said, "If I have to speak to you again, I shall punish some of you!" At this the youngest child rolled off the sofa, and after gravely reflecting a while, remarked, "Then, mamma, I'd advise you not to speak!"

At a French provincial theatre, recently, in a military play, an actor who was performing the part of a general slipped on the stage, and fell ignominiously at the very moment when he was supposed to be conducting his troops to battle. With ready wit, however, he saved himself from ridicule by exclaiming, "Soldiers, I am mortally wounded, but do not stay to aid me. Pass over my prostrate body to victory!"

The Phrenological Test.—A distinguished phrenologist, while recently dining at one of our large hotels, remarked at the table that he had formed an opinion of the character of each one present. An Irishman directly opposite said that he would propound a question, and that, if it was truthfully answered, he would for ever believe in phrenology. The phrenologist said he was satisfied, and told him to proceed. "Thin," said the Irishman, "will yez be afther tellin' me am I married or single?"

A farmer in Fifeshire had occasion one day to send his man on some business to a neighboring farm. On his arrival there the goodwife, with her usual hospitality, had him supplied with a substantial repast of cold bacon and oatmeal cakes The bacon being more of a rarity to him than oatmeal in any form, he confined his operations exclusively to it. The good woman, on observing this, again recommended the bread to his notice; when he replied, with great energy, "Na, faith, na, mistress, this is strong eneuch without bread!"



THE FIRST STEP.

XUM